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CONSTANCY OF LADY JANE GREY.

[With a beautiful Engraving by Longacre from a Painting by Northcote.]

WARNING was given the Lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which she had long expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which she had been exposed, rendered nowise unwelcome to her. The queen's zeal, under colour of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, induced her to send divines, who harassed her with perpetual disputation; and even a reprieve for three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded during that time to pay, by a timely conversion, some regard to her eternal welfare. The Lady Jane had presence of mind, in those melancholy circumstances, not only to defend her religion by all the topics then in use, but also to write a letter to her sister, in the Greek language, in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain in every fortune a like steady perseverance. On the day of her execution, her husband, Lord Guilford, desired permission to see her: but she refused her consent, and informed him by a message, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy which their approaching end required of them: their separation, she said, would be only for a moment; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene, where their affections would be forever united, and where death, disappointment and misfortunes could no longer have access to them, or disturb their eternal felicity.

It had been intended to execute the Lady Jane and Lord Guilford together, on the same scaffold, at Towerhill; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people, for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions, that she should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execution; and, having given him from the window some token of her remembrance, she waited with tranquillity till her own appointed hour should bring her to a like fate. She even saw his headless body carried back in a cart; and found herself more confirmed, by the reports which she heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by so tender and melancholy a spectacle. Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired

her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her: she gave him her table-book, on which she had just written three sentences, on seeing her husband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but divine mercy would be favourable to his soul; that, if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence were worthy of excuse; and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favour. On the scaffold, she made a speech to the by-standers; in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame wholly on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She said, that her offence was not the having laid her hand upon the crown, but the not rejecting it with sufficient constancy: that she had less erred, through ambition, than through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey: that she willingly received death, as the only satisfaction which she could now make to the injured state; and though her infringement of the laws had been constrained, she would show, by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience, into which too much filial piety had betrayed her: that she had justly deserved this punishment, for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others: and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence excuses not great misdeeds, if they tend anywise to the destruction of the commonwealth. After uttering these words she caused herself to be disrobed by her women; and with a steady, serene countenance, submitted herself to the executioner.

From the Monthly Review.

FIELD-SPORTS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE; comprised in a *Personal Narrative of a Residence in Sweden and Norway, in the Years 1827-28.* By L. Lloyd, Esq. With numerous Engravings. In two vols. 8vo. London. Colburn & Bentley. 1830.

OUR English sportsmen, who can only boast of a desperate leap now and then, in pursuit of No. 98.—1

reynard,—or of a hard run after the majestic stag;—who can merely talk of bagging sundry braces of partridge, and of tenting it occasionally on the moors of Scotland or Yorkshire,—must allow, when they read these volumes, that their most renowned feats sink into insignificance, when compared with the wars that are waged against the savage inhabitants of the northern forests. Field sports indeed!—

It is, in fact, a series of campaigns that Mr. Lloyd relates,—wherein the enemy, if not remarkable for discipline, was often formidable from his strength and his ferocity. The narratives of these engagements bring forcibly before us the times, when our own island was overrun with woods and wolves. These have long since vanished from England. But in Sweden and Norway, the bear still retains a considerable portion of his ancient empire. In those countries we observe the past ages and the present on the confines of each other—the most polished refinement within a few leagues of barbarism. It is delightful to be able to step from a civilized state of society, into the gloomy and savage grandeur of the forest in a few hours. We envy Mr. Lloyd his facility of locomotion. He seems to have no care on earth, but to amuse himself with his gun and his dogs. We should prefer a month's sporting with him to all the literature that Colburn can puff, or Bentley unroll from his steam-engine for a whole year.

But Mr. Lloyd is not contented with merely relating his triumphs over the wolf and the bear: he has made many valuable additions to natural history; he has corrected several erroneous notions that have long been entertained, concerning these and other animals which he encountered in the course of his wanderings. He gives some interesting notices of the capercali, the black cock, and the hazel-hen—those most delicious of birds to our taste, whose fragrant approach to the dinner table we hail with ineffable joy. Our friend is also a tolerable fisherman, though we imagine that he still wants some lessons on that part of his subject. At least his pages do not reflect the lake and the brook,—the green bank and the neighbouring leaves, musical with the song of birds—in that genial tone of enchantment which animated old Walton, and which breaks out now and then, though not so brightly, in the pages of Sir Humphry Davy.

Our author had once, it seems, entertained some notion of inflicting upon us,—we do not know how many volumes of a tour through the north of Europe; having visited not only Sweden and Norway, but also Finland, Lapland, Denmark, and Russia. His better genius inspired him with a more moderate strain. He sagaciously bethought him, that we have recently a sufficient number of volumes upon all these countries—indeed many more than were required—and he therefore confined his work as much as possible to sporting subjects, “more particularly to the chase of the bear, which, at any rate,” he correctly thought, “has the charm of novelty in its favour.” With these topics he has occasionally mingled general descriptions of the country, and observations on its inhabitants; and thus has he succeeded in producing a work

which has attractions for the general reader, as well as for the sportsman and the naturalist.

Contrary to what we believe to be a general impression,—game, such as we pursue in this country, is scarce in Norway and Sweden. Mr. Lloyd informs us, that he has often walked for hours together “in the finest shooting grounds imaginable, without finding a bird or other animal!” This scarcity, however, is not attributable to the country itself, which produces game in abundance; but to the exterminating, and, we may add, the unfair and barbarous war which is carried on against the birds in all quarters. “In the summer, and often when the birds are hardly out of their shells, the slaughter is commenced both with traps and guns; and during the subsequent long winters of some five or six months’ duration, every device which the ingenuity of man can invent, is put into execution to destroy them.” Our disciplined and considerate sportsmen will shudder at the evidence which Mr. Grieff, who has lately published a little work on Scandinavian field sports, furnishes on this subject.

“In many woods and districts where, fifty years ago, abundance of both capercali and black game was to be found, not a bird now exists. In the spring, when the birds assemble for the purpose of pairing, people place themselves in ambush, and shoot without distinction cocks and hens, by which means the birds are frightened and dispersed; and afterwards, when the spring is more advanced, and the hen is not found upon her eggs, it is certain she will be sought after before her young are able to fly; by one shot a whole brood of seven or eight birds are thus destroyed, which in the month of August would have been fit for table, and have reinforced the larder.”

Such a statement as this, would go far towards reconciling us to the game laws. In Sweden, a system of prohibition, not unlike our own subsists; but it seems to have fallen into desuetude, or at least to be universally violated with impunity.

We have already mentioned the capercali, the black cock, and the hazel-hen. Besides these birds, our author met also with the cock of the wood, the partridge, the woodcock, the snipe, and several other descriptions of wild fowl. The partridges were particularly scarce: pheasants were never seen, the climate being perhaps unfriendly to their existence during a long winter; neither were the common grouse, though a species of them, not unlike our ptarmigan, were found in abundance.

Of the four footed game, the elk, formerly so prolific in Scandinavia, is now very rare, except in some of the districts of Norway. The roebuck, the red deer, and the rein deer, still abound in Sweden. A few hares are met with, but no wild rabbits. Otters, and in some rivers, beavers, have numerous habitations. Squirrels, Badgers, and the Lemming, are seen every where. The red, and sometimes, as it is said, the black fox makes his appearance. But of all the animals in the forest, the bear yields the noblest sport. We must allow Mr. Lloyd to describe him.

“The brown bear only is common to the Scandinavian forests; the white, or ice bear (*Ursus Martimus*) confines himself, as it is well

known, to the Polar regions; it is asserted, however, that he formerly inhabited the northern parts of the Peninsula, and even now it is said that, once in a while, an ice-berg floats him to the Norwegian shores.

"Of the brown bear, it is said by many, and Mr. Professor Nilsson seems also to be of that opinion, there are two kinds common to Scandinavia. The large bear, or bear of prey, (Sw. Slag-Björn, or *Ursus Arctos major*), which lives indiscriminately on vegetables or animal substances; and the smaller bear, (Sw. Myr-Björn, or *Ursus Arctos minor*), which never eats flesh, and which subsists entirely upon ants or vegetable matter. Others again, on the contrary, and among the rest Mr. Falk, seem to think that there is only one species, and that the difference of size observable among those animals is owing to their respective ages. For myself, I cannot venture an opinion; though certainly in the bears that I have killed, or assisted others in destroying, no difference in formation was perceptible. Here I may remark that Mr. Nilsson is decidedly of opinion, that, 'even if there be two kinds in Scandinavia,' (of which he is by no means certain,) 'they are both entirely distinct from the small black bear common to the American forests.' He farther observes that, 'there is no European bear, as many naturalists, with Buffon at their head, have asserted, that is black; it is true,' he says, 'that black bears are occasionally found, but these are always very large, and it is therefore to be presumed that the bear does not become of that colour until he has attained to his full growth: besides,' he adds, and his observation is perfectly just, 'they do not all seem to acquire it then, because one meets also with very large brown bears.'

"The general colour of Scandinavian bears is a dark brown; in some instances however, as I have just observed, they are black; and in others again of a greyish colour: these last are commonly called silver bears. In point of fact, one seldom sees two skins altogether alike. Instances have occurred of perfectly white bears having been found in the Peninsula; but Mr. Nilsson thinks that 'these are accidental varieties of the species, like white squirrels, white swallows, and white crows.'

"Bears have occasionally white rings round their necks. At this very time, indeed, I have two of these animals in my possession, whose mother I shot during the last winter in the Scandinavian forests. They are male and female: the female has that peculiar mark; the male, however, is without it: this contradicts the commonly received opinion that the ring is confined to male bears. On this subject Mr. Nilsson observes, that 'bears usually lose the ring after the second or third year; some few, however, preserve it all their lives, and these are called ring-bears.'

"The Scandinavian bear (even assuming it to be of the larger, or destructive species) does not subsist for the most part, as many naturalists have asserted, upon flesh; for ants and vegetable substances compose his principal food; indeed Mr. Falk justly observes, 'that an animal which is able to devour a moderate sized cow'

in twenty-four hours, would, if flesh formed the chief of his sustenance, destroy all the herds in the country. The destruction which the bear commits among cattle,' that gentleman farther remarks, 'is often owing to the latter attacking him in the first instance; for, when provoked by their bellowing, and pursuit of him, which not unfrequently commence as soon as they get a view of him, he then displays his superior strength.—For years, however,' says the same author, 'bears may reside in the neighbourhood of cattle, without doing them any injury; although,' as is notoriously the fact, 'they will sometimes visit herds solely from the desire of prey.' Young bears seldom molest cattle; but old bears, after having tasted blood, often become very destructive, and unless their career be put an end to, commit no little havoc in the line of country they are in the habit of ranging.

"The bear,' Mr. Nilsson observes, though for the truth of the statement I cannot vouch, 'is more or less noxious as the weather varies: for, if it be clear and dry his attacks upon cattle are less frequent than when the summer is wet and cloudy.'

"The bear feeds on roots, and the leaves and small branches of the aspen, mountain-ash, and other trees; he is also fond of succulent plants, such as angelica, mountain thistle, &c.; to berries he is likewise very partial, and during the autumnal months, when they are ripe, he devours vast quantities of cranberries, blueberries, raspberries, strawberries, cloudberry, and other berries common to the Scandinavian forests. Ripe corn he also eats, and he sometimes commits no little havoc amongst it; for seating himself, as it is said, on his haunches in a field of it, he collects with his outstretched arms nearly a sheaf at a time, the ears of which he then devours.

"The bear, as is well known, feeds on honey; and according to Professor Nilsson, he sometimes plunders the peasants of their beehives; of ants, also, he devours vast quantities: 'probably he likes them,' Mr. Nilsson observes, in consequence of their pungent taste. If any of these little creatures sting him in a tender part, he becomes angry immediately, and scatters around the whole ant-hill.'

"The latter circumstance may be perfectly true, for all I know to the contrary: if so, however, I apprehend the bear is generally in an ill-humour with the ants; because, whenever I have met with any of their nests at which the bear had been feeding, they had most commonly been turned inside out.

"Bears are not often to be met with in poor hilly countries, for in these it is not easy for them to find sustenance; but the wildest recesses of the forest, where there are morasses, are his favourite haunts.

"During the summer the bear is always lean; but in the autumn, when the berries are ripe, and he has consequently a greater facility of obtaining food, he generally becomes

den are of a rather small breed; indeed, few of them are larger than those of the Highlands of Scotland. The bear, however, does not confine himself to cattle, for he devours indiscriminately, horses, pigs, sheep, or goats."

* "The cattle in the northern parts of Swe-

very fat. Towards the end of October, however, he ceases for that year to feed; his bowels and stomach become quite empty, and contracted into a very small compass, whilst the extremity of them is closed by an indurated substance; which in Swedish is called *tappen*. This is composed, as it is said, of the last substances, such as pine-leaves, and what he obtains from the ant-hills, of which the bear has eaten.

"In the beginning, or towards the middle of November, the bear retires to his den, which he has usually prepared beforehand, and of the nature of which I shall have occasion to speak more hereafter; here, if undisturbed, he passes the whole of the winter months in constant repose.

"But though during all this time, he does not take one particle of nourishment, still he retains his condition tolerably well; indeed, Mr. Falk asserts, and Mr. Nilsson coincides with him, that up to the end of February, (after which time they imagine he becomes lean,) he continues to get fatter. In the latter assertion, however, I cannot at all agree, as in the first place it seems contrary to reason; and in the next, I do not know how the point is to be ascertained. One thing, however, is certain, that let the bear be killed at what period of the winter he may, he is usually pretty fat; indeed experienced Chasseurs have stated to me, that if he has been undisturbed in his lair, no perceptible difference is observable in his condition, whether he is shot in the early part of the winter, or immediately before he rises in the spring.

"As the spring approaches, the bear begins to shake off his lethargy; and about the middle of April, though the time depends more or less upon the severity of the weather, he leaves his den. He now parts with the *tappen*, of which I have just made mention; and his stomach resuming its functions, he once more roams the forest in search of food.

"If in the course of the winter, however, the bear be frightened out of his den and very severely hunted, he once in a while passes the *tappen*; in which case, it is said, he immediately grows excessively thin; this, nevertheless, I do not assert from experience; for, though at different times I have given some of those animals rather a hard run, I never knew a circumstance of the kind to happen until towards the approach of spring, when in consequence it was almost in the course of nature. Indeed I never heard of but one well authenticated instance of the bear having passed his *tappen* in the depth of winter.

"The inference drawn by the northern Chasseurs from this is, that the *tappen*, in conjunction with repose, is the cause of the bear retaining his condition, though without taking any kind of nourishment, for nearly one-half of the year.

"Though the *tappen* has probably been known to the bear-hunters of the north for ages, Mr. Falk was, I believe, the first to bring the circumstance before the notice of the public. In Sweden, however, I do not think it has created any speculation, it being perhaps considered an idle story. If nevertheless the bear really does become excessively lean, in the event of losing his *tappen*, which Mr. Falk

and others assert to be the fact, it would seem as if there was some hidden mystery connected with it, which it is for naturalists to unravel. Should this be the case, it is not improbable but that it may eventually be discovered that a process something similar in its kind takes place in all animals that pass the winter months in a torpid state."—vol. i. pp. 84—91.

This singular provision of nature, the *tappen*, was analysed by Mr. Lloyd, and a most diversified composition he found it to be. It consisted of brown resin, green essential (volatile) oil, smelling like turpentine, pale yellow fat (fixed) oil, smelling rancid, the colouring matter of leaves, starch, lignia, pectic acid, formic acid, sulphates, phosphates, and muriates, leaves of Scotch fir and juniper, and other materials. We need hardly laugh at the story of the bear sucking his paws for nourishment. That the animal does often suck his paws, is however certain, and the reason of his performing this operation with so much assiduity, has not yet been explained by natural philosophers. Mr. Lloyd conjectures that the bear obtains a new skin on the balls of his feet during the winter months, and that by sucking he assists in the change.

Having thus far made ourselves acquainted with the character of the Scandinavian bear, let us take a trip to the province of Dalecarlia, and amidst its magnificent forests, lakes, and mountains, join in what our author calls a —*skall*. Now, what is a *skall*?—our English sportsman asks. Is it a hunt? Not exactly. A *skall* is, we believe, a legal term, meaning the destruction of a bear. It is performed in this way. Upon a given day, in pursuance of an order from the authorities, a certain number of persons from such parishes as are most interested in the removal of the noxious animal, assemble together, and dispose themselves in the best order they can devise, for the purpose of ultimately closing in upon the bear, or bears, which infest the neighbourhood. Sometimes as many as fifteen hundred men are employed upon such an occasion, and as they may not succeed in attaining the object for two or three days, they bivouac at night, and the whole proceeding has about it a military and warlike appearance. The formation of the lines, the anxiety of expectation, the possibility of danger, the unity of purpose, the firing which commences when the common enemy appears, the shouting of the assailants, re-echoed through the forests,—give great animation and interest to the scene. The number of peasants above stated, attended the first *skall* at which our author was present, in the neighbourhood of the beautiful lake of Wenjan, in Dalecarlia. It was in the month of June. The people had been already out two days and nights without success. At length, however, having converged from all points, a general halt took place in the afternoon of the third. The *skall* then became active and exciting.

"Hitherto, during the battue, I had only heard a single shot; but in a minute or less, after we had reached the *skall*-plate, and before we had properly taken up our several positions, a discharge or two at a distant part of the line, announced that something was on foot: almost

at the same instant, a bear dashed at the full gallop through a thick brake, parallel to, and at only some twenty paces from where I stood. At this time, however, owing to my attention being distracted by something that was going on, I had omitted to cock my gun, and, in consequence, I had no time to fire before the animal had again disappeared. My view, however, was but transitory; yet, such as it was, as I am not a slow shot, I think if I had been ready, I could have put a ball through his body.

"Like the greater part of those with fire-arms, I now stationed myself a few paces in front of the cordon; farther I was not allowed to advance: this, indeed, was a very necessary regulation, as if I had been any distance within the skall-plats, my person would not only have been much exposed to the cross-fire, but there would have been great danger that the bears, or other wild beasts, finding themselves attacked at all points, and becoming desperate, would have been induced to dash at the people; in which case, there is always a great probability of the animals making their escape.

"For a while I remained in a part of the forest where there was little underwood, and where the trees were rather open; but, though the firing at different points was at intervals heavy, from which it was pretty evident the game we had enclosed was endeavouring to find an outlet to escape; nothing made its appearance near to where I stood.

"Finding this to be the case, and thinking it was probably in consequence of there being so little underwood thereabouts,—for bears as well as other wild beasts will generally hold to the thickest cover,—I now moved some paces to my left, and placed myself opposite to a very thick brake: in the centre of this, however, was a small opening of a few feet in extent. In this new position I had not remained more than a minute or two, when the heavy firing to my left, evidently rapidly advancing towards me, together with the tremendous shouts of the people, gave me plainly to understand something was coming. In this I was not deceived; for, in a few seconds, a large and noble-looking bear, his head rather erect, and with the fire and spirit of a war-horse in his appearance, dashed at full speed into the small opening of which I have just made mention. His stay there however was but momentary; for, seeing probably that the people were too thick on the ground to give him a chance of escape, he wheeled about, and in another instant he was lost in the thicket. In the interim, however, I had time, though without taking any deliberate aim, to discharge both my barrels, (a double gun made by John Manton, and a capital one of course,) when one or both of my balls, as it was very evident from the growl he gave, took the desired effect; he did not, however, fall at the instant, though, after he had proceeded a few paces, and in that while it was said no person fired at him, he fell to rise no more.

"I now commenced reloading; but I had only got a ball into one of my barrels, when another bear dashed into, and was almost as instantaneously out of my little opening: so that, by the time I had taken up my gun from

the ground, and placed it to my shoulder, he was all but out of sight. I fired however at random; but, as he was in the thicket and went off, I had no means of ascertaining whether my bullet took effect or the contrary.

"When one considers the apparently unwieldy shape of a bear, the pace that he goes at, if the snow be not very deep upon the ground, is really extraordinary. In this instance, these animals were galloping in every direction, within the skall-plats, with the quickness and agility of so many rabbits. For the best of runners to escape from a bear in the open country is totally out of the question; and indeed, were the ground ever so favourable, a man, in the event of an attack, would have to thank his stars if he could manage to get out of his way.

"It was laughable, all this while, to see the peasants, or rather those with fire-arms; for, on the slightest alarm being given, their guns were shouldered, and with their fingers on the triggers, pointed towards the place whence the enemy might be expected to make his appearance. In general, however, there was an expression depicted on their countenances, which looked to me something beyond that of extreme interest; indeed I am almost inclined to think their "over anxiety" in some instances converted hares, of which there were numbers running up and down, into bears, and that they fired at the former in consequence. Skalls, however, I should remark, were of rare occurrence in that part of Sweden; and the people were therefore less accustomed to the sight of the bears than in some other districts in Scandinavia.

"After a while, and when the firing had ceased along the whole line, that part of the cordon where I was stationed had orders to move forward. At first we had to force our way through an almost impenetrably thick brake, which formed, as it were, a belt within the skall-plats. Subsequently however, we came to some enclosures deeply intersected with ravines, immediately overhanging the Wan lake, from which we might then be at about two hundred and fifty paces distance. We now heard tremendous shouting, and presently afterwards we saw a bear, at some forty or fifty paces from the land, swimming for the opposite side of the lake. Its escape, however, was next to impossible, as, to guard against a circumstance of this kind happening, several boats had been previously stationed on the water; these went in immediate pursuit, when a shot or two through the head, presently put the bear *hors de combat*; and subsequently we observed its carcass towed to the land.

"The ground where we now stood was considerably elevated, and commanded a fine prospect of the boundless forest which surrounded us on every side, as well as of the beautiful lake Wan, which lay immediately beneath us. Added to this, the chase by the boats, and the death of the bear in the water, together with the formidable appearance of the fifteen or sixteen hundred armed men who composed the battue, and who, drawn up in the form of a crescent, and attired in as many various costumes as the number of parishes

they belonged to, were now fully in view, formed a picture that was both highly interesting and animating.

"In the enclosures were still some small brakes, and these, it may be supposed, we took care to beat very closely, as nothing was more likely than that a wounded bear might have crept into them for shelter. We did not however meet with any of those animals; but, from a close thicket, a lynx, a fine long-legged fellow, nearly as red, and twice as large as a fox, went off at an awkward gallop. This animal, or at least one of the same species, I had previously seen when we were firing at the bears, but at that time I did not care to waste my powder and shot, when so much better game was on foot. When he first started, he was within about fifteen paces of me, and then I could probably have killed him; but at that time some of the people were in the line of my fire, and I was therefore obliged to let him go off unmolested. When he was at some sixty or seventy paces distance, I sent the contents of both my barrels after him, though, as far as I could judge, without any effect: his escape, however, was next to impossible, for the people at this time were eight or ten deep; so, after running the gauntlet of twenty shots at the least, he was at length slaughtered."—vol. i. pp. 132–133.

In former days, when kings did not disdain to lead the skalls in Sweden, they must have afforded glorious sport. Frederick the First was a great patron of these meetings, and often was followed into the forests by "thousands" of people. Mr. Falk, a Swedish gentleman to whom our author is much indebted, has written a learned treatise on skalls, from which copious extracts are given in the first of the two volumes before us. Some of the anecdotes relating to skalls, told by Mr. Falk, are amusing. At one of the *battues* which he commanded, the same bear wounded no less than seven people.

"Upon another occasion,—and this was likewise at a skall,—that gentleman observes, 'a badly wounded bear rushed upright on his hind-legs on a peasant who had missed fire, and seized him by the shoulders with his fore-paws. The peasant, on his side, laid hold of the bear's ears and shaggy hair thereabouts. The bear and the hunter, (a man of uncommon strength,) were twice down, and got up again without loosening their holds; during which time the bear had bitten through the sinews of both arms, from the wrists upwards, and was at last approaching the exhausted peasant's throat, when the author in lucky time arrived, and by one shot ended the conflict.'"—vol. i. p. 195.

The following anecdote,—though the circumstance did not happen at a skall,—is of a more laughable description.

"In the course of conversation, Abraham mentioned to me, that his father was one day walking in the forest, when he accidentally came close in upon a large she-bear, which, with several of her cubs, were lying basking on the ground. The old bear immediately dashed at him: when, being armed only with his axe, he was obliged to retreat to the top of a large stone that happened to be in the vic-

nity. Here, brandishing his axe in one hand, and his knife in the other, he stood prepared to make the best defence he was able against his formidable opponent.

"The bear, however, did not altogether like his appearance; for, though she kept making continual demonstrations, by raising herself on her hind-legs, she did not care to come into contact with him. In this very unpleasant situation, Abraham assured me, his father was kept a prisoner for near half a day. At last the bear moved off to some little distance, which gave him an opportunity of leaping down from the stone, when, running in an opposite direction to that which she had taken, he fortunately succeeded in making his escape, without her farther molesting him."—vol. i. pp. 250, 251.

Our author having no expectation of a second skall during the same season, turned his hand to angling. His chief abode was at Stjern, in the province of Wermeland. The fishing season there does not begin until late in the summer,—the lakes and rivers being rarely clear of ice until the month of May. They are full of a great variety of fish; among others, pike, perch, salmon, trout, grayling, charr, roach, bleak, and eel. We do not know the English names for the ruda, the nors or slom, the ströffing, and the sik. Owing to the same general license which prevails with respect to game, our author saw few remarkably fine fish in the course of his rambles. He tells us a story of the fondness of the eagle for the inhabitants of the water, which confirms what has been related on this subject by some naturalists.

"Now that I am speaking of pike, I may observe that eagles, which were rather numerous hereabout, were not unfrequently seen to pounce upon those fish whilst basking near the surface. It was said, however, that when the pike was very large, he had been known to carry the eagle under the water; when, from the latter being unable to disengage his talons, he was of course drowned. Indeed, Dr. Mellerborg, a medical gentleman attached to the Uddelholm establishment, when I first visited Wermeland, vouched for this being the fact, he himself having once seen an enormous pike, with an eagle fastened to his back, lying dead on a piece of ground which had been overflowed, but from which the water had then retreated."

"Captain Eurenus also informed me, that he himself was once an eye-witness to a similar occurrence. This was on the Götha river, and at no great distance from Wenersborg. In this instance, when the eagle first seized the pike, he was enabled to hit him a short distance into the air; but the weight of the fish, together with its struggles, soon carried them back again to the water, under which for a while they both disappeared; presently, however, the eagle again came to the surface, uttering at the same time the most piercing cries, and making apparently every endeavour to extricate his talons; but all was in vain, and, after a great deal of struggling, he was finally carried under the water."—vol. i. pp. 216, 217.

Mr. Lloyd is not in general happy in describ-

ing scenery. We have often expected to meet in his pages a landscape that would bring before us the places which he angled, or followed game, but we have always been disappointed. The following is the only passage in which he attempts to convey his impressions on this subject.

"Though we experienced some rather warm weather during a part of this summer, the temperature in general varied but little from that in England, at the like period of the year. During my stay in the north of Europe, indeed, I never recollect the quicksilver to rise higher than ninety in the shade, according to the scale of Fahrenheit.

"At this season of the year, the forest was enlivened by the song of several of the feathered tribes. Among these, the sweet notes of the thrush were particularly to be distinguished. The cuckoo was also to be heard in every direction.

"The lowing of the cattle, and the tinkling of the bells attached to their necks, together with the sound of the *lure*, or shepherd's pipe, tended also not a little to relieve the gloomy monotony of the wild forest scene. The *lure* is a simple straight tube generally of several feet in length; but from these rude instruments, some of the peasants can elicit far from unmelodious sounds.

"The song and shouts of the shepherds were likewise not unfrequently to be heard in the forests. This constant exertion of their voices was as well to prevent the cattle from straggling, as to drive the wild beasts to a distance from their charge."—vol. i. pp. 232, 233.

Of the game which occupied the attention of our sportsman, we have already mentioned the capercali. This shy bird is supposed to have been an inhabitant of the British Isles, within the last century. It is said that attempts will be made to introduce it here again. The author in his account of the mode of getting at it mentions several curious circumstances connected with its habits.

"The greatest destruction, however, that takes place among the capercali in the northern forests is, as I have more than once observed during the time of incubation, in the spring of the year.

"At this period, and often when the ground is still deeply covered with snow, the cock stations himself on a pine, and commences his love-song, or *play*, as it is termed in Sweden, to attract the hens about him. This is usually from the first dawn of day till sunrise, or from a little after sunset, until it is quite dark. The time, however, more or less, depends upon the mildness of the weather, and the advanced state of the season.

"During his play, the neck of the capercali is stretched out, his tail is raised and spread like a fan, his wings droop, his feathers are ruffled up, and, in short, he much resembles in appearance an angry turkey-cock. He begins his play with a call, something resembling *peller, peller, peller*; these sounds he repeats at first at some little intervals; but as he proceeds they increase in rapidity, until at last, and after perhaps the lapse of a minute or so, he makes a sort of *gulp* in his throat, and finishes with sucking in, as it were, his breath.

"During the continuance of this latter process, which only lasts a few seconds, the head of the capercali is thrown up, his eyes are partially closed, and his whole appearance would denote that he is worked up into an agony of passion. At this time his faculties are much absorbed, and it is not difficult to approach him; many indeed, and among the rest Mr. Nilsson, asserts that the capercali can then neither see nor hear; and that he is not aware of the report or flash of a gun, even if fired immediately near to him. To this assertion I cannot agree; for though it is true that if the capercali has not been much disturbed previously, he is not easily frightened during the last note, if so it may be termed, of his play, should the contrary be the case, he is constantly on the watch; and I have reason to suppose that, even at that time, if noise be made, or that a person exposes himself incautiously, he takes alarm, and immediately flies.

"The play of the capercali is not loud; and should there be wind stirring in the trees at the time, it cannot be heard at any considerable distance. Indeed, during the calmest and most favourable weather, it is not audible at more than two or three hundred paces.

"On hearing the call of the cock, the hens, whose cry in some degree resembles the croak of the raven, or rather, perhaps, the sounds *gock, gock, gock*, assemble from all parts of the surrounding forest. The male bird now descends from the eminence on which he was perched, to the ground, where he and his female friends join company.

"The capercali does not play indiscriminately over the forest; but he has his certain stations (*Tjader-lek*, which may perhaps be rendered, his playing grounds). These, however, are often of some little extent. Here, unless very much persecuted, the song of these birds may be heard in the spring for years together. The capercali does not, during his play, confine himself to any particular tree, as Mr. Nilsson asserts to be the case; for, on the contrary, it is seldom he is to be met with exactly on the same spot for two days in succession.

"On these *lek*, several capercali may occasionally be heard playing at the same time; Mr. Grieff in his quaint way, observes, 'it then goes gloriously.' So long, however, as the old male birds are alive, they will not, it is said, permit the young ones, or those of the preceding season, to play. Should the old birds however be killed, the young ones, in the course of a day or two, usually open their pipes. Combats, as it may be supposed, not unfrequently take place on these occasions; though I do not recollect having heard of more than two of those birds being engaged at the same time."—vol. i. pp. 274—277.

Ude, with all his pre-eminent skill, can furnish nothing, to our thinking, equal to the natural flavour and taste of the hazel-hen. Mr. Nilsson, an authority on this subject, says that it is the most wholesome of the Swedish game. It feeds chiefly in the summer on insects, berries, and worms; in the winter, upon the buds of alder, birch, and other trees. It furnishes tame sport, being a very stupid bird, and one that might be easily domesticated in England.

With the setting in of winter, our *chasseur*, stationed himself in a romantic cottage on the banks of the Klar, in the midst of scenery partaking of a bold and picturesque character. According to the general fashion of the country, the ceiling and sides of his apartment were painted all over with subjects from Scripture. Like a jelly fellow, as he was, he now gave himself up to all the delights of capital eating, drinking, smoking, dancing, and all sorts of revelling. Soon came the Christmas holidays, with all their merriment; it does one's heart good to read of the conviviality with which our Scandinavian first cousins,—for some such relationship they bear to Englishmen,—continue to observe that glorious festival. One little circumstance is mentioned amid the enjoyments of the season, which is singularly touching—the provision made for the birds, as if they too were to share in the general joy. We fear that there are very few amongst us, who, during the last inclement winter, thought of strewing a crumb or two in the way of the robin and the sparrow.

"Great preparations were now made by all classes to celebrate the solemn festival of Christmas. The floors of the rooms, belonging as well to rich as poor, after undergoing a thorough purification, were littered with straw, in commemoration of the birth of our Saviour in a stable.

"One might also frequently see a number of young pine trees, of thirty or forty feet in height, which after having been stripped of their bark and leaves, with the exception of a bunch at the top, were placed in an upright position at stated intervals, around the dwellings of the peasantry. This custom, for which I could never obtain a satisfactory explanation, is universal in many parts of Dalecarlia.

"Every good thing that could pamper the appetite, as far as their means went, was likewise put in requisition, as with us in England, at this season. Though they thought of themselves, however, many of the peasants did not forget the inferior order of the creation. Indeed, it was an almost universal custom among them, to expose a sheaf of unthrashed corn on a pole in the vicinity of their dwellings, for the poor sparrows and other birds, which, at this inclement period of the year, must be in a state of starvation. They alleged as their reason for performing this act of beneficence, that all creatures should be made to rejoice on the anniversary of Christ's coming among us mortals.

"I wish I had not to record another circumstance that is not quite so creditable to the peasantry—but, to tell the truth, during the few days the festivities last, they usually make such frequent application to the brandy bottle, that they are far too commonly in a state of intoxication.

"I had the pleasure of spending Christmas eve at Uddeholm.

"Near the conclusion of the supper, two figures (Jul. Gubbar) masked and attired in the most grotesque habiliments, entered the room. One of them carried a bell in his hand; the other, an immense basket: this latter contained a vast variety of presents destined for the different branches of the family and guests.

To many of these presents, some amusing little scrap of prose or poetry was appended, the reading of which occasionally created no little merriment among the assembled party. The names of the donors were not attached to the presents, though in most instances, it is probable, shrewd guesses were entertained.

"It was highly gratifying to witness this little reciprocation of kindnesses. Indeed Mrs. Geijer's children, of which she had several, always looked forward to this day as one big with events and as by far the happiest of their lives.

"The merry and hearty sociality of the time, as observed in Sweden, will remind the reader of our old English Christmas celebrations, when feasting alone was not considered sufficient without an interchange of the kindness of the heart. These genial customs are now injured by over-refinement, and are degraded into the sordid Christmas-box given to menials."—vol. ii. pp. 51—53.

Even the winter, however, in Sweden, is not without its out-of-door sports. Our author gives some curious details of the mode pursued in fishing under the ice. Of course he had some hare shooting, though not a great deal, if we may judge from the difficulty which his party encountered in starting one. To assist the dogs, all sorts of noises are made. A soldier carries before him an immense drum, upon which he thunders away; another is armed with a horse pistol, which he repeatedly discharges; and, as if these sounds were not enough to wake the dead, others of the party are incessantly engaged in whirling rattles, like those with which our ex-watchmen used to vex the ear of night. It seems that when a hare is killed in Sweden, the universal fashion is to cut off his head in the first instance, with the exception of the ears, which remain attached to the skin. The reason assigned for this custom is, that if a pregnant woman were to see the head of the animal, "her offspring would inevitably have a hare lip!" Winter is also the time for shooting wolves, which at that season become very troublesome in Sweden. Our author had not much success in pursuing those destructive animals. He has, however, collected a few anecdotes concerning them, which strongly indicate their ferocity. The following one he relates upon the authority of Mr. Garberg, of Gefle.

"About twenty years ago, during a very severe winter, and when there were known to be many wolves roaming about the country, a Captain Nordenalder, together with several companions, started off on an excursion similar to those I have been describing.

"The party were provided with a large sledge, such as are used in Sweden to convey coke to the furnaces, a pig, and an ample supply of guns, ammunition, &c. They drove on to a great piece of water, which was then frozen over, in the vicinity of Forsbacka, and at no great distance from the town of Gefle. Here they began to pinch the ears, &c. of the pig, who of course squeaked out tremendously.

"This, as they anticipated, soon drew a multitude of famished wolves about their sledge. When these had approached within

range, the party opened a fire upon them, and destroyed or mutilated several of the number. All the animals that were either killed or wounded, were quickly torn to pieces and devoured by their companions. This, as I have observed, is said invariably to be the case, if there be many congregated together.

"The blood with which the ravenous beasts had now glutted themselves, instead of satiating their hunger, only served to make them more savage and ferocious than before; for, in spite of the fire kept up by the party, they advanced close to the sledge with the apparent intention of making an instant attack. To preserve their lives, therefore, the Captain and his friends threw the pig on to the ice; this, which was quickly devoured by the wolves, had the effect, for the moment, of diverting their fury to another object.

"Whilst this was going forward, the horse, driven to desperation by the near approach of the ferocious animals, struggled and plunged so violently, that he broke the shafts to pieces: being thus disengaged from the vehicle, the poor animal galloped off, and, as the story goes, succeeded in making good his escape.

"When the pig was devoured, which was probably hardly the work of a minute, the wolves again threatened to attack the party; and as the destruction of a few out of so immense a drove as was then assembled, only served to render the survivors more blood-thirsty, the Captain and his friends now turned their sledge bottom up, and thus took refuge beneath its friendly shelter.

"In this situation, it is said, they remained for many hours; the wolves in that while making repeated attempts to get at them, by tearing the sledge with their teeth. At length, however, assistance arrived, and they were then to their great joy relieved from their most perilous situation."—vol. ii. pp. 165—167.

We could hardly credit the following tragic story, if it were not quoted upon the authority of a gentleman of rank, attached to the embassy at Petersburg. The circumstances are said to have happened in Russia.

"A woman, accompanied by three of her children, was one day in a sledge, when they were pursued by a number of wolves. On this she put the horse into a gallop, and drove towards her home, from which she was not far distant, with all possible speed. All, however, would not avail, for the ferocious animals gained upon her, and, at last, were on the point of rushing on the sledge. For the preservation of her own life and that of the remaining children, the poor frantic creature now took one of her babes, and cast it a prey to her blood-thirsty pursuers. This stopped their career for a moment; but, after devouring the little innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same horrible expedient, and threw her ferocious assailants another of her offspring. To cut short this melancholy story, her third child was sacrificed in a similar manner.

"Soon after this the wretched being, whose feelings may more easily be conceived than described, reached her home in safety. Here she related what had happened, and endea-

voured to palliate her own conduct, by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A peasant, however, who was among the bystanders, and heard the recital, took up an axe, and with one blow cleft her skull in two, saying, at the same time, that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life, was no longer fit to live.

"This man was committed to prison, but the Emperor subsequently gave him a pardon."—vol. ii. pp. 173, 174.

Towards the beginning of the new year, our author varies his amusements by taking a journey to Stockholm. We have, within the last few years, so often visited that capital, in spirit, with dull and lively, with descriptive and non-descriptive, religious, medical, diplomatical, lounging, and other tourists, that we have no fancy for again going over the sights with Mr. Lloyd. We shall only wait to take a glance at the royalized family.

"Though the needful etiquette to support the dignity of a monarchical government is kept up at the Swedish Court, where I have had the honour to be present on more than one occasion, it is not, I believe, remarkably punctilious in regard to mere matters of form. In fact, the sovereign himself, like a sensible man, dislikes and despises ostentation; and always avoids ceremony and parade, if he can do so with propriety.

"Among the small number of extraordinary men which the nineteenth century has produced, Charles John, the present King of Sweden, must ever occupy a distinguished place. Embracing, in his early youth, the career of arms as his favourite pursuit, he has, by a succession of glorious deeds, too numerous here to particularize, not only raised himself to the highest degree of the military profession, but established a fame that must descend to the remotest posterity. Equally gifted with talents of the highest order as a statesman, so seldom to be met with in the warrior, it would seem as if nature, intending him to occupy a place among monarchs, had endowed him with these rare acquirements to promote the happiness of the Scandinavian people.

"His Majesty's prime minister at the present time is Count Wetterstedt:—gifted with superior talents as a diplomatist; indefatigable, upright, urbane, he has deservedly acquired the undivided confidence of the king, and the universal esteem of his fellow citizens. Unassuming and accessible to all, this minister discharges the duties of his important office with a zeal, and perseverance that will long endear him to his country, whose welfare and prosperity is nearest to his heart.

"The court of Stockholm is graced by very many amiable and lovely women, who would vie, in point of beauty and accomplishments, with any in the world.

"Pre-eminent among these is the consort of Oscar, Crown Prince of Sweden. This Princess, who is the daughter of the late Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy, has fulfilled the ardent wishes of the nation, by giving birth to three sons.

"Their royal highnesses are extremely popular throughout the country; their amiable

and condescending manners have endeared them to all ranks of people. During the winter season, the Prince and his consort reside at the palace in Stockholm; but they usually spend the summer months at Rosendahl or at Drottningholm, a delightful retreat situated on an island of the Malarn, at about seven miles from the capital.

"The Prince is a man of great talents, and application to business; I have been told by those who have been much about his person, that there are few things he undertakes, that he does not succeed in. His Royal Highness speaks Swedish almost like a native; the King, however, only converses in the French tongue."—vol. ii. pp. 192—194.

From Stockholm our sportsman was soon again off to the forest, to skait on the snow, to hunt the bear, and resume the round of enjoyments with which the previous year had furnished him, and which we wish him health to pursue as long as a wolf, or capercali, is to be found in Scandinavia. After this compliment he can do no less than send us a hazel-hen or two when next he visits the banks of the Klar.

From the Monthly Review.

NOTICES OF BRAZIL, in 1828 and 1829.

By the Reverend R. Walsh, LL. D. M. R. S. A. Author of "a Journey from Constantinople," &c. &c. &c. In two volumes. 8vo. London: Westley and Davis. 1830.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that we again meet with Dr. Walsh in the paths of literature. His "Journey from Constantinople," first introduced him to our acquaintance, and we entertain the flattering belief that we rendered some little assistance towards obtaining for that work the popularity which has already most deservedly passed it through three editions. From the perusal of the two volumes now before us, we have risen with feelings of increased admiration for the author. The interior of Brazil had already been visited and described by Mr. Mawe, and other travellers; and there is scarcely a scribbling politician, a soldier, merchant, or captain of a ship, who has touched at Rio de Janeiro, within the last twenty years, who has not given us some account of that capital. Mr. Southey's history comprehends also several charming descriptions of the country. Nevertheless, Dr. Walsh has found many novelties to communicate, and scenes or customs which were known before, he contrives to reproduce in a way that imparts to them fresh interest. He writes with singular tact. There is scarcely a circumstance that happened to him which he does not turn to account. On every occasion, he displays in an eminent degree that most valuable of gifts—good sense, and its attendant virtues, cheerfulness, liberality, consideration for the peculiarities, and even the prejudices, of the strangers whom he visits, and whose hospitality he receives. He does not laugh at their religion, or libel their clergy, like most of our John Bull travellers; he does not treat with contempt their political institutions, and

turn every apparent breach of morality into a vice and a crime. Full of kindness towards his species, he looks upon men as his brothers wherever he finds them; he sympathizes in their interests, allows for the circumstances in which they are placed, exhibits the favourable parts of their character in the best light, and, without railing at defects, touches them with a gentle hand, leaving their amendment to time, and the extension of civilization. In writing a work of travels in this way, Dr. Walsh gives us the pleasing picture of an amiable man, and a worthy minister of the church to which he belongs; and we sincerely hope that those of his brethren who may hereafter commit to the press their observations upon foreign countries, will profit by his excellent example.

The mission of Lord Strangford to Rio, in the summer of 1828, afforded Dr. Walsh, his lordship's chaplain, the desirable opportunity, of visiting Brazil. The object of the mission,—viz. to induce the Emperor to accede to the completion of the marriage (already legally celebrated by procreation) of his daughter with Don Miguel,—is known to have failed. Pedro, who was exceedingly indignant with his brother for placing himself on the throne of Portugal, would scarcely allow the subject even to be mentioned. Dr. Walsh, however, made the best use of the short time which was allowed him before the legation returned to England, and we have little doubt that the two volumes which contain what he modestly terms his "Notices of Brazil," will be quite as popular as the duodecimo which detailed his route from Constantinople.

To be candid, however, we think that much of the matter which occupies the first volume might have been omitted, without the slightest injury to the work. We allude to the details concerning Madeira, which have been repeated in a thousand ways by as many voyagers. The chapters also which are devoted to the history of Brazil, from the period of its discovery down to that of his arrival, have a suspicious aspect, coming from the Chaplain of Lord Strangford. These might also have been safely left out, as besides the questionable authenticity of some of the particulars, the whole of the historical portion may be said to incumber the first volume. The second volume is free from any fault of this kind. It contains an account of the author's excursion in the province of Minas Geraes, and is more like a romance than a book of travels. It abounds in the most delightful reading.

The Galatea frigate, which was appointed to convey the mission to Brazil, sailed from Portsmouth, on the 26th of August, 1828, and taking the usual course, arrived at Rio, about the middle of October. We pass over the journal of the voyage, noticing only the author's observations on that most interesting little ornament of the deep, the flying fish.

"The flying fish" is distinguished by its immense fins, situated immediately behind the gills, which it uses as wings when it wishes to change its element. They generally flew forty or fifty yards, when they met a wave, and

* *Exocoetus exiliens*.

plunging into the bosom of it, disappeared. A few rose over the crest, and apparently bathing their wings in the spray, pursued their flight with renovated powers. I know no object of natural history more interesting than a flock of stormy petrels sporting among a shoal of flying-fish, and alternating with each other's element—the little bird descending into the depths of the sea, and becoming an inhabitant of the water, the fish ascending to the heights of the atmosphere, and becoming an inhabitant of the air. It is one of those exquisitely curious and beautiful links in the great chain of creation, by which we suppose spiritual, and we know corporeal beings are connected; forming a regular and insensible gradation of existences, from the ministering angels below God's throne, to the lowest mass of unorganized matter.

"A singular occurrence took place in the evening. About eight o'clock a boy had got into his hammock, which was swung on the main deck, opposite a port. He was suddenly startled from his sleep by some living thing exceedingly cold, fluttering about his breast, and finally nestling in his bosom. He started out of bed in affright, and searching his hammock, he found a large flying-fish panting and gasping under the clothes. It was immediately brought to me as a curiosity, and I examined and sketched it. It was nine inches long, blue and mottled on the back like a mackerel, the head scaly, and the mouth toothless; the belly was white, flat, and angular; the tail was unequal, the lower division being longer than the upper; the wings were two membranaceous fins, of a triangular shape, about four inches long, consisting of eleven strong ribs, branching off from a point, dividing and subdividing with great regularity as they expanded, and connected by a transparent and very beautiful membrane, which presented a considerable surface to the air. They were attached to the shoulders of the fish, between the gills, at the apex of the angle, by muscles uncommonly strong, and of a solidity and tenacity very different from the substance of the body. I ate part of the fish broiled, and found it very good, exceeding a herring in firmness and flavour. The roe, however, was very strong, and to a certain degree, pungent and caustic.

"A rare and beautiful species or variety of this fish are sometimes found in the Mediterranean, having four wings or long fins inserted behind the gills; the body is a bright violet colour, covered with scales, which easily come off; the head flat and smooth, and the frontal bone so transparent that the brain is seen through it.

"The apparent motive which induces this fish to leave its proper element, is to avoid the pursuit of its numerous enemies, which every where persecute it—bonitos, albacores, but particularly dolphins. These last we constantly saw bounding after them, and frequently out of the water, their bright green backs and silver bellies presenting very beautiful objects. When this pursuit takes place at night, and near a ship, the flying-fish, like all its finny tribe, is strongly attracted by light, flies towards it, perhaps for protection, and enters

any part of the vessel where it may be placed. Lanterns are sometimes set for this purpose in the chains: and another caught there was afterwards brought to me. It was the light between decks, gleaming through the port-holes, that attracted the fish to the boy's hammock, when the little creature accidentally took refuge in the lad's bosom. Had such an incident occurred in the days of Ovid, no doubt he would have invented some mythological metamorphosis to account for it, and have made a pretty tale of the loves of the sailor boy and the flying-fish!"—vol. i. pp. 101—104.

We must also stop to notice the effect produced upon the author on seeing, for the first time, the sublime aspect of the southern heavens. We cordially subscribe to the truth of his remark in another place, that "to one whose eye is made familiar with the visible starry firmament, any change of position presents objects more new, interesting and beautiful, than the finest landscape on the surface of the earth." The cross of the south is a particularly splendid constellation.

"As soon as we had passed the line, we experienced a delightful alteration of weather; and the damp, hazy, sultry heat was exchanged for a dry, bracing, elastic atmosphere, a bright sun, a clear blue sky, and a refreshing temperature, in which the thermometer stood at 78. The constellations of the southern hemisphere were glittering brilliantly above our horizon every night, and among them the southern cross was very conspicuous, and compensated us for the disappearance of the bears, which were no longer afraid, as in the days of Homer and Virgil, to bathe in the streams of the ocean.* The cross rose after midnight, and at four in the morning I went on deck to see it. The aspect of the heavens was singularly beautiful. In the east was Venus just risen, with a brilliancy and lustre which she does not display in the foggy hemisphere. She gave a light equal to that of a young moon, casting a slight shadow from opaque bodies on the deck, and rendering objects very distinct, both at sea and on board. It was the *alma lux nautis affulgens*; and surely nothing could be conceived more bland and bounteous than the lights of the lovely star. Orion was in the zenith, glittering with his belt and other appendages, and so bright with so many smaller stars about him, all now vivid and distinct, that he was hardly to be recognised. Among the new objects presented, were the nebule Magellanice, or Magellan's clouds, two patches of lighter matter than the dark blue sky, and which seemed to be fragments broken from the milky way, and floated to this spot; a third appeared more distant towards the pole. They were fixed, like the constellations, on the starry vault, and with them revolved round its axle. In the south was a vast cluster of brilliant stars, many of them of the first magnitude, figuring the ship and other constellations; and among these, and well defined, was a brilliant cross formed of four stars—the sacred Cynosure of the southern hemisphere. The stars which mark the top and bottom

* "Arctos oceani metuentes equore tingi."—Virgil, *Georg.* lib. i. l. 240.

have the same right ascension, and therefore the figure of the cross is perpendicular when on the meridian, as I often saw it afterwards. In this position it is watched in South America, and they ascertain that it is past midnight when the cross begins to decline!"—vol. i. pp. 119—121.

We have always maintained that African regions were as susceptible of improvement from cultivation as any other race of men. Dr. Walsh, who appears to be of the same opinion, had scarcely set his foot on shore at Rio de Janeiro, than he had a remarkable opportunity of putting this opinion to the test, by observing the negro under four different aspects of society, clearly demonstrating that his character in each depended on the state in which he was placed, and "the estimation in which he was held." He saw the negro first as a slave, despised, and "far lower than other animals around him." Next, the poor African appeared advanced to the grade of a soldier, "clean and neat in his person, amenable to discipline, expert at his exercises, and showing the port and bearing of a white man similarly placed. Thirdly, our author had occasion to respect the negro as a citizen, remarkable for the respectability of his appearance, and the decorum of his manners. And fourthly, to admire him as a priest of the living God; and, says Mr. Walsh, "in a grade in which moral and intellectual fitness is required, and a certain degree of superiority is expected, he seemed even more devout in his impressions, and more correct in his manners, than his white associates." This is valuable testimony in favour of the negro character. Let us now walk into one of our countrymen's houses at Rio, and after seeing how it is arranged, take an evening lounge through the streets of that singular city.

"The next day I visited Mr. Price, an intelligent English merchant, to whom I had letters. He lived in the Rua dos Pescadores, or Fisherman's street, because it was originally inhabited by some of this class when the sea came up to their doors. His house was large and massive, built of hewn stone; and as it was a representative of all the houses of the British merchants, I will briefly describe it. Below, was a large shop, or store, filled with all kinds of goods: between it and the main wall, was a long narrow entry to a flight of stone stairs, which led to the second floor, in which was a large apartment, half of it appropriated to the purposes of an office, and the other half filled with boots, saddles, hats, and other articles of English manufacture. He invited me to dine with him at two o'clock, and on my return at that hour, I found all the streets deserted, the houses closed up, and the whole town in this commercial park, like a city of the dead—as silent and solitary at mid-day, as at midnight. All the inhabitants were at their dinner, or taking their siesta; and during that time all business is suspended; every place below was shut up, so I made my way to the top of the house. Here I found Mr. Price and his family assembled. I returned with my host to his apartment, and dressed for dinner, by taking off my coat, and putting on a calico jacket; and this preparatory luxury is

part of the entertainment a Brazilian host always provides for his guests as regularly as napkins.

"In the evening I proceeded along the Rua dos Pescadores, to where it terminated in a large open square, called the Campo de Sta. Anna. The shops were again opened, and filled with all kinds of European merchandise, particularly Manchester shawls, handkerchiefs, cottons, and calicoes of the most showy colours, broad-cloths, silks, hats, boots, shoes, and stockings, all hung out in front of the houses, and covering the doors and windows with their rich drapery. These things were sent out in such profusion, and the market was so overstocked, that they were selling in the Rua dos Pescadores, for less money than in Cheapside.

"Having passed the shops, I arrived at that part of the street towards the country, where no business was carried on. The solitude and seclusion of the houses were strikingly contrasted. The windows were barred up like those of the Turks, with lattices of close cross-barred laths, which scarcely admitted the light, and through which it was impossible to see or be seen. These were suspended from above by a hinge, and opened from below, and when any of the inmates wish to look out, they thrust their heads against them, and push them forward. In almost every house as I went along, I saw some woman's forehead pressed on this blind; and in the opening was a black, brown, or sallow visage, with dark eyes, gleaming obliquely through the aperture, one up and the other down the street. On the arrival of the Court, the windows of all the houses of the town were hung with these *gelosias*, projecting into the narrow streets when opened, and intercepting the passage; but an edict was then published, that as Rio was elevated to a high destiny, it should show its sense of it, by abolishing all its Gothic customs, and assimilating itself to the improvements of Europe: that those barred up windows were as unwholesome, as they were barbarous and unseemly, by interrupting the free current of air: that, therefore, within six months, they should be removed, except from clay-built houses. This edict had the desired effect, and they have now disappeared, except from the low edifices of this description, in the remote streets.

"The aspect of the streets was extraordinary; they were narrow, and crossed one another at right angles, and were called Rua and Travessa. The Rua commenced on the shore of the bay, and ran in a right line till it terminated in a large open space, inland. The Travessa, or cross street, was closed up by two ranges of hills, so that when I stood at the angle of crossing, and looked both ways, I saw at the extremities of one, the sea and the country; and at the extremities of the other, the abrupt face of two steep rocks. If the defile in which this most opulent and populous, as well as largest portion of the town is crammed, lay in the direction of the bay, it would be ventilated continually by alternate currents of air, caused by the regular land and sea breezes; but unfortunately it lies across it, and every breath of passing wind is interrupt-

ed by the two ridges of hills that cut their course.

"On emerging from this suffocating gorge, I found myself in an open plain, into which all the streets leading from the sea debouche; and I perceived that the land views of this magnificent country were equal to those of the coast. The plain was nearly surrounded by a vast amphitheatre of mountains; their bases were sloping lawns of the richest verdure, terminated by belts of forest-trees of immense growth and variety, from which issued their summits, rugged and shaped in all varieties of form; some ridged, some peaked, and some abruptly bent. One of these latter is called, from its very extraordinary and fantastic shape, the *Corcovado*, or broken back; an appellation which it well deserves. On advancing into this plain, I found it was enclosed with houses, so as to form an enormous quadrangle, among which was the senate-house, the museum, the camera, or town-hall, and other public buildings. It is, therefore, secured from further encroachment, and reserves to the capital of Brazil the boast of possessing perhaps the largest square in the world. It had been called the *Campo de Santa Anna*, but its name was changed to the *Campo d'Acclamação*, and it is sacred to the Brazilians, as some of the most important events of their revolution were transacted upon it."—vol. i. pp. 141—146.

The mansion occupied by the mission was delightfully situated.

"The house taken for our residence was entirely at the other end of the city, and at a considerable distance. The passing from one place to another in Rio, is not in a direct line; mountains literally intervene between one street and another; and, as you cannot climb over their summits, you must wind round their bases. A range of these hills approaches so close to the sea, as to leave only a narrow way between them and the water. Beyond is another open space of level ground, somewhat similar to that which I have described, and called *Catete*, on which a new town has been built. A street, with houses on one side, and open to the sea on the other, connects them both; and in this was our residence. The house belonged to a gentleman who had been an officer in the British navy, but had changed the service; and from the rank of lieutenant, was promoted to that of commodore in the Brazilian service. His house corresponded with his station, and was fit for the residence of an ambassador in Brazil. Indeed, had it been worse, it would not have been easy to procure a better. It stood at the base of a rock, which overhung it with its pendant vegetation: before it was the sea, immediately under the windows, where the waves continually rolled on a bed of fine white sand, forming a little bay, terminated by the beautiful promontory of *Gloria*, its summit crowned with its ornamental church, and its sides dotted with villas. Opposite were the romantic highlands, which formed the east side of the bay, projecting and retiring, with their forest-covered sides, clothed in eternal verdure; sometimes smiling in the sun, and sometimes veiled in dense mists, which displayed an infinite variety of light and shade, as they rolled over them.

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The expanse of water between, was an ever-moving surface of ships, entering or leaving the harbour, with the morning and evening winds."—vol. i. pp. 146—148.

The happy immunity which Rio enjoys from earthquakes, has enabled its inhabitants to construct the finest city in South America. The houses are massive, built of granite of the finest quality, and though the streets are narrow, yet they enjoy the rare luxury of flagged trottoirs, not very wide of course, on each side.

In the second volume, Dr. Walsh gives some interesting particulars concerning the Emperor and his family, which we shall by and by notice. We confess that we were hardly prepared for some of the details which we find in the volume immediately under our consideration, regarding Pedro's conduct towards his late consort. Dr. Walsh had no doubt the best opportunity of ascertaining the truth upon this painful subject, which he treats with becoming delicacy.

"On visiting the province of St. Paul's on a former occasion, he had met with a lady who had attracted his attention in no ordinary degree; by the connivance, it is said, of her own brother, an interview was arranged, and from that time he became attached to her to a passionate excess. He created her Marchioness of Santos,—built a palace for her close by that at St. Christovao,—acknowledged her child as his own, by the title of Duchess of Goyaz,—and so far forgot what was due to the private feelings of her he was bound to cherish and respect, that he had this person appointed one of the ladies in waiting to his wife. These are matters of public notoriety, of which the evidence exists in the facts themselves. They were borne with a meek and uncomplaining submission by the empress; but on the night of his embarkation for St. Catharine's a circumstance occurred which roused even her gentle spirit. She had acquiesced, from a sense of duty, in such arrangements as her husband was pleased to make; but she would not sacrifice the respect she owed herself, by visiting her unworthy attendant, nor seem to countenance vice by such a public mark of apparent approbation; a painful discussion took place, and immediately after his departure, the empress was taken alarmingly ill."—vol. i. pp. 256, 257.

The Empress was then unfortunately in the first stage of her pregnancy: premature labour soon came on, after which the symptoms became so violent, that no hope was entertained of her recovery. "It was then," says Dr. Walsh, "that her very amiable disposition displayed itself. After having humbly received all the last rites of her church, she called around her all the domestics of her establishment, and while they stood, shedding tears of real sympathy and feeling beside her bed, she asked them in succession whether she had injured or offended them by word or deed, as she could not leave the world with the impression on her mind, that any one remembered aught against her, for which she could make reparation. The whole tenor of her domestic life had been so good and condescending to others, that nothing could be recollected that

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was not so, and her attendants only answered by irrepressible sobs and tears, which her humility and kindness had excited. It is mentioned that the Marchioness de Santos, the cause of all this suffering, had the gross indelicacy to attempt to visit the empress on the very eve of dissolution, and that nothing could have prevented her from carrying her intentions into execution but an exertion of physical strength on the part of the royal attendants. The servants who thus very properly interposed, were subsequently dismissed by Pedro! Yet, to be just to all parties, it must not be forgotten that the late Empress had given some cause for the fatal alienation, of which she afterwards became the victim. There is nothing perhaps, short of infidelity, which dissolves the spell of wedded life more effectually than the indifference of the lady to her personal appearance. It is not requisite that she should be always decked out in jewels, or arrayed in costly garments. But it is absolutely indispensable, if she desires to preserve her husband's affections, that her attire should be appropriate and pleasing to his eye, and that her person should be itself an index to the purity of her heart. Attention to this object, which is but too much disregarded in every station, sheds a charm around a woman of which she can scarcely be conscious, but which, it is certain, exercises an amazing power upon those with whom it ought to be her pride to stand in the highest degree of honour and esteem. Pedro's late consort, according to Dr. Walsh, unfortunately became very blameable in this respect.

"When the Empress first came to Brazil, she is represented as exceedingly engaging and lovely; her fair skin, clear complexion, blue eyes, and blond hair, were pleasingly contrasted with the dark locks, brown tint, and sallow visages of the ladies about her. But she soon neglected these advantages; she had not the least personal vanity, and became utterly careless of her appearance, as of a thing altogether of no consideration. She went abroad with large thick boots, loaded with great tarnished spurs, such as are worn by the minciros. She wrapped herself up in a clumsy great coat, and a man's hat, and in this way sat herself astride on a horse, and rode through all parts of the town. It is true, this mode of riding is always practised in the provinces, and I have never seen a woman there ride otherwise; and she adopted it from a wish to conciliate, in complying with the customs of the people among whom she came to reside; though in Rio, where European habits and the usages of more polished countries have modelled the opinions of the natives, it is considered as coarse and indelicate. When she became a mother, she was as negligent of her person at home as abroad. Her hair, which was long, and without curl, she suffered to hang lank and loose about her face and shoulders; and the defects of her person became every day more conspicuous. She had a large Austrian nether lip, and the thick neck which is characteristic of the people of Vienna, and gives them the appearance of being *bossu*. When she first appeared as a bride, with all the advantages of youth and dress, these de-

fects were not apparent; but when neglect and indifference, and the duties of a mother succeeded, they were but too conspicuous, and added, it is said, to the estrangement of her husband, who was himself scrupulously neat in his person, as all the Brazilians are, and exacted a similar attention from those about him."—vol. i. pp. 265—267.

Against these faults, and serious faults they undoubtedly were, the late Empress however exhibited many amiable qualities. Her pecuniary allowance fell far short of her charity, which is said to have been boundless. As a mistress, she was kindness itself; as a mother, all affection; as a wife, faithful, submissive and dutiful, even under the grave provocations she had received. She loved and patronized the fine arts, and wrote, in Portuguese and French, letters which are highly spoken of.

Dr. Walsh goes at some length into the history of that foolish war in which Don Pedro had embarked with Buenos Ayres, for the attainment of a strip of territory of little use to either party, and which, in the end, both agreed to give up. The treatment of the Irish and German emigrants, whom the Brazilian authorities enlisted in their service upon this occasion, was altogether most disgraceful. It has called down our author's disapprobation, and in our opinion, most justly.

The particulars which Dr. Walsh has collected concerning the state of the church in Brazil are very interesting. It is peculiarly creditable to him that he mixes with these details none of the bigotry which might have been expected from the minister of a foreign establishment. The Bishop of Rio seems to have won his marked regard.

"From the character I had heard of this worthy man, I wished much to know him, and was soon gratified, for he is exceedingly easy of access. He invited me to dine with him at two o'clock, and I went with a friend. His palace is on one of the commanding hills of the town, forming, like the churches and convents, a very conspicuous object, and presenting a magnificent prospect from the platform before the door. The edifice is very spacious, abounding in stairs and corridors, but in a state of neglect, like a great mansion-house, too large to be kept in repair by the limited means of the proprietor. We found him sitting in a very bare apartment, with papers before him; he was a low man, with hair partly grey, and combed negligently over his forehead. His dress was a very plain blue cotton gown, and he had nothing to distinguish his rank, but a diamond cross suspended from a rosary.

"When dinner was announced, he took me by the hand, and placed me in his own chair at the head of the table, and with a courtesy that really embarrassed me, sat down on a low chair beside me. His family consisted of six persons, four of whom were ecclesiastics; one a secretary and member of the Chamber of Deputies; and one a promising young Brazilian artist, whom he patronizes for his merit, and sends to the academy. There was no form or ceremony at table, nor any restraint on the conversation of the young men, except that instinctive deference all pay to the pre-

sence of a venerable man. It happened to be Friday—our dinner was, of course, fasting fare of various sorts, plainly dressed, but plentiful and good; first, Newfoundland salt, and Rio fresh fish, of different kinds, all helped together on the same plate; then small fish stewed with herbs, and the entertainment concluded with a copious dish of fried eggs. When these were removed, a large pan of quince marmalade was set down, which was cut into square blocks and sent round. The bishop informed me that the quince was an imported fruit; it is now one of the most abundant in every part of Brazil, where it attains to a prodigious size. During dinner a black came round with wine, and frequently filled our glasses, and every time we drank, we pledged each other's health. In return for mine, I wished prosperity to Brazil, and then apologized for taking what might be supposed a liberty. They all declared, they were exceedingly obliged and complimented by the toast.

"After sitting a short time at table, the bishop proposed that we should retire to the library, and take our coffee there. We all stood up, and after his example remained some short time in silent prayer and thankfulness; he then led the way to the library, when he again placed me in his own seat, covered with red morocco—a courtesy I found he always used to strangers.

"The library is a fine spacious apartment, containing about four thousand volumes in different languages, ancient and modern, with a large portion of French and English. Among the latter, he showed me "Southey's History of Brazil," which he said was a standard work, highly prized as one of great research and impartial detail; in the compilation of which, he knew the author had access to the most authentic documents through his uncle, the respectable chaplain at Lisbon. Indeed, in such repute was the work held in Brazil, that he said a native author, I think Pizarro, or Cazal, compiled his story in the bishop's library, principally out of Southey's work. It was certainly a high compliment to the estimation in which a foreigner's work was held, when a native drew all his information from it, about his own country.

"I was so pleased with the conversation of this urbane and intelligent man, that I quite forgot that I was infringing on his habits, of which I had been previously apprized. Having passed the morning in his various duties, and dined frugally at two, he immediately after retires to his couch, where he continues some hours; then rises and studies all night, till the morning calls him again to his episcopal and other duties. I was sorry to find, I had intruded two or three hours upon his natural rest."—vol. i. pp. 369—372.

The clergy, however, generally speaking, in Brazil, are not a learned body, as their means of education, in consequence of the poverty of the church, are extremely limited. In point of morality, Dr. Walsh bears testimony that they by no means deserve the unfavourable character usually imputed to them. The establishment of the public library at Rio under ecclesiastical care, is universally creditable to all parties.

"There are two public libraries; one at the convent of S. Bento, and the other the imperial library in the Rua Detraz do Carmo. This latter consists of 60,000 volumes, in all languages, ancient and modern, with plates, charts, maps, and manuscripts; but it is particularly distinguished for its collection of Bibles, more extensive, perhaps, than in any other library in the world; they fill a whole compartment." The books are arranged in several rooms, particularly in two grand long saloons; one intended exclusively for the use of the royal family, and the other open to the public, who have free access to all the books in every part of the library.

"I passed much of my time in this noble establishment; and I think it inferior to nothing of the kind I have seen in Europe, either in extent, or liberal accommodation; though the number of books at present may be more limited. Every one is not only admitted, without question or inquiry, but invited to enter and enlarge their minds. The approach is by a large stone staircase, decorated with fine paintings of the Vatican; and the reading room is a spacious arched saloon, extending from side to side of the building, and ventilated by a breeze or current always passing through it, from the large windows at the extremities. Here, at a long table covered with green cloth, and furnished with desks and apparatus for writing, as at the British Museum, you take your seat, and several librarians, in different parts of the room, are prompt in their attendance to provide you in a moment with every book you call for. All the periodicals of Rio and the provinces are sent every morning: and that, as well as a growing taste for reading, attracts a number of natives, of all colours, to this place, in which they seem to take no less pleasure than pride. It is open, every day, except holidays, from nine in the morning, and I know no spot where it is possible to endure the meridian heat more agreeably, or profitably, than in this cool, silent, and elegant retirement. Is it not then, most unjust, my friend, to accuse the Catholics as enemies to knowledge? Here is a noble and public literary institution, filled with books on all subjects, founded by a rigid Catholic monarch, and superintended and conducted by Catholic ecclesiastics, on a plan even more liberal, and

* One of them is a copy of the first Bible ever printed. It is on vellum, very beautiful, and in high preservation. It has the following colophon in black letter:—"Pis hoc opuscula artificiosa adinvicem impræmendū eū carac-terizandi absq. calami exaratione in civitate Mogunt: sic effigiatā ad eusebia Dei industrie per Johē: Fust civē et Petru Schæffer de Gerndeyrn clericū dioc: ejusdem est consummatū Anno dñi, m.cccc.lxii. In vigilia assumptio- nis Virg. Marie." "This present work, by a wonderful invention, of impressing or marking characters, without tracing them with a pen, thus effected in the city of Mentz, to the piety of God by the industry of John Fust, citizen, and Peter Schæffer, of Guernsfleym, clerk, of the same diocese, was completed in the year of the Lord 1462, in the vigil of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary."

less exclusive, than any similar establishment in our own Protestant country. The sum of 4,485 milreis is annually allowed for its support."—vol. i. pp. 435—438.

The commercial intercourse between England and Brazil is much greater than between Brazil and any other country. In the year 1828, the imports into that empire amounted to something more than three millions sterling, of which £2,300,000 were from England alone, in manufactured goods. We no longer, it appears, send blankets, warming pans, and skates, to the good Brazilians, having found out that such articles are scarcely wanted in a country where there is neither snow nor ice, and hardly any cold weather. But of hardware and printed goods, Sheffield and Manchester send such a great quantity to Rio, that most articles are said to be as cheap there as in the city of London; yet there are more Frenchmen settled at that grand emporium than Englishmen. The population of the place is estimated at 150,000 persons, of whom two-thirds at least, are blacks. Dr. Walsh presents us with an engaging picture of the general manners of its inhabitants.

"The manners of the people of Rio, though not polished, are kind and cordial. I had opportunities of witnessing those of all ranks. Immediately after our arrival, we dined with Baron Mareschal, the Austrian plenipotentiary, where I met the whole of the ministry, and other distinguished Brazilians. They were men generally of low stature, and had not the least appearance or pretension of a similar class in Europe. The greater number had been engaged in business, and being men of opulence, when the separation of the countries took place, naturally stepped into those situations formerly occupied by strangers of rank from the parent country. They were men of the plainest manners, laughing, good-humoured, and accessible, like common-council men at a London feast. Their dress, however, was rich and expensive; and some of them wore large golden keys, attached like small swords to their sides, intimating that they performed the office of chamberlain to his Majesty. Among them was a little man, with a sharp pock-marked visage, formerly a jeweller, but now the *arbitrer elegantium* of the court. He holds no official situation, but has attained the same influence over the Emperor that Halet Effendi possessed over the Sultan, when I was at Constantinople. It is familiarly called in Rio, *Chalassa*, a local term, synonymous, I believe, with *bon vivant*.

"Shortly after, I was at a ball given by M. Pontois, the French Chargé d'Affaires, where I saw the ladies who composed the beau monde of Rio, dancing waltzes and quadrilles. They, like the men, were remarkably low of stature, with sallow complexions, and dark eyes and hair. The latter were dressed remarkably high, and ornamented with various productions of the country; among these were the shells of a very beautiful species of beetle, of a rich vivid green, more bright and lustrous than the finest emerald. They danced well, and their manners were very affable and unaffected.

"The shopkeepers of Rio are rather repul-

sive in their address, and so little disposed to take trouble, that a customer is often induced to leave the shop, by the careless way in which he is treated. They are exceedingly fond of sedentary games of chance, such as cards and draughts, and often engage at them on their counters. I have sometimes gone in at those times to purchase an article, and the people were so interested in their game, that they would not leave it to attend to me and sell their goods. They are, however, honest and correct in their dealings, and bear good moral characters. Their charity is boundless, as appears by the sums expended on different objects by the *irmandades* or brotherhoods which they form. They are, as far as I have heard, generally speaking, good fathers and husbands, and their families are brought up with strictness and propriety. It is pleasing to see them walking out together, the corpulent parents going before, and the children and domestics following in their orders. The women are fond of black, wear no caps, but a black veil is generally thrown over their bare heads, which hangs down below their bosom and back; and as it is generally worked and spotted, it makes their faces look at a little distance, as if they were covered with black patches. They always wear silk stockings and shoes, and are particularly neat and careful in the decorations of their feet and legs, which are generally small and well-shaped. The boys of this rank are remarkably obliging; when I saw any thing among them that seemed curious, and I expressed a wish to look at it, they always pressed it on my acceptance with great good nature, and seemed pleased at an opportunity of gratifying me."—vol. i. pp. 468—471.

We have already alluded to the excursion which our author made to the province of Minas Geraes, whither he went in order to take a look at the gold, the diamond and the topaz mines. Throughout the whole of his journey we have followed his footsteps with unwearied attention. His style of description is so clear, and he notices with so much quickness every feature of the country, and every little circumstance that marked his intercourse with its inhabitants, that after reading his account of the province, we feel as if we had actually visited it. The following incident which occurred at a farm-house, discloses a curious trait in Brazilian manners.

"The old man and his wife had no children, so they sent for a brother's child to keep them company, and manage their family. This young lady was very comely; and having the prospect of a good inheritance from her uncle, she thought it right to look out for some agreeable and worthy partner to share it with. My companion, possessing these requisites, had caught the eye of the fair Victorina; and not having an opportunity of speaking to him herself, had communicated, by means of the attendant slave, her partiality for him, and an intimation that, if he was actuated with similar sentiments, she would marry him, and share with him the inheritance she expected from her good uncle. I was greatly astonished and amused by this communication, but he was not; he knew it to be not at all uncommon, in a country where ladies are very susceptible,

and, from the secluded situations in which they live, have but few opportunities of selecting a partner, who they think would make them happy; and when one occurs, they do not let it pass, but are prompt to avail themselves of it. This deviation from the established etiquette of European usage, does not convey any imputation of want of delicacy on the part of the ladies. Victorina was as modest as she was comely; she sat in the remote part of the house with her aunt, superintending her domestic concerns, and seemed retiring and diffident, and not at all disposed to attract the admiration of any other person than him, on whom she had fixed her affections. And had my friend been disposed to settle himself in this rich vale, she would, no doubt, have made him a good and amiable wife."—vol. ii, pp. 37, 38.

A singular peculiarity is also that which substitutes for the sound of the evening bell, the hum of the beetle.

"When we arrived at the bridge of the Parahiba, we found that we were too late to pass over. In Brazil, all journeys are suspended at the Ave Maria, that is the vespers to the Virgin, that commence after sunset. Instead of a curfew, this period is announced in the country by a very simple and beautiful circumstance. A large beetle* with silver wings then issues forth, and announces the hour of vespers by winding his solemn and sonorous horn. The Brazilians consider that there is something sacred in this coincidence; that the insect is the herald of the Virgin, sent to announce the time of her prayer; and it is for that reason constantly called *escarvalho d'Ave Maria*, or the Ave Maria beetle. On the hill of Santa Theresa, I have heard it of an evening, humming round the convent, and joining its harmonious bass to the sweet chaunt of the nuns within, at their evening service."—vol. ii, pp. 43, 44.

The delight in listening to such sounds must, however, we should think, have been considerably diminished by the apprehension of encountering other tenants of the forest, especially the morego, from whose horrid embraces we should have devoutly prayed to be delivered.

"When setting out in the morning I perceived a large wound in the neck of my horse, from whence issued a stream of blood. Alarmed, lest he should have been stabbed, or wounded maliciously, so as to disable him from proceeding, I inquired into the cause, and Patrio informed me it was occasioned by the morego. This is a large bat, which like the devil of Surinam, attacks both man and beast. When a party under *Cabeça da Vacca* were exploring the sources of the Paraguay in the year 1543, they attacked him in the night and seized on his toe; he awoke and found his leg numbed and cold, and his bed full of blood; they at the same time eat off the teats of six cows. They fix on the thumbs or great toes of men; and the rumour of the country is, that while they suck the blood through the aperture they make, they keep waving their sooty wings over their victim, to lull him to a

deathlike repose, from which he never wakes; and in the morning he is found lifeless, and the floor covered with pools of coagulated blood, disgorged by the vampire when full, to enable him to extract the last drop of the vital current. They sometimes grow to the size of pigeons. One of these horrid animals had attached itself to the throat of my horse when he stood in a shed, and clasping his neck with its broad sooty wings, had continued to suck till it fell off gorged with blood; and if not timely driven away, might have left him dead in the morning. They reckon in Brazil no less than eighteen kinds of morego, nine of which are voracious blood-suckers."—vol. ii, pp. 45, 46.

The wondrous fertility of South America is not confined to its rivers, fields and forests; it extends also to the human species. The medical world is, we believe, divided upon the subject of superfetation. Instances of such a phenomenon are said to have occurred in Europe, and an astonishing case was mentioned in one of the Pennsylvania papers for 1827, of a lady, who, in eighteen months, had at three births, twelve living children born prematurely. This fact, if true, is, however, not more miraculous than those which our author relates, particularly that relating to the Creole woman. Buffon and Dr. Mosely give two cases nearly similar, but they are extremely rare.

"The women of the country are remarkably prolific. They marry at the early age of twelve or thirteen, and continue to have children to a late period. Marriages, also, take place between persons of very different ages, and the disparity is not considered singular. Men of sixty frequently marry girls of twelve, and have a family about them, where the wife seems the daughter, and the little ones the grandchildren. When both the parties marry young, their families increase to an incredible number. A Jeronimo Comargos, living near S. José, aged forty-eight, and his wife, aged thirty-eight, had thirteen sons in succession, and then six daughters, all living; three of them are married, and they have already five grandchildren also. Anna, the wife of Antonio Dutra, had four children at one birth, who were all baptized together, and lived. Instances of similar fecundity are every where seen in the town and neighbourhood.

"I have pointed out, also, several distinguished for extraordinary births, and a superfetation hardly known, I believe, in other countries. Maria Hene, the wife of Antonio José d'Andrada, was confined after the usual time, and had a daughter, but she still continued pregnant, and in two months after was delivered of another, who both lived. But the most singular circumstance, and which I could hardly have believed, was it not communicated to me by the *sargente mór*, as a thing which he knew to be fact, was the following very extraordinary conception. A Creole woman, with whom he was acquainted in the neighbourhood, had three children at a birth of three different colours, white, brown, and black, with all the features of their respective classes. Such a thing, I believe, is generally supposed to be impossible in Europe; but in

* *Pelidnota testacea*.

South America, it is only one of the extraordinary instances of the almost preternatural fecundity both of the animal and vegetable kingdom."—vol. ii. pp. 153—155.

One of the most serious dangers to which the traveller in Brazil is likely to be exposed, is a thunder storm. There it is the real firing of the artillery of the heavens.

"I had always before been rather gratified by the sensation which thunder and lightning imparted, any vague apprehensions of danger being lost in the stronger feelings of awe and sublimity; but this was really so horrible, that I could no more enjoy it than if I had stood under the exposure of a battery of loaded cannon—and the impression is hardly yet worn off. It became quite dark in mid-day sunshine, except when some lurid blaze enveloped us, which was accompanied by a sheet of water, which fell on us like a cataract, and almost beat us to the ground. The explosion of sound immediately followed the flash; it came with a tremendous rattling noise, not like distant thunder, but as if the rocks above us were rent by some force, and tumbling upon us. If I could have divested myself of the alarm which the immediate proximity of such awful danger excited, I should have been delighted to contemplate the chemistry of nature, on her grand scale. I remember with what pleasure I had seen Sir Humphry Davy produce water from the combustion of hydrogen and oxygen. Here it was generated from the same cause in an instant, and in cataracts; and I was standing in the midst of the combustion, and admitted, as it were, into the very interior of nature's great laboratory. The lightning in this part of the country is often fatal; and we had next day an opportunity of seeing a commémoration of its effects."—vol. ii. pp. 158, 159.

While detained in the town of San José, our author had opportunity of seeing a baptismal procession, the appearance of which must have made him think for the moment that he was living in the middle ages.

"The next day a party of people came by, forming a very characteristic procession. In front was a curtained sedan, carried on poles between mules. Inside, was a veiled lady and a child. Next followed a tall thin stately cavalheiro, with a large round Spanish hat turned up before, and ornamented with a plume of feathers, short mantled cloak trimmed with gold, large puffed breeches, with pink silk lining appearing through the slashes, yellow boots, and enormous silver spurs; he was attended by two others, dressed nearly in the same antique fashion; then followed huntsmen with poles, holding greyhounds in leashes; and behind, a train of other domestics. The whole exactly resembled the pictures one sees in the early editions of Don Quixote, or Gil Blas, and was one of the many instances I had remarked, where old manners and customs were preserved in the mountains of Brazil, as they were originally brought over by the early settlers, long after they had passed away in the mother country. This was, I found, a baptismal procession; they repaired to the house of the vigário to have the ceremony performed."—vol. ii. p. 240.

Dr. Walsh entertains a favourable opinion

of the prospects of the Anglo-Brazilian Mining Association. We cannot follow him in the account which he gives of their possessions, or of the other mines which he visited, as this article has already reached its just limits. One or two of the birds which he observed in the open and more cultivated parts of the provinces, must, however, claim our attention for their extraordinary habits.

"The birds here were more numerous, and their notes more cheerful, than in the dense forests we had passed. The most usual and attractive is Joao de Barros, or John of the Clay, because he always builds a regular house of it. We saw this constantly, in shape like an Irish cabin, built on the upper side of a large branch of a tree, not pendant, but erect. It consisted of an edifice, with an arched roof, having a corridor or porch, with a door leading to an inner apartment. With a singular instinct, the door was always found on the side from which the wind less frequently blew; and the edifice was so strong and well constructed, that one has been known to last its ingenious architect many winters. The bird is about the size of a lark, or larger, and is sometimes called the yellow thrush. It is exceedingly familiar, and generally found near ranchos and villages. Whenever we approached we saw John clinging to the branch of a tree, in an upright position, announcing our coming with a shrill, lively note, as if he was the warder placed there to warn the inhabitants of the arrival of a stranger. This cheerful salutation, however, was not confined to human habitations, but he frequently accosted us far from the haunts of men; and his lively note of welcome often met our ear in most solitary places.

"Another familiar and cheerful bird was the Ben te vi, so called from the perfect accuracy with which he pronounces these words. He is about the size of a sparrow, and distinguished by a circle of white round his head, with a yellow belly. Whenever we passed, he put his head out of the bush, and peeping at us from under the leaves, he said, 'ben te vi—oh, I saw you!' with an arch expression, as if he had observed something which he could tell if he pleased."—vol. ii. pp. 310—311.

The reader will be much pleased with the interesting varieties which our author presents of the climate, remarkable for its salubrity, the varied scenery, the insects, the trees, the plants, and the other natural objects which Dr. Walsh observed in the course of his excursion. It is however time for us to return to Rio, and collect a few of the details which tend to make us better acquainted with the Emperor.

"The church of N. S. da Gloria, close by our house, was that to which he was particularly attached, from a sincere and deep feeling, I was told, for the memory of his wife. Every Saturday, at nine in the morning, as regular as the movement of a clock, he passed our door, driving four mules in a phaeton, and attended by a troop of horse with a trumpeter. I frequently followed in my morning walk over the hill. The Emperor always stopped his phaeton at the bottom, and walked up, leaning on his chamberlain, and dressed gene-

rally in plain clothes. A few respectable people of the neighbourhood formed the congregation on this occasion, and when he walked in they followed him; he knelt on a carpet laid on the steps of the altar, and they knelt behind him. I have observed him during the continuance of the service, and he seemed serious and sincere, frequently crossing himself with much devotion. When it was over, they all rose, and he walked out among the crowd, as a simple individual of the congregation. He was generally accosted in the portico by some person, with whom he entered into familiar conversation; and on one occasion, a droll forward fellow of the lower ranks, told him some story with the ease and familiarity he would to an acquaintance, at which the Emperor laughed heartily, and every one about him joined, as if they were not in the smallest degree restrained by his presence. On his way down, he generally had a group about him joking in the same way, and his whole progress was totally divested of any seeming dislike to the *profanum vulgus*, or a wish to repel them, but was on the extreme of familiarity. When he again entered his carriage, he drove off with velocity, followed by his guards at a gallop, and was soon lost in clouds of dust and sand."—vol. ii. pp. 450, 451.

Our author thus describes an interview which he had with Don Pedro, and indeed a very satisfactory one to the clergyman's view, as we should imagine.

"I found the Emperor standing in the middle of a room inside. When I had seen him before on the steps of the throne, with his little boy beside him, he looked to me a tall and portly man; but when I now approached, and we stood close together, I perceived his person was below the middle size, and remarkably thick and sturdy. The face was full, and appeared deeply pitted or blotched. His hair was black, and thick about his forehead, with large whiskers, and his countenance rather coarse and forbidding. His manner, however, though dry, was affable and courteous. When I approached him, he said to me in French, 'I am much obliged to you for the books you sent me by the Marquês d'Aracaty.' 'Your Majesty does me too much honour. I trust you found in them something to approve of?' 'Oh! as to that, I have not had time yet to read them; besides, I do not understand English well.' 'I have been informed your Majesty speaks it fluently?' 'No! I was learning it from father Tilbury, but he is ill, poor man. How did you find the interior of the country through which you travelled?' 'Oh! the country is very superb, it only wants inhabitants.' 'What do you think of our botanic garden: we hope to make something of it?' 'It will be highly useful, when the indigenous plants are scientifically arranged.' After a few more similar observations, I made my bow, and was conducted out by the marquês; and I have transcribed for you, verbatim, what passed; as, perhaps, you would wish to know in what manner the emperor converses."—vol. ii. pp. 457, 458.

The Emperor's general habits are said to be very active and temperate.

"He rises every morning before day, and,

not sleeping himself, is not disposed to let others sleep. He usually begins, therefore, with discharging his fowling-piece about the palace, till all the family are up. He breakfasts at seven o'clock, and continues engaged in business, or amusement, till twelve, when he again goes to bed and remains till half-past one; he then rises and dresses for dinner. The Brazilians, as far as I have observed, are neat and cleanly in their persons; and the Emperor is eminently so. He is never seen in soiled linen or dirty clothes. He dines with his family at two, makes a temperate meal, and seldom exceeds a glass of wine, and then amuses himself with his children, of whose society he is very fond. He is a strict and severe, but an affectionate father, and they at once love and fear him. I heard Baron Maréchal, the Austrian minister, say, he one day paid him a visit: he met no person at the door to introduce him; so availing himself of his intimacy, he entered without being announced. He found the emperor in an inner room, playing with his children with his coat off, entering with great interest into all their amusements, and like another Henry IV., was not ashamed to be found by a foreign ambassador so employed. At nine he retires to bed.

"His education was early neglected, and he has never redeemed the lost time. He still, however, retains some classical recollections, and occasionally takes up a Latin book, particularly the breviary, which he reads generally in that language. He wished to acquire a knowledge of English, and to that end he commenced, along with his children, a course of reading with the Rev. Dr. Tilbury, an Englishman, who has taken orders in the Catholic church, and to whose courtesy and information on several subjects, I am very much indebted. After having made some progress, he laid it aside and began to learn French, in which he sometimes converses. He has an English groom, from whom also he unfortunately learned some English. This fellow, I am informed, is greatly addicted to swearing and indecent language, and the emperor, and even the late empress, adopted some of his phraseology, without being aware of its import.

"In his domestic expenses, he is exceedingly frugal. The careless profusion of his father, and the total derangement of the finances, had involved the country in such difficulties, that he found it necessary to set an example of frugality in his own person, by limiting himself to a certain expenditure. In his speech to the constituent assembly, he announced this determination. 'The king's disbursements,' said he, 'amounted to four millions; mine does not exceed one. I am resolved to live as a private gentleman, receiving only 110,000 milreis for my private expenses, except the allowance to which my wife is entitled by her marriage contract.' This, at the rate of exchange before we left Rio, would not have amounted to more than 10,000*l.* per annum. His present allowance, as fixed by the chambers, is 200,000 milreis for himself, and 12,000 for his children. To make this answer, he engages in various profitable pursuits, and adopts, in every thing, the most rigid system of economy. He lets out his fazendas at Santa

Cruz, for grazing cattle passing to Rio, from the Minas Geraes, and receives so much a head from the drovers. His slaves cut capim, and sell it, on his account, in the street, where they were pointed out to me, distinguished by plates on their caps. He derives, also, a revenue, I am told, from several caxas shops, of which he is the proprietor, and thinks, like Vespasian, that the money is not at all affected by the medium through which it passes. In his domestic expenses, he is rigid even to parsimony. He allows a very small sum to his cook, of the expenditure of which he exacts a minute account, and is very angry if this trifling sum is exceeded on any occasion; and it is said that this was one cause of his disagreement with the late empress, whose free and careless bounty he never could restrain."—vol. ii. pp. 459—462.

We must now close these volumes, conscious that we have omitted many topics which the author has treated with great care and intelligence. They contain a complete picture of the actual state of Brazil, and the accuracy of resemblance which we may safely ascribe to it, confers upon it a degree of importance that cannot be said to appertain to many of the works lately published in this country upon South America.

From the Monthly Review.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY. 2 vols. 12mo. with Etchings. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1830.

It is mortifying to witness so unnatural a union of bigotry and humour, as is displayed in these volumes. The design of this work is primarily of a religious nature, the title being given to it for the obvious purpose of recommending its contents to the world. This is by no means a maintenance of that good faith which authors are bound ever to observe; neither is it just to put such an affront on the reading public, as to insinuate that the concerns of religion, in themselves, have no attraction for them, and that they require to be baited, as it were, with droll stories and traits of national character. Haply, our author may have calculated the other way, and thought that his religious animosity would make his humour more vendible, or, at all events, that they might do better in company. If such were the conclusion of this writer, he cannot too soon disabuse his mind of the error; for, although we are not, on this side of the water, without our love of controversy, and are sometimes inclined to dwell on what we consider the absurdities of other men's creeds, yet we take care to appoint our season for indulging in this propensity. We do not like, for instance, to discuss the beer question in St. Clement's church; nor points of theology in an afternoon at the Albion; nothing John Bull is less prone to than mingling business with pleasure; and consequently there is no sort of accident that is more likely to revolt him, as when he makes up his mind for amusement, to have serious matters thrust upon his attention.

We would put it to the kindlier nature of our author, if it be wise or respectable to mix up with the materials of a delectable literary banquet—a real feast of the soul, of which all persons have an opportunity of partaking,—statements, descriptions, and expressions, which are sure to disgust no small portion of the guests, and to contribute materially to the prolongation of the bitterest mutual hostility amongst all. We say, let every man do his best to propagate sound religion, to the destruction of that which falsely assumes its sacred name. Neither should he do it with hesitation or indifference. Enthusiasm even becomes a virtue in such a cause. But let him proclaim his mission; let him put the right title upon his religious book, and not delude us into a controversy, when we thought he was going to make us laugh by his merriment. We say this in the spirit of kindness, not with the view of deprecating the author's zeal in the direction which it has taken; but really in order to protect our lighter description of literature from those adulterations which will only impair its wholesomeness, if they do not altogether discredit its character.

Having refreshed ourselves by thus venting our disappointment, we shall not be slow to render justice to the merits, for they are very great, of the author of these volumes. He is much better, and far more extensively acquainted with the Irish peasantry, than any modern narrator of Hibernian frolics with whom we are acquainted, that is to say, he knows them intimately in more of their varieties and their aspects, than any of his predecessors. But then he cannot match Mr. Croker, nor yet Mr. Griffin, in an Irish story. He wants the faculty of a poet; he crowds his descriptions, and accumulates circumstance on circumstance, confusing rather than clearing what he means to set before us. With a fourth of his words, Mr. Croker would have made a better picture of any one of the scenes which the author has given in these volumes. But his extensive opportunities of entering into the character of his countrymen, and a power of accurate observation, compensate amply for the want of other advantages, and will always enable this writer to keep an elevated rank amongst the delineators of national manners.

The two volumes contain eight tales, each of which has for its object to develop some peculiarity of character or habit of the people. They are all more or less tainted with the objectionable matter to which we have already alluded, and we may add, that when upon this unpleasant subject, the author seems to lose not only the more benign feelings of our nature, but also that strict regard for truth which is not merely an ornament to, but an indispensable requisite in every man. Stripped of these excrescences, we think the "Irish Wedding" a very amusing scene, though elaborated to a degree almost beyond all patience. Shane Fach, who had the honour of being one of the principals in this merry drama, is himself the narrator, and our acquaintance with him shall commence just at the moment that after being exceedingly garrulous, he comes to the gist of the story.

"Well, at last the day came. The wedding

morning, or the bride's part of it, as they say, was beautiful. It was then the month of July. The evening before, my father and my brother went over to Jemmy Finigan's to make the regulations for the wedding. We—that is, my party, were to be at the bride's house about ten o'clock, and we were then to proceed, all on horseback, to the priest's to be married. We were then, after drinking something at Tom Harris's public house, to come back as far as the Dumbhill, where we were to start and run for the bottle. That morning we were all up at the skriek of day. From six o'clock, my own faction, friends and neighbours, began to come, all mounted; and about eight o'clock, there was a whole regiment of them, some on horses, some on mules, others on raheries and asses; and by my word, I believe little Dick Snudaghan, the tailor's apprentice, that had a hand in making my wedding clothes, we mounted upon a buck goat, with a bridle of selvages tied to his horns. Any thing at all, to keep their feet from the ground, for nobody would be allowed to go with the wedding, that hadn't some animal between them and the earth. To make a long story short, so large a bridegroom's party was never seen in that country before, save and except Tim Lannigan's that I mentioned just now. It would make you split your face laughing to see the figure they cut; some of them had saddles and bridles—others had saddles and halters: some had back-suggawns of straw, with hay stirrups to them, but good bridles; others of them had sacks fixed up as like saddles as they could make them, girthed with hay ropes five or six times round the horse's body. When one or two of the horses wouldn't carry double, except the hind rider sat strideways, the women had to be put foremost, and the men behind them. Some had decent pillions enough, but the most of them had none at all, and the women were obliged to sit where the crupper ought to be,—and a hard card they had to play to keep their seats, even when the horses walked easy, so what must it be when it came to a gallop, but that same was nothing at all to a trot.

"From the time they began to come that morning, you may be sartin that the glass was no criddle, any how—although, for fear of accidents, we took care not to go too deep. At eight o'clock we sat down to a rousing breakfast, for we thought it best to eat a trifle at home, lest they might think that what we were to get at the bride's breakfast might be thought any novelty. As for my part, I was in such a state, that I couldn't let a morsel cross my throat, nor did I know what end of me was uppermost. After breakfast they all got their cattle, and I my hat and whip, and was ready to mount, when my uncle whispered to me that I must kneel down and ask my father and mother's blessing, and forgiveness for all my disobedience and offences toward them—and also to request the blessings of my brothers and sisters. Well, in a short time I was down; and, my goodness, such a hullabaloo of crying as was there in a minit's time, 'Oh, Shane Fadh—Shane Fadh, a cushla machree,' says my poor mother in Irish 'you're going to break up the ring about your fa-

ther's hearth and mine—going to lave us, avourneen, for ever, and we to hear your light foot and sweet voice, mornin', noon, and night, no more. Oh!' says she, 'it's you that was the good son all out—and the good brother too: kind and cheerful was your beautiful voice, and full of love and affection was your heart! Shane, avourneen deelish, if ever I was harsh to you, forgive your poor mother that will never see you more on her flure as one of her own family.' Even my father, that wasn't much given to crying, couldn't speak; but went over to a corner and cried till the neighbours stopped him. As for my brothers and sisters they were all in an uproar—and I myself, begged, cried like a Trojan, merely because I see them at it. My father and mother both kissed me, and gave me their blessing; and my brothers and sisters did the same; while you would think all their hearts would break. 'Come, come,' says my uncle, 'I'll have none of this: what a hubbub you make, and your son going to be well married—going to be joined to a girl that your betters would be proud to get into connexion with. You should have more sense, Rose Campbell—you ought to thank God that he had the luck to come across such a girl for a wife; that it's not going to his grave instead of into the arms of a purty girl—and what is better, a good girl. So quit your blubbering, Rose; and you, Jack,' says he to my father, 'that ought to have more sense, stop this instant. Clear off every one of you, out of this, and let the young boy get to his horse. Clear out, I say, or by the powers I'll—look at them three stages of huzzies; by the hand of my body they're blubbering becase it's not their own story this blessed day. Move—bounce! — and you, Rose oge, if you're not behind Dudley Fulton in less than no time, by the hole of my coat, I'll marry a wife myself, and then where will the twenty guineys be that I'm to lave you!'

"Any how, it's easy knowing there wasn't sorrow at the bottom of their grief: for they were all now laughing at my uncle's jokes, even while their eyes were red with the tears—my mother herself couldn't but be in good humour, and join her smile with the rest.

"My uncle now drove us all out before him; not, however, till my mother had sprinkled a drop of holy water on each of us, and giving me and my brother and sisters a small taste of blessed caudle to prevent us from sudden death and accidents. My father and she didn't come with us then, but they went over to the bride's, while we were gone to the priest's house. Well, now we set off in great style and spirits; I well mounted on a good horse of my own, and my brother on one that he had borrowed from Peter Donnellon, fully bent on winning the bottle. I would have borrowed him myself, but I thought it danceter to ride my own horse manfully, even though he never won a side of mutton or a saddle, like Donnellon's. But the man that was most likely to come in for the bottle was little Billy Cormick, the tailor, who rode a blood-racer that young John Little had wickedly lent him for the special purpose; he was a tall bay animal, with long small legs, a close tail, and didn't know how to trot. May be we didn't

cut a dash—and might have taken a town before us. We set out about nine o'clock, and went across the country; but I'll not stop to mention what happened some of them, even before we got to the bride's house. It's enough to say here, that sometimes one in crossing a stile or ditch would drop into the shough; sometimes another would find himself head-foremost on the ground; a woman would be capized here in crossing a ridgy field, bringing her fore-rider to the ground along with her: another would be hanging like a broken arch, ready to come down, till some one would ride up and fix her on her seat. But as all this happened in going over the fields, we expected that when we'd get out on the king's highway there would be less danger, as we would have no ditches or drains to cross. When we came in sight of the house, there was a general shout of welcome from the bride's party, who were on the watch for us: we couldn't do less nor give them back the cheer in full chorus; but we had better have let that alone, for some of the young horses took the *studdh*, others of them capered about; the asses—the devil choke them—that were along with us should begin to bray, as if it was the king's birth-day—and a mule of Jack Irwin's took it into his head to stand stock still. This brought another dozen of them to the ground; so that between one thing and another, we were near half an hour before we got on the march again. When the blood horse that the tailor rode, saw the crowd and heard the shouting, he cocked his ears, and set off with himself full speed: but before he had gone far, he was without a rider, and went galloping up to the bride's house, the bridle hanging about his feet. But Billy, having taken a glass or two, wasn't to be cowed; so he came up in great blood, and swore he would ride him to America, sooner than let the bottle be won from the bridegroom's party. When we arrived, there was nothing but shaking hands and kissing, and all kinds of *slawthering*—men kissing men—women kissing women—and after that men and women. Another breakfast was ready for us; and here we all sat down. Myself and my next relations in the bride's house and the others in the barn and garden; for one house wouldn't hold the half of us. Eating, however, was all only talk; but we took some of the poteen agin, and in a short time afterwards set off along the paved road to the priest's house, to be tied as fast as he could make us, and that was fast enough. Before we went out to mount our horses though, there was such a hullabaloo with the bride and her friends as there was with myself: but my uncle soon put a stop to it, and in five minutes had them breaking their hearts laughing. Bless my heart what doings! what roasting and boiling!—and what tribes of beggars, and shulers, and vagabons of all sorts and sizes, were sunning themselves about the doors—wishing us a thousand times long life and happiness. There was a fiddler and a piper: the piper was to stop at my father-in-law's while we were going to be married, and the fiddler was to come with ourselves, in order you know, to have a dance at the priest's house, and to play for us coming and

going; for there's nothing like a taste for music when one's on for sport."—pp. 112—115.

The marriage took place at the priest's house, which was four miles off, after which the party devoted an hour or so to dancing in his reverence's barn. The return home is well described.

"When this was over we mounted again, the fiddler taking his ould situation behind my uncle. You know it is usual, after getting the knot tied, to go to a public house or shebeen, to get some refreshment after the journey; so, accordingly, we went to little lame Larry Spooney's—grandfather to him that was transported the other day for stealing Bob Beatty's sheep; he was called Spooney himself, from his sheep-stealing, ever since Paddy Keenan made the song upon him ending with 'his house never wants a good ram-horn spoon'; so that, lat people say what they will, these things run in the blood—well, we went to his shebeen house, but the tithe of us couldn't get into it: so, we sat on the green before the door, and, by my song, we took decently with him any how; and, only for my uncle, it's odds but we would have all been fuddled. It was now that I began to notish a kind of coolness betune my party and the bride's, and for some time I didn't know what to make of it. I wasn't long so, however; for my uncle, who still had his eye about him, comes over to me, and says, 'Shane, I doubt there will be bad work amongst these people, particularly betune the Dorans and the Flanagans—the truth is, that the ould business of the law-shoot will break out, and except they're kept from drink, take my word for it, there will be blood spilled. The running for the bottle will be a good excuse,' says he, 'so I think we had better move home before they go too far in the drink.' Well, any way, there was truth in this; so, accordingly, the reckoning was *ped*, and, as this was the thrate of the wedding to the bride and the bridegroom, every one of the men clubbed his share, but neither I nor the girls, any thing. Ha—ha—ha! Well, I never—ha—ha—ha!—I never laughed so much in one day, as I did in that, and I can't help laughing at it yet. Well, well! when we all got on the top of our horses, and such other iligant cattle as we had—the crowning of a king was nothing to it. We were now purty well I thank you, as to liquor; and, as the knot was tied, and all safe, there was no end to our good spirits: so, when we took the road, the men were in high blood, particularly Billy Cormick, the tailor, who had a pair of long cavalry spurs upon him, that he was scarcely able to walk in—and he not more nor four feet high. The women too, were in blood, having faces upon them, with the hate of the day and the liquor, as full as trumpeters.

"There was now a great jealousy among them that were bint for winning the bottle; and when one horseman would crass another, striving to have the whip hand of him when they'd set off, why, you see, his horse would get a cut of the whip itself for his pains. My uncle and I, however, did all we could to pacify them; and their own bad horsemanship, and the screeching of the women, prevented

my strokes at that time. Some of them were ripping up ould sores against one another as they went along; others, particularly the youngsters, with their sweethearts behind them, coorting away for the life of them; and some might be heard miles off, singing and laughing; and you may be sure the fiddler behind my uncle wasn't idle, no more nor another. In this way we dashed on gloriously, till we came in sight of the Dumb-hill, where we were to start for the bottle. And now you might see the men fixing themselves on their saddles, sacks, and suggawns; and the women tying kerchiefs and shawls about their caps and bonnets, to keep them from flying off, and then gripping their fore-riders hard and fast by the bosoms. When we got to the Dumb-hill, there were five or six fellows that didn't come with us to the priest's, but met us with cudgels in their hands, to prevent any of them from starting before the others, and to show fair play.

"Well, when they were all in a lump,—horses, mules, ragherys and asses, some, as I said, with saddles, some with none; and all just as I tould you before; the word was given, and off they scoured, myself along with the rest; and divil be off me, if ever I saw such a sight but itself, either before or since. Off they skelped through thick and thin, in a cloud of dust like a mist about us: but it was a mercy that the life wasn't tramped out of some of us; for before we had gone fifty perches, the one-third of them were sprawling a-top of one another on the road. As for the women, they went down right and left—sometimes bringing the horsemen with them; and many of the boys getting black eyes and bloody noses on the stones. Some of them being half blind with the motion and the whiskey, turned off the wrong way, and galloped on, thinking they had completely distanced the crowd; and it wasn't until they cooled a bit that they found out their mistake. But the best sport of all was, when they came to the lazy corner, just at Jack Gallagher's *flush*, where the water came out a good way across the road; being in such a flight, they either forgot or didn't know how to turn the angle properly, and plash went above thirty of them, coming down right on the top of one another souse into the pool. By this time there was about a dozen of the best horses a good distance before the rest, cutting one another up for the bottle; amongst these were the Dorans and the Flanaganas; but they, you see, wisely enough dropped their women at the beginning, and only rode single. I myself didn't mind the bottle, but kept close to Mary, for afraid that among such a devil's pack of half-mad fellows, any thing might happen her. At any rate, I was next the first batch: but where do you think the tailor was all this time? Why away off like lightning, miles before them—flying like a swallow: and how he kept his sate so long has puzzled me from that day to this: but, any how, truth's best—there he was topping the hill ever so far before them. Though, after all, the unlucky crathur nearly missed the bottle; for when he turned to the bride's house, instead of pulling up as he ought to do—why, to show his horsemanship to the crowd

that was out looking at them, he should begin to cut up the horse right and left, until he made him take the garden ditch in full flight, landing him among the cabbages. About four yards or five from the spot where the horse lodged himself, was a well, and a purty deep one too, by my word; but not a sowl present could tell what became of the tailor, until Owen Smith chanced to look into the well, and saw his long spurs just above the water; so he was pulled up in a purty pickle, not worth the washing; but what did he care? although he had a small body, the divil a one of him but had a sowl big enough for Golias or Sampson the Great. As soon as he got his eyes clear, right or wrong, he insisted on getting the bottle; but he was late, poor fellow, for before he got out of the garden, two of them came up—Paddy Doran and Peter Flanagan, cutting one another to pieces, and not the length of your nail betune them. Well, well, that was a terrible day, sure enough. In the twinkling of an eye they were both off the horses, the blood streaming from their bare heads, struggling to take the bottle from my father, who didn't know which of them to give it to. He knew if he'd hand it to one, the other would take offence, and then he was in a great puzzle, striving to reason with them; but long Paddy Doran caught it while he was speaking to Flanagan, and the next minnit Flanagan measured him with a heavy loaded whip, and left him stretched upon the stones. And now the work began; for by this time the friends of both parties came up and joined them. Such knocking down, such roaring among the men, and screeching and clapping of hands and wiping of heads among the women, when a brother, or a son, or a husband, would get his gruel! Indeed, out of a fair, I never saw any thing to come up to it. But during all this work, the busiest man among the whole set was the tailor, and what was worst of all for the poor crathur, he should single himself out against both parties, bekaose you see he thought they were cutting him out of his right to the bottle."—vol. i. pp 123—125.

The only other part of the history that deserves to be quoted is the scene after dinner. It is certainly very imperfect, as, indeed, is the whole that follows. These deficiencies are easily accounted for when we see how much more intent the author was to detail a long and foolish conversation on religious topics between two priests, than to complete the sketch of the wedding.

"By this time the company was hard and fast at the punch, the songs, and the dancing. The dinner had been cleared off, except what was before the friar, and the beggars and shulers were clawing and scoulding one another about the divide. The dacentest of us went into the house for a while, taking the fiddler with us, and the rest staid on the green to dance, where they were soon joined by lots of the country-people; so that, in a short time, there was a large number entirely. After sitting for some time within, Mary and I began, you may be sure, to get uneasy, sitting palavering among a parcel of ould sober folk; so, at last, out we slipped, and the few other

dacent young people that were with us, to join the dance, and shake our toe along with the rest of them. When we made our appearance, the flure was instantly cleared for us, and then she and I danced the *Humours of Glia*. Well it's no matter, it's all past now, and she lies low; but I may say that it wasn't very often danced in better style since, I'd wager. Many a shake-hands did I get from the neighbours' sons, wishing me joy—and I'm sure I couldn't do less than thrate them to a glass, you know; and 'twas the same way with Mary—many a neighbour's daughter, that she didn't do more nor know by eyesight, may-be, would come up and wish her happiness in the same manner, and she would say to me, 'Shane, avourneen, that's such a man's daughter—they're dacent, friendly people, and we can't do less nor give her a glass.' I, of coorse, would go down and bring them over, after a little pulling—making, you see, as if they wouldn't come—to where my brother was handing out the native."—pp. 143, 144.

The sports which usually take place at a *wake* are well described by our author in another tale, entitled "Larry McFarland's wake." This word in Ireland means the assembling of persons in the room where a corpse is laid out, and where the junior part of the company are in the habit of performing all manner of tricks for their amusement. As traits of national manners, they possess a good deal of interest.

"The way they play it, Mr. Morrow, is this:—two young men out of each parish, go out upon the flure—one of them stands up, then bends himself, sir, at a half bend, placing his left hand behind on the back part of his ham, keeping it there to receive what it's to get. Well, there he stands, and the other coming behind him, places his foot out before him, doubles up the cuff of his coat, to give his hand and wrist freedom; he then rises his right arm, coming down with the heel of his hand upon the other fellow's palm, under him, with full force. By jing, it's the devil's own diversion; for you might as well get a stroke of a sledge as a blow from some of them able, hard-working fellows, with hands upon them like limestone. When the fellow that's down gets it hot and heavy, the man that struck him stands bent in his place, and some friend of the other comes down upon him, and pays him for what the other fellow got. In this way they take it, turn about, one out of each parish, till it's over; for, I believe, if they were to pelt one another since, that they'd never give up. Bless my soul, but it was terrible to hear the strokes that the Slip and Pat McArdle did give that night."—pp. 201, 202.

"The next play they went to was the *sitting brogue*. This is played by a ring of them, sitting down upon the bare ground, keeping their knees up. A shoe-maker's leather apron is then got, or a good stout brogue, and sent round under their knees. In the mean time one stands in the middle; and after the brogue is sent round, he is to catch it as soon as he can. While he is there, of coorse, his back must be to some one, and accordingly those that are behind him, thump him right and left

with the brogue, while he, all the time, is striving to catch it. Whoever he catches this brogue with must stand up in his place, while he sits down where the other had been, and then the play goes on as before. There's another play called the *standing brogue*—where one man gets a brogue of the same kind, and another stands up facing him, with his two hands locked together, forming an arch turned upside down. The man that holds the brogue then strikes him with it betune the hands; and even the smartest fellow receives several pelts, before he is able to close his hands and catch it; but when he does, he becomes brogue-man, and one of the opposite party stands for him, until he catches it. The same thing is gone through, from one to another, on each side, until it is over. The next is *Kissing*, and is played in this manner:—A chair or stool is placed in the middle of the flure, and the man who manages the play sits down upon it, and calls his sweetheart, or the prettiest girl in the house. She, accordingly, comes forward, and must kiss him. He then rises up, and she sits down. 'Come now,' he says, 'fair maid—call them you like best to kiss you!' She then calls them she likes best, and when the young man she calls comes over and kisses her, he then takes her place, and calls another girl—and so on, smacking away for a couple of hours. Well, it's no wonder that Ireland's full of people; for I believe they do nothing but court from the time they're the hoith of my leg. I dunna is it true, as I hear Captain Sloethorn's steward say, that the English women are so fond of Irishmen?"—pp. 203–205.

"The next is marrying—a bouchal puts an ould dark coat on him, and if he can borry a wig from any of the ould men in the wake-house, why, well and good, he's the liker his work—this is the priest: he takes and drives all the young men out of the house, and shuts the door upon them, so that they can't get in till he lets them. He then ranges the girls all beside one another, and going to the first, makes her name him she wishes to be her husband; this she does, of coorse, and the priest lugs him in, shutting the door upon the rest. He then pronounces a funny marriage service of his own between them, and the husband smacks her first, and then the priest. Well, these two are married, and he places his wife upon his knee, for fraid of taking up too much room, *you persare*; there they coort away again, and why shouldn't they? The priest then goes to the next, and makes her name *ker* husband; this is complied with; and he is brought in after the same manner, but no one else till they are called: he is then married, and kisses his wife, and the priest after him: and so they're all married. But if you'd see them that don't chance to be called at all, the figure they cut—slipping into some dark corner, to avoid the mobbing they got from the priest and the others. When they're all united, they must each sing a song—man and wife, according as they sit; or if they can't sing, or get some one to do it for them, they are divorced."—pp. 208, 209.

"The next play is in the military line. You see, Mr. Morrow, the man that leads the sports, places them all on their seats—gets from some of the girls, a white handkerchief, which he ties round his hat, as you would tie a piece of mourning; he then walks round them two or three times, singing

"Will you list, and come with me, fair maid?
Will you list, and come with me, fair maid?
Will you list, and come with me, fair maid?
And folly the lad with the white cockade?"

When he sings this, he takes off his hat, and puts it on the head of the girl he likes best, who rises up and puts her arm round him, and they both go about in the same way, singing the same words. She then puts the hat on some young man, who gets up and goes round with them, singing as before. He next puts it on the girl he loves best, who, after singing and going round in the same manner, puts it on another, and he on his sweetheart, and so on. This is called the *White Cockade*. When it's all over, that is, when every young man has pitched upon the girl that he wishes to be his sweetheart, they sit down, and sing songs, and coort, as they did at the marrying. After this comes the *Weds or Forfeits*, or what they call putting round the button. Every one gives in a forfeit—the boys, a pocket handkerchief or pen-knife, and the girls, a neck handkerchief or something in that way. The forfeit is held over them, and each of them stoops in turn. They are, then, compelled to command the person that owns that forfeit to sing a song—to kiss such and such a girl—or to carry some ould man, with his legs about their neck, three times round the house, and this last is always great fun. Or, may be, a young upsetting fellow will be sent to kiss some toothless, slaving ould woman, just to punish him; or, if a young woman is any way saucy, she'll have to kiss some ould, withered fellow, his tongue hanging with age, half way down his chin, and the tobacco water trickling from each corner of his mouth. By jingo, many a time, when the friends of the corpse would be breaking their very hearts with grief and affliction, I have seen them obliged to laugh out, in spite of themselves, at the drollery of the priest with his ould black coat and wig upon him; and when the laughing fit would be over, to see them rocking themselves again—so sad. The best man for managing such sports in this neighbourhood, for many a year, was Roger McCann, that lives up as you go to the mountains. You wouldn't begrudge to go ten miles, the coldest winter night that ever blew, to see and hear Roger.

"There is another play, they call the *Priest of the Parish*, which is remarkably pleasant. One of the boys gets a wig upon himself, as before—goes out on the flure, places the boys in a row, calls one his *man Jack*, and says to each—'What will you be?' One answers, 'I'll be *black cap*;' another—'red cap;' and so on. He then says, 'The priest of the parish has lost his considering cap—some say this, and some say that, but I say my *man Jack*!' *Man Jack*, then, to put it off himself, says—'Is it me, Sir?' 'Yes, you, Sir.' 'You lie, Sir!' 'Whó then, Sir?' 'Black cap!' If

black cap, then, doesn't say—'Is it me, Sir?' before the priest has time to call him, he must put his hand on his ham, and get a pelt of the brogue. A body must be supple with the tongue in it.

"After this comes one they call *Horns*, or the *Painter*. A droll fellow gets a lump of soot or lamp-black, and, after fixing a ring of the boys and girls about him, he lays his two fingers on his knees, and says, 'Horns, horns, cow horns!' and then raises his fingers by a jerk up above his head; the boys and girls in the ring then do the same thing, for the maning of the play is this:—the man with the blackening *always* raises his fingers every time he names an animal, but if he names any that has no horns, and that the others jerk up their fingers, then they must get a stroke over the face with the soot. 'Horns, horns, goat horns!'—then he ups with his fingers like lightning; they must all do the same, because a goat *has* horns. 'Horns, horns, horse horns!'—he ups with them again, but the boys and girls ought not, because a horse has *not* horns; however, any one that raises them *then*, gets a slake. So that it all comes to this—Any one, you see, that lifts his fingers when an animal is named that has no horns—or any one that does not raise them when a beast is mentioned that *has* horns, will get a mark. It's a purty game, and requires a keen eye and a quick hand; and maybe, there's not fun in straking the soot over the purty, warm, rosy, cheeks of the colleens, while their eyes are dancing with delight in their heads, and their sweet breath comes over so pleasant about one's face, the darlings—Och, och!

"There's another game they call the *Silly Ould Man*, that's played this way:—A ring of the boys and girls is made on the flure—boy and girl about—houlding one another by the hands; well and good—a young fellow gets into the middle of the ring, as 'the silly ould man.' There he stands looking at all the girls to chuse a wife, and, in the mean time, the youngsters of the ring sing out—

Here's a silly ould man that lies all alone,

That lies all alone,

That lies all alone;

Here's a silly ould man that lies all alone,

He wants a wife, and he can get none.

"When the boys and girls sing this, the silly ould man must choose a wife from some of the colleens belonging to the ring. Having made the choice of her, she goes into the ring along with him, and they all sing out—

Now, young couple, you're married together,

You're married together,

You're married together,

You must obey your father and mother,

And love one another like sister and brother,

I pray, young couple, you'll kiss together.

And you may be sure this part of the marriage is not missed, any way."—vol. i. pp. 212—214.

We have a very full and particular account of a hedge school, that peculiarity of Ireland with which so few have an opportunity of becoming familiar. The master and the establishment having been elaborately depicted,

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the author introduces us to both in the full tide of business.

"Come, boys, rehearse....(Buz, buz, buz).... I'll soon be after calling up the first spelling lesson—(buz, buz, buz)—then the mathematicians—book keepers—Latinists, and Grecians, successfully. (Buz, buz, buz.)—Silence, there below! your pens? Tim Casey, isn't this a purty hour o' the day for you to come into school at; arrah, and what kept you, Tim? Walk up wid yourself here, till we have a confabulation together; you see I love to be talking to you.'.... Sir, Larry Brannigan; here, he's throwing spits at me out of his pen.'—(Buz, buz, buz).... By my sowl, Larry, there's a rod steeped for you.'—Fly away, Jack—fly away, Jill; come again, Jack.'—'I had to go to Paddy Nowlan's for tobacco, Sir, for my father.'....(Weeping, with his hand knowingly across his face—one eye laughing at his comrades).... 'You lie it was'nt.' 'If you call me a liar agin, I'll give you a dig in the mug.' 'It's not in your jacket.' 'Is'nt it?' 'Behave yourself; ha! there's the mather looking at you—ye'll get it now.'—None at all, Tim?—and she's not afther sinding an excuse wid you?—what's that undher your arm?' 'My Gough, Sir.'....(Buz, buz, buz.) 'Silence, boys. And you Blackguard Lillipution, you, what kept you away till this?'—'One bird pickin'—two men thrashin'—one bird pickin'—two men thrashin'—one bird pickin'.' 'Sir, they're stickin' pins in me, here.' 'Who is? Briney.' 'I don't know, Sir, they're all at it.' 'Boys I'll go down to you.'.... 'I can't carry him, Sir, he'd be too heavy for me: let Larry Toole do it, he's stronger nor me; any way, there he's putting a corker pin in his mouth.'....(Buz, buz, buz).... 'Who-hoo-hoo-hoo, I'll never stay away agin, Sir; indeed I won't, Sir. Oh, Sir, dear, pardon me this wan time—and if ever you catch me doing the like agin, I'll give you lave to welt the sowl out of me.'....(Buz, buz, buz.) 'Behave yourself, Barney Byrne.' 'I'm not touching you.' 'Yes you are; did'nt you make me blot my copy.' 'Ho, by the livin', I'll pay you goin' home for this.'.... Hand me the taws.' 'Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo—what'll I do, at all at all! Oh, Sir dear, Sir dear, Sir dear—hoo-hoo-hoo.' 'Did she send no message, good or bad, before I lay on?' 'Oh, not a word, Sir, only that my father killed a pig yestherday, and he wants you to go up to day at dinner time.' (Buz, buz, buz).... 'It's time to get lave, it is'nt, it is, it is'nt, it is.' &c.... 'You lie, I say, your faction never was able to fight our's; did'n't we lick all your dirty breed in Buillagh-bathra fair?' 'Silence there.'—(Buz, buz, buz.) 'Will you meet us on Saturday, and we'll fight it out elane?' 'Ha-ha-ha! Tim, but you got a big fright, any how: whist, ma bouchal, sure I was only jokin' you; and sorry I'd be to beat your father's son, Tim. Come over, and sit beside myself at the fire here. Get up, Micky Donoghue, you big burn't-shin'd spalpeen you, and let the decent boy sit at the fire.' 'Hulla-baloo hoo-hoo-hoo—to go to give me such a welt, only for sitting at the fire, and me brought turf wid me.' 'To day, Tim?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'At dinner time is id?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Faith, the decent strain was always in the

same family.'....(Buz, buz, buz, buz.) 'Horns, horns, cock horns: oh, you up'd wid them, you lifted your fingers—that's a mark, now—hold your face till I blacken you.'—'Do you call thim two sods, Jack Lannigan? why, 'tis only one long one, broke in the middle; but you must make it up to-morrow, Jack: how is your mother's tooth; did she get it pulled yet?' 'No, Sir.' 'Well, tell her to come to me, an' I'll write a charm for it, that'll cure her.... What kept you till now, Paddy Magouran?' 'Couldn't come any sooner, Sir.' 'You couldn't, Sir—and why, Sir, couldn't you come any sooner, Sir?'.... 'See, Sir, what Andy Nowlan done to my copy.'....(Buz, buz, buz).... 'Silence, I'll massacre yeas, if yeas don't make less noise.'—(Buz, buz, buz).... 'I was down with Mrs. Kavanagh, Sir.' You were, Paddy,—an' Paddy, *ma bouchal*, aren't you afear'd to tell me that you go to see my wife behind my back—eh, Paddy?'.... 'Masther, Sir, spake to Jem Kenny here; he made my nose bleed?'—pp. 167—169.

This may be regarded as a winter scene—for in the warm weather the site of the school varies to suit the convenience of master and scholars.

"During the summer season, it was the usual practice for the scholars to transfer their paper, slates and books, to the green which lay immediately behind the school house, where they stretched themselves upon the grass, and resumed their business. Mat would bring out his chair, and, placing it on the shady side of the hedge, sit with his pipe in his mouth, the contented lord of his little realm, whilst nearly a hundred and fifty scholars of all sorts and sizes, lay scattered over the grass, basking under the scorching sun in all the luxury of novelty, nakedness, and freedom. The sight was original and characteristic, and such as Mr. Brougham would have been delighted with—'The schoolmaster was abroad again.' As soon as one o'clock drew near, Mat would pull out his *Ring-dial*, hold it against the sun, and declare the hour. 'Now boys, to yer dinners, and the rest to play.' 'Hurroo, darlins, to play—the mather says it's dinner time!—whip-spur-an'-away-grey—Hurroo—whack—hurroo.' 'Masther, Sir, my father bid me ax you home to yer dinner.' 'No, he'll come to huz—come wid me, if you please, Sir.' 'Sir, never heed them; my mother, Sir, has some of what you know—of the flitch I brought to Shoneen on last Aisther, Sir.' This was a subject on which the boys gave themselves great liberty, an invitation, even when not accepted, being an indemnity for the day; it was usually followed by a battle between the claimants, and bloody noses were the issue. The master himself, after deciding to go where he was certain of getting the best dinner, generally put an end to the quarrels by a reprimand, and then gave notice to the disappointed claimants of the successive days on which he would attend at their respective houses. 'Boys, you all know my maxim; to go, for fear of any jealousies, boys, wherever I get the worst dinner; so tell me now, boys, what yer decent mothers have all got at home for day?' 'My mother killed a fat hen to-day, Sir, an' you'll have a lump of bacon and 'flat

dutch' along wid it.' 'We'll have hang beef and greens, Sir.' 'We tried the praties this mornin', Sir, an' we'll have new praties, and bread and butter, Sir.' 'Well, it's all good, boys; but rather than show favour or affection, do you see, I'll go wid Andy, here, and take share of the hen an' bacon; but, boys, for all that, I'm fonder of the other things, you persave; and as I can't go wid you, Mat, tell your respectable mother that I'll be with her to-morrow; and with you, Larry, ma bouchal, the day afther.'—pp. 181—183.

We think that the strictures in which our author indulges on hedge schools are unjust and uncalled for, nor were they by any means those nurseries of vice which he would represent them. We should say, indeed, on much more impartial authority than that we have now before us, that these establishments were more remarkable for producing no effect at all on the moral character of the population than they were for operating hurtfully upon it. But the mind of the writer is excessively distorted by his prejudices, and however successfully he may apply his talents to the promotion of his own views of religion, he has certainly, by his officious and unseasonable partizanship, unfitted himself for the character of an agreeable writer. We only hope that when next we meet him as a candidate for the public favour, that he will allow his own good sense and feeling nature to have more influence than they have had on this occasion, in ordering the sort of appearance which he should make.

From the British Magazine.

A VISIT TO THE GRAND NATIONAL CEMETERY IN THE YEAR 2000.

New London, April 1st, 2000.

You wish to know whether, among all the sights of London, I have seen the Grand National Cemetery. I have just returned from thence, and hasten to offer you a description of it. It is situated in the very heart of the metropolis, at the foot of a gentle declivity, now covered with shops and bazaars, but formerly known by the name of Primrose Hill; and at no great distance from that once fashionable resort called the Regent's Park—the houses in which, however, have long since fallen into decay, and now present a scene very much like a Pompeii in plaster-work: I had very nearly sprained my ankle in stumbling over one of the chimneys. It is within a stone's throw of what was formerly designated the Zoological Gardens, the place from whence all the wild beasts broke loose about half a century ago—a circumstance to which we are indebted for the pleasures of bear-hunting and other sports at present so popular in this country. The space occupied by this celebrated cemetery is about one hundred and thirty acres, and is divided into three enclosures; the first being solely appropriated for the illustrious and distinguished; the second for the respectable; and the third for that extensive class of human beings emphatically denominated "the poor." The ground is laid

out in a tasteful and ornamental style. There are tombs and temples of every order of architecture; spacious terraces, towers, and catacombs. The graves are all dug by steam; and perpetual gas-lamps are burning in the sepulchres. There are also steam-hearers and coaches, which are polished every morning with Lord Warren's blacking (a descendant of the celebrated inventor of that liquid, recently advanced to the peerage).

The scheme of this cemetery was first submitted to the world in 1830, and the whole was completed about ten years afterwards. It was designed and carried into effect by Francis Goodwin, Esq.: as the following verses, addressed to him at that time, and placed over the principal gate of the cemetery, evince.

"Oh, architect—by none surpassed—
Who built, like Denmark's clawn,
Houses that shall till doomsday last;
Though earthquakes rend the town;
Spirit of speculation vast,
Accept this cypress crown!
"The palace it is doomed to fall,
It trembles in the wind;
But thine's a safe though common hall—
Thy tenants are mankind:
With thee the mighty and the small
Convenient lodgings find.
"A strange, eventful lot is thine—
To found thy fame on clay;
To make the very tomb thy shrine,
And worms their homage pay;
To live on death—in dust to shine—
And flourish on decay.
"And oh! when Goodwin's sands are run,
May men the loss deplore,
Survey the fabric thus begun,
And smile and doubt no more;
While you—the glorious structure done—
Inhabit the ground-floor!"

But I must give you a better idea of our English *Père la Chaise*, by describing some of its monumental decorations, and copying the inscriptions of the most remarkable and interesting. I will commence with that portion of the double cloister extending round the cemetery, which is exclusively devoted to the remains of illustrious or notorious individuals.

On entering, then, this division of the cloister, the first object that strikes the eye is a beautiful bas-relief. It consists of the figure of a poet, of singularly small dimensions, with a garland of shamrock on his brow. He is seated in a bower beside a houri, who is charming his fancy by a display of sensual luxuries, while an angel over his head is vainly directing his eye to purer scenes and less perishable delights. The poet's wings seem clipped, and are evidently the worse for wear; his lyre has fallen from the branch on which it hung, and lies upon the ground with several of its strings broken. Underneath is written "ANACREON MOORE," and then the subjoined lines:—

"Friend to morality, he made his name
A doubtful sound—a term of pride and shame.
Alas! that virtue should his lines rehearse,
And find a venom in the honied verse.

Lover of liberty, while yet a lad,
 He spurned her foes, but served her friends as
 bad;
 And while to guard her head he drew his steel,
 Turned back and launched an arrow at her
 heel.
 Biographer and bard, he charmed the time
 With pearly prose and rainbow-coloured
 rhyme;
 Then left his Hippocrene, to draw a cork,
 And sold his harp, for what?—a knife and
 fork.
 Yet while a sense of beauty breathes divine,
 While flowers are filled with scent, and grapes
 with wine,
 While wit and music shall endure—so long
 The willing world shall listen to his song."

Next to this monument is a magnificent tablet, bearing the following inscription:—

"Erected by a grateful nation
 in memory of the
 Rt. Hon. William Cobbett, M. P.,
 Chancellor of the Exchequer.
 Mild and unassuming in his manners,
 actuated by the purest integrity and uncom-
 promising principles,
 the private virtues
 of this distinguished patriot and philosopher,
 kept pace with his public abilities.
 Gifted with the profundity of a Bacon
 and the philanthropy of a Howard,
 he was of course a mark
 for the shafts of calumny and abuse.
 Yet though he possessed a mind singularly
 sensitive,
 he endured his wrongs in silence.
 He never insulted an enemy,
 and never lost a friend.
 But the qualities that chiefly elevated him
 above mankind
 were Modesty and Disinterestedness.
 He saved,
 not only his country, but Europe and America,
 when nobody else could,
 for the trifling sum of sixpence—
 the price of his Register."

Beneath this appears an interesting design, the principal feature in which is a gridiron; and scattered about are fragments of platted grass and Indian corn.

Under a statue of SCOTT, who is designated the "Shakespeare of Prose," are placed the subjoined lines:—

"With a genius as perfect as free from pre-
 tence,
 He boasted that strangest of things—common-
 sense.
 A fine equanimity marked him throughout:—
 You would scarcely believe that he'd heard of
 a doubt.
 His mind was as full and as fervent as spring,
 —Yet he seemed not to know that he had such
 a thing.
 Perceiving—with all due respect for the sky—
 Mankind made for walking, he strove not to
 fly.
 The wonders of earth they awoke no surprise,
 For he knew what they were ere he opened
 his eyes."

The ocean could charm him, the mountain
 still more;
 But he wisely sat still—he had seen them be-
 fore.

Yet, looking on nature with natural eyes,
 He degraded his spirit with doubts and disguise.
 The northern Enigma, the Sphinx of his day,
 The monarch of marvels now melted away,
 He quibbled, coquetted, enraptured the town,
 And often like Cæsar rejected the crown;
 Till wonder worn out he stood forward—the
 sage,
 The wizard, the star, of the worshipping age!
 The being that burst, like a bird from its shell,
 And went winding and weaving a magical
 spell;
 Entwining—while fairies glide round him in
 dance—
 The grey head of Wisdom with golden ro-
 mance."

The monument beside this is covered with innumerable rolls of paper, repealed acts of parliament, and numerical calculations. There are some thousands of bills to be read a first time, two or three to be read a third time, and one positively passed. An epitaph to the following effect supplies an explanation of the device:—

"Motionless within the tomb
 Lies what once was Mr. Hume;
 Statesman, who by heart could get
 Every figure of the Debt!
 HUMAN ready-reckoner,
 He was never known to err;
 But his soul—how could it be?—
 Hung so long on L. S. D.,
 He forgot—or listeners lied—
 All the alphabet beside;
 Though he rose to move and speak
 Twice ten thousand times a week.
 DEATH at last a motion made—
 That our friend should leave off trade!
 That to dust he should be married;—
 No division—question carried.
 But consistent, faithful still,
 Mr. Hume opposed the bill!"

A little further on stands a tablet, exquisitely embellished, presenting the name of "COLLEGE," accompanied by the following verses:

"A singular compound of nature and art,
 He appeared to go free while he steered by a
 chart.
 He believed that the sea had no bottom or
 bound,
 For he dived very deep without touching the
 ground;
 And thought, as a judgment had fallen on phea-
 sants,
 That Heaven at first pre-ordained them for
 presents.
 A grove of red chimneys—a sky-touching oak—
 The one how it towers, the rest how they
 smoke—
 Excited much marvelling, why it should be
 That a chimney was made so unlike to a tree!
 But oft when, escaping the cant of the schools,
 He scorned the subjection of reasonless rules,

Who painted man's nature, and what it should
be,
More finely, more freely, more truly than he?
He soared in the sunshine, flew forth with the
wind,
And returned to delight and illumine man-
kind!"

The eye next rests upon a square stone, per-
fectly free from ornament, but covered with
curiously cut characters that resemble neither
the Greek, Chinese, nor Sanscrit. As far as I
could decipher them they run thus:—

"In honour of ROBERT OWEN,
the Prince of Parallelograms, the Architect of
Aerial Castles,
and the Hero of Good Intentions.
After seeing all his plans understood
and acted upon,
he retired to his cottage,
near the North Pole;
where he introduced order and sociality
among the Bears,
and prepared his code of laws for the govern-
ment
of St. Luke's.

This marble was raised to his memory
by the inhabitants of a Lunatic Asylum
in New Harmony."

Singularly contrasted with the plainness of
the preceding, stands a gaudy, gilded monu-
ment, decorated all over with harps and laurel-
wreaths, and surmounted by the statue of a
young man, of a sublime and saint-like aspect,
with collar turned down, and eyes raised in a
seraphic rhapsody to the figure of Fame, who
is writing upon a scroll, in golden letters,
"ROBERT MONTGOMERY." The word "Rob-
ert," however, is written so small that it is al-
most illegible, while "Montgomery" stands
bright and conspicuous. Beneath appears—

"Oh! name of might, that carries in its tone
A moral and a music all its own;
That wakens in the heart an answering sound,
And leads the mind to roam on hallowed
ground!

But soft—what word is twinkling at its side—
That Lilliputian partner of its pride;

"Robert!"—Oh! this was he who, blessed in
name,

Contrived a kind of forgery on fame;
Who seized all points his scrambling way to
force,

And tried religion as a last resource.

Who, rich in scraps of most sublime burlesque,
The hacknied remnants of a poet's desk,
Borrowed a left-off lyre; then raised his eyes,
And jumbled stars and mountains, flowers and
skies;

Blew here a whirlwind, cast a comet there,
And hurled a million meteors on the air.

Whene'er his stilted strain would mount on
wings,

Thunder and lightning proved convenient
things,

He stumbled over Satan, sung the Fall,
And soared, till Milton looked extremely small.

Of sin and death he spoke, and judgment due
—And then of mercy said a something too;

That Heaven had sent him, with redeeming
rhyme,

To warn the world, and purify the clime!

Full of himself he sought no other shrine;

His nine editions were to him the Nine!

Vulcan of verse, he thus with conscious smile,

That shamed Apollo's, hobbled on a while;

At last the world grew tired; his pompous
lore,

All starched and studied, seemed divine no
more.

Editions done, he burnt his laurel-crown;

Purchased a wig, and tried a band and gown."

Turning from this, you pass on to a tablet of
an uncouth character, representing clouds, with
here and there a comical face peeping through
them. This is a tribute to "CHARLES LAMB,"
and beneath it the following verses are placed:

"The last of the line of original man,
As with Adam the race of our being began.

Alive to the world, though apart from its ways,
And in a parenthesis passing his days,

He stared at the times just as if—or I err—
He expected to see the last century stir.

He cherished a taste for a tale or a trope,
A sonnet from Shakspeare, a couplet from

Pope;

A chat about pictures, the wits, and the wea-
ther—

With Hogarth and Handel lashed oddly toge-
ther.

What strange ancient pedigree brought him
about,

Who invented him first, we could never find
out.

Oh! humorist, where did thy travels begin?
Thus simple, sincere—wert thou older than

sin?

Small taint of the time was distinguished in
thee—

Thy nature was green as it dropped from the
tree."

The next monument is ornamented with se-
veral emblematical devices; a tower in ruins
—an oak struck by lightning—a shrine with
the lamp nearly burnt out—a ship sinking on
a tranquil sea—an eagle famine-struck, and
struggling in vain to lift its wings from the
ground. On a tablet beneath, circled by a
wreath of vine-leaves and ivy, is inscribed,
without comment or epitaph, "KEAN."

The next is of a different description. It
exhibits a device consisting of an infinite num-
ber of caps of liberty elevated upon shillalahs,
the bearers of which are contending who shall
raise them the highest, and are beating each
other unmercifully to evince their love of free-
dom. In the foreground is a party lifting on
their shoulders, in triumph, a gentleman with
a green cap, while others are filling his coat-
pockets with penny-pieces. Then comes an
inscription, purporting that the monument is
erected by the sovereigns of Europe in memory
of "DANIEL O'CONNELL."

On a tablet dedicated to LEIGH HUNT ap-
pears the annexed inscription:—

L 2

"His mind was so ardent, his temper so light,
His pleasures so pungent that sorrow seemed
slight.
With rhyme and with revel old Time grew so
sleek
As to slip through his fingers and skip a whole
week.
He laughed with Occasion, and romped with
the Hours,
And missing his fruits, was contented with
flowers.
Had genius ordained him a mountain to scale?
O'er the fender he told some Boccaccian tale.
Did fame for his guidance illumine her star?
He whirled round the sofa and smoked a cigar.
His spirit for ever went floating along,
Now musing on supper, and now on a song:
Now shedding its light on a flower—and anon
Proclaiming how hope and the world should
go on:
Now struggling for freedom, now wrapt in a
book,
Or watching the starlight that breaks in the
brook.
He was born by mistake; had he lived but
with Steele,
Mankind would his noble sincerity feel.
Who dives after truth must expect to get wet;
But the sunshine of life shall descend on him
yet.
When party has perished, how few will be
blind
To the warmth of his heart and the wealth of
his mind!"

At a little distance from this appears a plain
white slab, hallowed by the name of "Words-
worth," and presenting the following inscrip-
tion:—

"True poet, whose bright verses, free and kind,
Gladden the spirit and keep green the mind,
How doth the current of thy fame serene
Glide on in glory, noiseless and unseen! *
Honour to him, and golden praise who sowed
With living violets life's daily road!
Who looked on common life, with all its care,
And found a beauty and a blessing there!
Who steered his course by nature's sacred
chart,
And shed a halo round the human heart."

My attention was then attracted by a monu-
ment presenting some very curious anomalies
—a medley that would have excited laughter
if the feeling had not been repressed by con-
tempt. There were hymn-books and broken
glasses; sprites in lawn sleeves; and in the
midst sat a Momus with a mitre on his head.
The inscription beneath interpreted the alle-
gory.

"This stone is all that is left
of the Random Records of GEORGE COLMAN
the Younger,
Dramatist and Deputy Licensor.
His Broad Grins are collapsed in the narrow
tomb,

his farce has ended in a funeral,
and his bottle of red ink is sunk in the Red
Sea.

He was a monopolist of indecency.
Adorning his dramas with oaths,

and his tales with the coarsest licentiousness,
he expunged from the melodramas of the day
their legitimate interjections;

and banished "Good Heavens" from the stage,
as an atonement for his early transgressions.

His wit having proved insolvent,
he grew disgusted with the profligacy of so-
ciety,

and became a monk.

In this character,
he punished himself by a daily perusal of his
own rhymes;

and died devoutly of a bottle of claret,
which he had piously inflicted on himself as a
penance."

This is succeeded by one of a more graceful
character. A female figure is sitting at a win-
dow, reading a book by the light of a star,
while a large lamp is burning on a table at a
convenient distance. Her air is elegant and
unaffected. A wreath, which seems worn
carelessly, circles her forehead. In the curl-
ing stem of a honey-suckle that winds along
the marble, you may clearly discern the initials
"L. E. L.," together with the following epi-
taph:—

"A beauty, a feeling, an instinct divine,
A thirst after loveliness, breathed in her line,
A rose or a rainbow, a lily, a lute—
If these were in sight she could never be mute.
If she looked on an eye, or an exquisite cheek,
Or a lip—'twas because she could print them
next week.

A whisper of music, a glimmering light,
She described—till one echoed, the other grew
bright.

Still dreaming of sunshine and doating on hue,
She fancied bright scarlet a species of blue.

But nature, who never intended that she
Should pluck the sublime from the depths of
the sea,

The Beautiful only designed her to trace—
An infant's pure glory, and womanly grace;
To sing of hearts broken and wounded in lot,
And to charm and take captive all those that
were not."

A monument near this exhibits a scene of
hilarity. Men and maidens of all conditions
are dancing merrily together, and celebrating
the reign of Health and Long-life. Beneath
is written "ABERNETHY'S WORKS; and sub-
joined are the following lines:—

"Some teach us how to die; 'twas his to give
Lectures and lessons in the art to live.
He scorned all theories abstruse and fine,
And taught that noblest science—how to dine!
Trembled at trifle, from a turtle fowl,
Turned pale at sauce, and flinched at a ragout.
Friend to plain Truth, the Graces he forsook;
Invented biscuits, and then wrote a book:
Proclaimed that health was in its pages curled,
And saved at last the apoplectic world."

The monument adjoining this displays a
great variety of sketches, comprising every
character and subject, from Punch and Judy
to the Judgment of Solomon. Some of these
are finely painted—others are rude and extra-
vagant. Imagination and power are evinced

in many; in others, humour and satirical observation. There are heads and limbs, exquisitely drawn in themselves, which appear incongruous and deformed when brought together to form a figure. The name of "HAYDOR" accompanies the inscription that follows:—

"The artist beneath, if from hints we may guess,

Should have been a great painter—nor hardly seemed less.

His drawing distorted, his tints run to waste, He wanted that rarest of requisites—taste.

All ye, who, unwilling your features should fade,

Breathe again in a colour, exist in a shade, How oft have you seen, by a touch of his hand,

The aspect, the senses, the spirit expand! And ye who advised him, and warned him of woes,

If he owes you a notion, you owe him a nose— Or an eye—or a fine intellectual stare,

With the soul looking through, quite unused to be there."

Beneath a bust of "HAZLITT," are the following lines:—

"Oh! say, from this lip, so indignantly curled, Alike in contempt of a worm or the world, Is satire to fellow, fine feeling to spring, Or philosophy burst on a wondering wing?

A love of pure justice still gilded his pen, And his heart never paused for the how and the when.

Yet prejudice tinctured his eloquent page; He reasoned at random, and warred with the age.

He argued at midnight, avoiding the light; And built up a windmill on purpose to fight.

The failings men consciously sought to conceal, He dragged them all forth with a thunder-like peal.

Nor could (let us own it) their virtues be hid; Though they looked up their wealth, he broke open the lid;

And seizing their sentiments, tarnished and old,

Full often made copper pass current for gold."

There are many other tombs and trophies in this cemetery of equal interest with those I have described; and it is not improbable that I may offer you an account of them at a future time.

From the British Magazine.

SKETCH OF A RESIDENCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE EAST," &c.

DURING our stay in the capital the great annual procession of the sultan and his court, to the mosque of Achmed, took place. The privilege of seeing this splendid spectacle was not easy to be obtained; it being necessary that all the Europeans allowed to be present should accompany the Ambassador. The latter occupied, for the day, a house in the city

that commanded a full view of the scene; this began very early in the morning, and lasted several hours, being attended by the flower of the troops, in their various and gaudy dresses, for the costume of the giaours had not yet replaced that of the ancient regime.

It was during the Beiram that we enjoyed the best view of the sultan and his guards; the former was mounted on a beautiful Arabian horse, which he managed with much grace. We could not help being struck with the beauty of countenance of this prince; his features seemed to blend the Grecian and Turkish character; the very long, straight, and faultless nose; the mouth strikingly handsome, with full oriental lips; his large dark eye was full of intelligence, and during a single moment that it rested on our group, had a strong expression of scorn and dislike. This might in some measure be fancy, for this prince is said to be distinguished by a perfect self-command, and a calm concentrated manner, that only flashes out in its unyielding pride and anger when strongly excited. The whole countenance is oval and elegant, and what is seldom found in a Turk, strongly indicative of melancholy and deep thought; quite colourless, with a beard as black as a raven's wing, that bore no appearance either of the Persian artifice of being often dyed this favourite hue. His figure could not be well remarked, being on horseback, but he appeared to be middle size. Behind, at a short distance, followed his red guards, men of remarkably tall stature, but rather slender than powerfully made; they were dressed in red from head to foot—turban, tunic, robe, and sheluah, all were of that hue. They wore short sabres, and carried long, slender pikes in their hands, and proceeded on foot at a rapid pace, and with little order, after their master. They had rather the air and aspect of troops of a luxurious and effeminate court than of men who could contend successfully, hand to hand, with the harder and more muscular soldiers of the north.

A much finer and more favourite body than these, were the white or body guards of the sultan; these were always near his person on occasions of ceremony.

We had a fine opportunity soon afterwards of seeing them on a festival day; these men seemed to be chosen as much for the beauty of countenance and figure, as for physical powers, and were dressed wholly in garments of snowy whiteness. Their appearance was very peculiar and striking—their fine and tall forms, the haughtiness of their air, from the consciousness of being the chosen guard, the spotless white dress, and rich and glittering arms; the latter contrasted strongly with the many-coloured and glaring costumes around. Mahmoud, during the exercises of his troops, in a wild valley a few miles from the city, reclined at his ease on the divan of a summer house, that stood on the summit of a gentle declivity; through the open windows he could view with perfect distinctness the splendid and various scene beneath, and on every side; it was a scene more calculated to please a barbaric eastern prince, than a man who sought to infuse European discipline as well as energy into his subjects. On the slopes of the hill

was ranged a vast multitude of his people, of various ranks, arrayed in every colour under heaven, yet hushed and silent as the grave, gazing with tranquil interest on the military exercises, or conversing only at times in low accents with each other. The turbaned heads rose as countless and as moveless, as if the great day of the prophet was come, when he was to call each faithful Ottoman to the last judgment. Yet of what avail, the prince might well reflect, would all this mass be to his real power and ambition, when opposed, without system or discipline, to the well-organized troops of Europe. They are, however, a fine and noble looking people, and possess a desperate courage, and an enthusiasm, whether excited by the love of country or of faith it matters little, but if aided by good tactics and experienced leaders, its effect in the field would be tremendous. In mental excitement, as well as in stature and force, though not in endurance, the Turkish soldier has the advantage over the Russian.

A number of troops were scattered over the field, among whom were many thousand Janissaries, men of good stature and large limbed, with a lawless look and air that showed them ready and eager to seize every occasion of quarrel, or popular tumult. The greater part of these men perished in the massacre that soon after took place. No scene could be more beautifully chosen for a military display; the Bosphorus appeared through the opening of the wood, at no great distance, and the hills rose wildly, and without a single dwelling, on every side.

At last the stirring spectacle was terminated; the sultan quitted his light and elegant summer house, his white guard circled rapidly round him, and mounting his beautiful Arabian, he moved at a slow pace from the field, for he seemed to think it inconsistent with his dignity to proceed at a rapid rate. His favourite guards followed closely behind him on foot, while on each side were several of his chief officers on horseback. The former were probably never in action, for no war-worn or veteran faces were among them, being all of them young men, not past the prime of life. On this, as on some other public occasions, the dresses of the chief officers of the sultan were more splendid than his own; for Mahmoud seems to be careless of external magnificence, at least in the point of apparel; but his nobleness of aspect, even among men eminent for personal comeliness, is a far more distinguishing feature. In private he is said to be rather silent and reserved, and to follow the eastern maxim, "think much and speak little." Like the Caliph of Bagdad, he has also a taste for wandering about his capital in disguise, almost unattended.

We had the good fortune on another occasion, while on the Bosphorus, in one of the light and elegant boats, to meet the sultan in his way from the seraglio to one of his summer palaces. It was a calm and warm evening, and a number of boats were passing in different directions, filled with well-dressed Turks, who had come from their dwellings and gardens, to enjoy the freshness of the hour. And no where in the world, not even in the boasted Bay of

Naples, is the evening hour so lovely and luxurious as on the Bosphorus, flowing, it may be said, through the heart of a vast city, whose noble mosques and gilded domes and minarets crown every hill. There is a stillness and peace here, quite different to the noisy clamours of the Italian shore, and far more luxurious to the imagination; it is more agreeable also, to sail amidst the dwellings and palaces of a splendid city, that descend to the water's edge amidst trees and groves, than in a wide, open, and barren bay. The bark that contained the sultan was richly ornamented, and swept on with magical rapidity beneath the quick strokes of the rowers; he was seated, and plainly dressed as is his wont, with a few of his attendants, and looked on the beautiful scene around with a calm and placid aspect, different from the stern and disdainful one he had worn on the former occasion. No other monarch in Europe, perhaps, could gaze on a spectacle so gratifying at once to his pride and pleasure, as the one that now opened to the sultan. His vast capital extended along the stream as far as the eye could reach, and of its countless population he was the sole and despotic master. The Asiatic mountains in the distance on the right, now covered with the soft blue outline that evening had given them, showed the extent of his dominion over the fairest part of the globe. The rich bark that conveyed him was quickly at the summer palace, whose gardens sloped down to the very edge of the water. So extensive is the establishment of the seraglio, that not less than twelve thousand persons receive their daily ratio within its walls; this number of course comprises officers of various ranks, guards, eunuchs, servants, ladies, and their numerous female attendants. The physician attached to these palaces must of course have a diversified as well as interesting practice; he was a very intelligent and good-tempered man, and his communications to an intimate friend of mine, the present consul-general of Syria, who was born and lived the greater part of his life at Constantinople, were in the highest degree curious.

It may easily be supposed, that among so large a number of women, from every country of the East, restricted to the barriers of the harem, or at farthest to the walls of the seraglio gardens, there must prevail many fancied ailments, mental as well as bodily. The Circassian, taken from her own free and wild home—the Persian, from her sultry plains, and less restricted though more refined habits—as well as the European lady, must often pine in silence and sadness over their prison-like life, and their neglected charms. To them it is dangerous, if not fatal, to see the face of any man, save the Sultan; and amidst so many hundreds, how few can ever look on the handsome features of Mahmoud, or be distinguished by his favour.

Of the strict guardians and watchers over the lonely inmates of the seraglio, there are three who are chief and supreme in authority, at least over the host of inferior guardians; but the Kishlar Aga, that black embodying of human ugliness, claims the first rank. Tall, gaunt, and hideous, but gifted with no mean

talents, he is said to have no small influence over the resolves of his master. His two associates in office are men of milder mood, and, it may be said, warmer affections, and contradict the assertion, that this class of beings are remarkable for the cruelty and malice of their minds. Beneath the roof of the third in rank, was a fair and friendless inmate, suffering under a violent disease, to remove which, the physician employed his utmost skill, but he could not calm the emotions of the host, who often wept bitterly, and clasped his hands wildly, imploring him to restore the suffering being to health, and he would repay him with a costly price. The gardens of the seraglio are very beautiful; if deep and impervious shades, and rich and silent scenes, on the very verge of a vast capital, and on the shore of a splendid sea, constitute enjoyment, they possess it in perfection. But the minor and tasteful beauties of our own noble gardens and magnificent palaces, have no place here. We passed one day by the gates of the seraglio gardens, which were open, and we paused to look in, and longed much to enter; but it was a forbidden and fatal ground; we saw only avenues of tall and magnificent cypress trees, of which tree the deep woods of the domain are chiefly composed; but the richly dressed guards who were hovering around, made it dangerous to linger long on the spot.

In walking through the streets of the city, we several times passed beneath the walls of the palace in which the younger branches of the reigning family have always resided. It is a very extensive edifice, surrounded on all sides by a lofty and strong wall, so as to be quite invisible from the streets. Here the princes remain who are the nearest related by the ties of blood to the monarch; brothers by the same, or by other mothers, for where there is so numerous a choice of wives, the sons of the Sultan may owe their birth to the fair natives of lands widely sundered. It is not deemed safe to allow perfect freedom of movement and residence to relatives so near the throne, to one of whom, perhaps, some sudden insurrection might give the sceptre. It is, however, a perilous and precarious state of existence, around which every luxury seems to be collected, in order to hide the scimitar that hangs every hour over the heads of the inmates. Within these walls, and they inclose a large space, are gardens, fountains, bowers of pleasure, coursing ground for the Arabian stud of the princes—every thing, in fact suited to the elevated rank or capricious taste of the recluses; on the other side of the picture are the caprice and cruelty of a despot whose suspicions may be roused in a moment. Like Rasselas, in his happy valley, these princes must often long for the free and boundless scene of the world beyond their walls, and dream of enjoyments they are doomed never to taste; if so, it only proves how great a tyrant is imagination over reality, as there is scarcely a single pleasure that earth can give that is not to be found within their walls. The domain looks from every part over the glorious and varied scenery of the city, the sea, and the noble course of the Bosphorus, and the valleys and hills beyond; the finest horses, numerous

slaves and domestics, every homage paid to their rank, and their serai's peopled with the finest women of the East, and an absence from the cares and sorrows of the world; for the area within the lofty walls is the only world they have ever known. It was here that Mahmoud passed the greater part of his life before he came to the throne, and it is strange that amidst such a scene the stern and indomitable spirit of the monarch could ever have been fostered. The decisive measure on which he resolved, during the late revolt of the Janissaries, of unfurling the standard of the prophet, was the only one that could have saved his throne or his life. It was the last desperate step that remained, never resorted to but in cases of the greatest emergency. More than a century, indeed, had passed since the sacred banner of green silk last saw the light; it had reposed in revered and dignified silence within the sanctuary.

It was at sunrise that the massacre began; and surrounded by the mufti and his chief officers, the Sultan waited calmly the effect of the bloody attack on the Janissaries in the great square of the Atmeidan, and is said to have listened to the rolling of the cannon and the mingled cries, without the least discomposure or agitation, for he was resolved to perish or succeed. Like the holy lance that kindled anew the fading zeal of the Crusaders, this simple banner acted with a magical impulse on the musing and inactive Ottomans. All took up arms; the cry ran through the narrow and crowded streets and lanes of the city, to every coffee-house and kiosk, that the banner was unfurled, and the prophet summoned every one of the faithful to defend it. The old and white bearded men seized their weapons; the lazy merchants, who had passed year after year, from sunrise to set, in their little shops in the bazaars. There are few sights more curious than to see the instant and sudden passage of a Turk from perfect apathy to the fiercest excitement, from lulling and lengthened reveries to decisive and desperate exertion. The hand that has been laid gently for hours on the amber tube of his long pipe, or been occupied in softly playing with his majestic beard,—in a moment clutches the sabre with a giant's grasp, wields it with unerring sway, while he draws forth at the same instant one of the heavy pistols at his girdle, whose aim, in his hand, is generally fatal. I have seen their tranquil and thoughtful features, that were fixed, you would imagine, on their long string of beads, or occupied only in admiring the rich colours of their Persian carpets, change on a sudden into a deadly and menacing expression, at any fancied insult given to them or their prophet. The very sight of a Greek passing by has often produced this: the liquid words that fell musically and slowly from the mouth, were changed into the direst curses; for the most bitter draught that ever the Osmanli has been forced to drink, will be to offer concessions or amity to the Greek. With this feeling is mingled, however, a deep contempt and scorn for a people who have so long been their slaves; but towards the Russians their hatred is excessive and inveterate. A curious instance of this occurred during our

stay in the city: a brig from Odessa, loaded with corn, was lying in the Bosphorus, and a few of the crew being engaged in the rigging, one of them wore a fur cap, the part of dress that in the Turkish eye always designates the Russians, so much so, that it was not safe for any European to go out of the house with a fur cap on, for fear of being taken for a Muscovite, the name always given to their detested enemies. Several Greeks had been shot that day, their bodies were lying near the edge of the sea, and the bystanders were looking on them with a smile of contempt and hatred. One of the soldiers fired at the sailor with the aforesaid cap, with so true an aim as to bring the man down into the water. The rest of the crew instantly raised a loud clamour, in which they were joined by those of the adjoining vessels. The Turks, in the meantime, saw the Russian floating in the water, with many a comment and sneer on the unbeliever; but the moment the Christians came up to expostulate, and threaten to have the deed instantly made known to the ambassador, who would represent it to the Sultan, their tone changed immediately—they declared it was all a mistake, that they had taken the man for an abominable Greek, and this was all the redress that was got. But these violences were committed by the lowest of the populace. The race of Israel were not without their share in these errors and calamities; it was really tempting to a greedy Osmanli, when he saw the Hebrew walking by with a well stored box of rare spices, tobacco, fine stones or gems, with various sorts of beads—by one mistaken blow on the head all this became his own. Could temporal calamities have any influence on the hard hearts of the race of Israel, they would have felt it now. Many a family of their nation, who were enjoying themselves in peace, and revelling in the splendour within doors, which they concealed by a show of poverty without,—were suddenly broken in upon, their house plundered, their persons maltreated, or the bowstring calmly put round the neck of the wealthy host, on pretence of some charge or suspicion: the females, however, are more fortunate in their destiny; a beautiful girl is a gift for a Turk, precious as the finest emerald in the empire, no matter to what infidel nation she belongs—but a Jewess, were she lovely and dazzling as the prophet's own houris, is a forbidden thing.

There is no other capital that possesses within a charmed circle, as it were, such a variety of beautiful excursions as this city; both sides of the Bosphorus, to the distance of twelve miles, are covered with vales, hills, groves, and sweet retired places, with which the bare and shadeless shores of Naples, or the desert territory that forms half the vicinity of Paris, can bear no comparison. One of the highest attractions of a great city, is, surely, to be able to transport oneself, in a few moments, from society and tumult into the loneliness and loveliness of nature: here the stranger has only to step into one of the many hundreds of light barks that wait his bidding, and a few strokes of the oar bear him at once into some rich and silent scene, where the hum of the world is no longer heard. A small village,

a few miles from the city, was more than once our favourite resort; it stood on a steep declivity, and was entirely embosomed in wood, through whose branches the waters of the Bosphorus were seen at the foot of the eminence. The windows of the dwelling where we lodged looked forth on the most exquisite scenery, the sails of almost every nation were perpetually passing by; in the evening came the gilded barks of the Turks, and the cruel sounds of the war sometimes broke on the ear. But in itself, the dwelling was a perfect solitude in the midst of its garden, with a cool marble hall where we preferred to take our meals, for the heat was often excessive. The village in the glen beneath, was very neat and shaded, with a fountain in the middle, and a coffee-house adjoining, which was generally full of people, enjoying their coffee and chibouque, and listening to the sounds of the pipe and tambour. Notes of melancholy and sadness, however, would have better suited the condition of more than one family in the neighbourhood. In our walks we passed by sometimes the desolate dwellings, or rather palaces, of two Armenians of wealth and rank; they had been put to death on some charge of treason, and their property confiscated. The blow fell heavily on their families, who were compelled to forsake their luxurious homes, and seek a refuge beneath the roofs of some of their friends. But no friends could supply the place of father and husband, suddenly and mercilessly slain. The houses stood on the edge of the water;—they were just those homes to which the heart and memory become deeply attached; not in the crowded streets of the city, but standing far and alone, amidst wild hills, and wooded glens. Every intercession was made to save the lives of these unfortunate men, but in vain, and the prayers and tears of the wives and children could obtain no mercy. One of the former was yet a young woman, and felt bitterly the reverse that had fallen so early on her head; it was, in truth, a stern reverse; the indulged wife, the mistress of a luxurious establishment and numerous domestics, was compelled to go to the capital and reside in a spacious dwelling that belonged to one of her countrymen; but in this dwelling she had only a solitary apartment that looked out on a large and naked court. Yet it was doubtful, in her misery, which she regretted most keenly, the loss of all her indulgences and luxuries, or the bereavement of her husband; it seemed, at times, that the feelings of the woman were stronger than those of the wife. The princely dwellings were in the meantime quite deserted; not a foot entered the many apartments, for the Turks made no use of them. They would have sold them to any bidder, and the price would probably not have been high, for they seemed to be a useless possession.

Amidst the wanderings, near and distant, that take so many of our countrymen to other lands, either in search of a fairer climate, of cheapness, or of picturesque beauty, few situations can be compared for a moment with that of these Armenian dwellings. Their interior was spacious, and very handsomely furnished, if the term may be justly applied to an oriental

residence, into which tables, chairs, mirrors, and beds, do not enter. The Armenians are every where distinguished for their love of luxury; even their great patriarch, when we visited him, could not possibly, in the costly saloon in which he was seated, have cherished any self-denying thoughts and resolves; the world not only peeped out from every corner, but ran riot round the walls, rich ceiling and floor, ornaments, and splendid attire. What would the first recluses of the Thebais and the wilderness have said, had they entered this chamber of indulgence of the patriarch, in which we took coffee and sweetmeats, and inhaled the odours of rare spices. It is no wonder if the disciples give way to the love of splendour and enjoyment, where the head of the church sets such an example; and in these now desolate dwellings, it was evident no wealth had been spared. The Turks had destroyed or plundered but little of the furniture; and the interior remained in nearly the same state as when the owners had dwelt peacefully there. It was an impressive, but cruel, lesson of the uncertainty of the highest enjoyments; the low ottomans, with their richly flowered silk covering—the Persian carpets—the floors of costly marble, in the lower apartments, were still there, but “there was silence” in the many chambers. The small casemented windows looked forth on the Bosphorus; and nothing could be more beautiful than to sit here at evening, and see the sun go down on the varied scenery on every side; on the villages with their white minarets, on the hills covered with woods, or the lonely glens at their feet; while the innumerable sails, as they slowly passed, were purpled with the declining ray. The gardens beneath, extended to the water’s edge, and were full of trees and flowers, but without much taste or order.

It was no wonder that the youthful mistress, already mentioned, of one of these summer palaces, mourned deeply the loss of such a place of enjoyment and happiness, as it no doubt was to her. Left a widow so early and suddenly, and while in the power of her charms, for she was handsome, the world could hardly be yet a sealed and hopeless path to her; but she was dependent and portionless, and wept at the fearful change that had come on her life; she was now the desolate guest of the friends of her husband, with a single apartment, the bare and treeless court beneath, instead of her own fair garden; the uncertain kindness of others, after the tenderness and care of a husband who had been proud of her. She would sometimes sit in the shadeless court, in the small divan in the recess of the wall, with a pale and dejected countenance, and speak of her sorrows and wrongs in a bitter and passionate strain; it was evident that she was unable, as well as unfitted, like most eastern women, to bear with fortitude the pressure of misfortune. The secluded and indulgent mode of life and education, to which they are habituated before marriage, renders them often helpless and irresolute in the hour of trouble and desolation, for whose coming they were all unprepared. And the path of this lady had never till now, perhaps, known a cloud or a suffering; and of

the cup that fate put into her hands, she was made to drink to the very dregs;—for every interference on her behalf, to procure a restoration of part of her husband’s property, was in vain; she whole passed into the coffers of the Sultan, and not a remnant was left to the widow.

From the British Magazine.

MY NEIGHBOURS OVER THE WAY.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

CURIOSITY is a very curious thing. It predominates in rational beings and yet is no mark of rationality. Man shares it with his dog, and woman with her cat; with this difference, that the curiosity of one animal is chiefly exercised about things, and the curiosity of the other concerns persons. The cat and dog, when taken to a strange place, institute, by scratching and smelling, an inquiry as to the nature of the premises: without being metaphysicians, they settle the question of distinctions and differences, and finally, coil themselves on the hearth-rug and consent to be at home. But the cat and dog’s master and mistress, when taken to a strange place, begin in another way. Their inquiries are all personal. “Who is *he*?” “Where does *she* come from?” “Where do his *friends* live?”—till a copious series of questions put the inquirer in possession of many a stranger’s personal narrative. But it requires a much longer time to make a curious man and woman settle down on the hearth-rug than suffices for Puss and Ponto. Researches that affect pedigree, fortune, and association, are not so soon achieved as those that concern furniture, carpets, and the position of doors; and in civilized society it requires great gravity and discretion to get honestly at the knowledge of our neighbour’s affairs. A finished *curieux*, or *curieuse*, to the imagination of a poet that “draws all things to one,” should add the patience of a philosopher, who scorns to jump to a conclusion; the sagacity of a lawyer, who establishes a connexion between things seemingly irrelevant; the degagé manners of a person of fashion, who never seems to have any thing on his mind; and the self-denial of a philanthropist, who exists but for others! They are inconsistent who represent curiosity as degrading to the human character, and yet laud to the skies the thirst after knowledge. The “proper study of mankind is man,” and of course the term “man” includes every thing that belongs to him—his habits of all kinds—his means and way of living—his associates, and whatsoever else may “give the world assurance of a man.” Now, if Pope’s oft-praised apothegm be correct, it is nothing but an inculcation of curiosity, as a duty and an accomplishment. Why, then, are inquiries into the manners and customs of birds and of beasts, of serpents and of fishes, of bones and of stones, to be termed “Entertaining Knowledge;” and why are biographical accounts of the actions and feelings of great men who are dead, to be put forth under the title of “Useful Knowledge;” whilst histories of people yet alive are universally stigmatised

as "a library of Impertinent Knowledge," which every one feels himself under the necessity of reading, the more conscientiously to avow disapprobation afterwards. Curiosity is grossly abused. When the public are to gain by its exercise, what so vaunted? In the learned professions, and in the sciences, and in the arts, sweet things are said of it, but let a man presume to elevate curiosity itself into a profession, a science, and an art, and lo, what a change of phrase! "We are abused by words, grossly abused," said Cowley; but what would Cowley say now? We compliment the geologist on his enlightened labours to ascertain the nature of the earth, whilst, if the earth herself could speak, the old lady would doubtless rebuke him as a meddlesome fellow. We compliment the speculators in gold mines, for their spirit and their enterprise, whilst the mountain that holds the mine would growl forth animadversions on their impertinent interference with his internal arrangements. Birds, could they sing words, would be justified in bidding the ornithologist mind his own business; and the wild beasts might rise in a body and roar out their indignant surprise at the publication of their private history. All things concerning which books are written, would, in their own opinion, feel justified in exclaiming against curiosity—idle curiosity—disgusting curiosity. We see what it is for the lion to be the painter. Curiosity, the very thing that all the world exclaims against, that sets all the world by the ears, is the very thing that keeps the world together. If it does harm in one department, it creates good in another. If it has stimulated genius to invent what will shorten life, it has stimulated genius elsewhere to find out what will prolong it; and vaccination is a check upon gunpowder. Your geographical discoverers were only the most curious men of their generation: Columbus was a naval Paul Pry. Your scientific discoverers have only been more inquisitive than their neighbours, treated truth as if she were a hare, to be hunted out of her hiding places. Historians are only ferrets to disputed facts; painters and poets are but spies upon nature. Let it not, from this elaborate defence of a persecuted habit of mind, be supposed that I am personally interested. I am no *curieuse*, indiscriminately and in a general way, but just now, "this one once" as children say, I am tortured by a spirit of wondering and guessing—my neighbours over the way! A mother, three boys, and a little girl, lodgers, not residents in the house, and lodgers of a week's standing. I would give a great deal to know, in a gentlewomanly way, who they are, where they come from, and what they do there. In the first place, there is sympathy excited. A door bell is a melancholy thing if no one rings at it but people of call—the baker's man and the butcher—the fish-woman—lads with parcels of grocery—and a multum in parvo of sand-boys, match-girls, and beggars, ad libitum; when no friend goes to the door with familiar face and tread; when even the postman with his long drawling walk, and face conveying an indolent sense of power, passes by "and makes no sign." Then the children are evidently not at home, and how-

ever well dressed, have a forlorn, dont-know-where-I-am look: if they step into the street, they walk as if they knew themselves alien to the soil—I beg the country's pardon, to the pavement: all these things speak strangership, and all these exist in the present case. My neighbours over the way! I will not admit that what I feel is curiosity: it is, I repeat, sympathy—one of the first duties of man, one of the greatest inclinations of woman. Our street is not a thoroughfare, though well lighted and paved; not dashing, though a little self-sufficient on the strength of a telescopic view of the country; altogether, as quiet, well-bred, good sort of a street as needs be. I say this as a resident householder, to whom what passes out of doors is a matter of no attraction. It is different with my neighbours, who are reduced to take pleasure in standing at their drawing-room windows. The things that give a person pleasure are great tests of his circumstances, and there again my sympathy (*I will not have it called curiosity*) has been much drawn upon. Into this identical street, one, or other, or all of my opposite neighbours are perpetually looking. The boys follow wistfully with their eyes, the groups of green bagged school boys, that with gibe and shout congregate at the corners about twelve o'clock and five, and there, like young democrats as most of them are, rehearse the corrections of the day, their own animadversions thereupon—boast of their marbles as if they were race horses, and proceed, it may be, to serious barter respecting taws and whipeord. A barrel organ, with or without white mice at the top, is an event in the day's history, and the evening promenades of a retired publican, who, with civic front and military step, goes to his garden a mile distant, and thence returns with pea, or celery, or cabbage-laden basket, is a source of excitement to my neighbours over the way. Even I, when I turn out for my quarter deck walk on the pavement, which I vainly strive to fancy a grassy terrace—the brick houses, an avenue of dark-boughed pines or cedars, that seem to fold their arms like plumed and sable warriors—even I and my dog are objects of contemplation to them, as they of curios—of sympathy, I mean—to me. Who are they?—there is no poverty—they have many books about—the old lady has a white and feminine hand—they do not dine at one o'clock—they went twice to church last Sunday, there is something superior, yet something foreign and forlorn about them—something unusually subdued about the two younger boys—something in the deportment of the eldest unusually deferential to his mother, and kind to the little ones. I fell in with the little girl by accident yesterday, that is, by accident on purpose. She was on her way to the fashionable shop at our end of the town: suddenly it struck me that I had urgent need of two yards and a half of plain, broad, green ribbon, which my servant could not possibly choose, and I stepped in before her. Mr. Hopkins was supereminently delighted to see me on his boards for the first time this season, and began to discuss ribbons with the gravity of Newton speculating on rainbows (a rainbow to Mr. Hopkins is nothing but a box of ribbons

in the sky), when I walked my little incognita. There were many persons in the shop, and she held back abashed; my ears were open perforce to the sounds of "grass green—two and fourpence, a singularly neat article for a plain cottage bonnet—sea green, one and eightpence, a cool, elegant-looking thing, and remarkably firm fabric:—What did you please to want, Miss? (excuse me ma'am, a second,) drawing pencils?—no Miss, we do not keep pencils, (a splendid ribbon there, ma'am, the tint of unripe corn, two shillings,) can I show you any thing else, Miss?" "My dear," said I, "you will procure drawing pencils a few doors below; I will take you there, if you will wait a moment." The child thanked me with a pair of eyes that looked like large, lustrous planets, shining through a mist; but if she had the eyes of an antelope she had also its timidity, for when I procured her the pencils she only thanked me with another beaming glance, and then ran from me. It then struck me that I wanted some French cambric, and I re-entered Mr. H.'s shop. "Mr. Hopkins, who is that little girl?" "Really, upon my word, ma'am, she is a perfectly entire stranger to me! Mrs. Hopkins, do you know who that little girl is?" Mrs. Hopkins was enlarging on the merits of some stout huckaback, which, to judge from her eulogy, must have given its word of honour never to wear out; when she heard the question, she gave it undivided attention, for she considered herself vastly superior to her husband as a saleswoman, and in knowledge of her customers' business. "Certainly, Mr. Hopkins, I do know that there little lady and all about her; didn't I hear last Monday that she, and her brother, and her grandmother, are just come from India, as rich as Jews, and are looking out for a house in this neighbourhood, to have the benefit of pure air. And didn't I hear it yesterday all contradicted?" "What is your own opinion, Mrs. Hopkins?" said I. "Well and indeed, ma'am, it is hard to say." A thorough-bred gossip never likes to confess herself ignorant, so Mrs. Hopkins returned to her huckaback—"if you want it for towels, or want it for common kitchen table cloths, it is a piece in a thousand—I wish you good morning, ma'am, good morning—I dare say (this was in a half whisper at the door) I could get to know something about the strangers, direct from the servant of the house; Peggy is here most days." "Not on any account, Mrs. Hopkins," said I, somewhat alarmed for my character; "not on any account. I merely asked because the child's appearance interested me;" and I walked off, half vexed at, half ashamed of, my sympathy. But this afternoon it has returned with renewed strength, for I see the two little boys walking hand in hand up and down the pavement, reminding me, I know not why, of the babes in the wood:—now they stand still, and watch with boyish eagerness the flight of a superb kite, with a tail two yards long, and ornamented in front with stars and crowns, and anon they resume their steady hand-in-hand walk; their sister, too, is at the window, tracing something with one of the pencils of yesterday; the old lady (and a lady she is) is reading; but, thinking at intervals, and on subjects

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foreign to the book, unless the book be a sad one, one that will not let you think of your own affairs—and hark!—from their open window, through my open window, there comes music: the eldest is playing on his flute. Poor, poor things!—that Indian tale is not true; they are Spanish emigrants, or the father of those children was probably one of the Carbonari. I will call on them to-morrow. Alas, how refinement of mind heightens bodily privation! What a misfortune is sensibility! That girl looks like an embryo Corinne:—the A's, and the B's, and the P's, I think, I could get to call on my strangers; at all events, I will call myself to-morrow.

Note.—The writer of the above was, by a fortunate chance, spared the pain of making herself ridiculous and her friends angry, by discovering, just before she put her sympathetic plans into execution, that her neighbours over the way had an engagement at the minor theatre; that the babes in the wood danced hornpipes, their interesting brother sung comic songs, and the lady with the feminine white hand, was a celebrated Columbine. So much for curiosity: So much for sympathy!

From the United Service Journal.

ALGIERS.

NARRATIVE OF O'REILLY'S EXPEDITION, FROM THE JOURNAL OF A BRITISH OFFICER.

AT no former period have the vast military and naval resources of France been more rapidly developed, than in the grand scale of the expedition destined for the attack of Algiers. From Cherbourg to Toulon, nothing is heard but the notes of warlike preparation. Superior as will be this armament, both in numerical force and military character, to every other which ever departed from the shores of Europe to chastise the insolence of the barbarian powers, there exist circumstances which render the ulterior success of the expedition problematical. Imposing as are the preparations of attack, it must be recollected that the materials for defence are equally formidable. Since our attack in 1815, the Dey has not been idle. The city, by nature strong, has been rendered by the art of foreign engineers nearly impregnable. A formidable chain of batteries lines the coast at all the vulnerable points. Large bodies of troops, chiefly cavalry, are marching from the interior to the coast, prepared to give the invaders a warm reception; these, taken in conjunction with the nature of the country, particularly favourable for the operations of cavalry, and the sultriness of the climate, will present a combination of serious obstacles, which even the consummate skill and well tried gallantry of a French army may find it impossible to overcome. Neither does the experience of the last warrant the expectation of success. Charles the Fifth, at the head of a numerous and veteran army, retired from before the city covered with disgrace. The little impression made by the bombardment of the French in the reign of Louis the

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Fourteenth, may be gathered from the answer of the Dey to the French admiral, who, on being told by the latter the number of millions which the expedition had cost the *Grand Monarque*, replied, "Had his Majesty only sent me half that sum, I would myself have razed the city."

Towards the close of the last century, the Spanish government fitted out a formidable armament against Algiers, which at the time riveted the attention of all Europe, the disastrous result of which cast a lasting stigma on the Spanish arms. The following account of the expedition is extracted from the journal of a British officer in the Spanish service.

Early in the month of June, 1775, my regiment, the 6th of the line, was ordered to march on Carthage, where was assembling a powerful armament, under the command of Admiral Don Pedro de Castijon, on board of which were embarked a large body of troops commanded by General the Conde de O'Reilly, with an immense quantity of military stores, &c.

On the 22d, there was a solemn ceremonial in the church of San Francisco, in honour of *La purissima Concepcion*, patroness of all Spain, attended by the principal officers, imploring her protection, and success to His Majesty's arms; which was followed by a pompous oration from the commander-in-chief, the Conde O'Reilly.

On the following day the fleet sailed, and anchored in the Bay of Algiers on the 1st of July. The expedition consisted of

Line-of-battle-ships	6	} 20,000 infantry. 800 cavalry. 200 dragoons. 900 artillery. 2800 marines. 400 artificers.
Frigates	12	
Xebecs	9	
Gallies	7	
Urcas	6	
Bombs	4	
Armed vessels	7	} having
	51	
		25,100

And 344 transports.

Artillery 30 twenty-four pounders.

12 twelve ditto.

18 eighteen ditto.

80 field-pieces four ditto.

12 twelve-inch mortars.

16 nine-inch ditto.

8 howitzers.

From behind a battery east of the river Xaracha, which lies to the eastward of the city of Algiers, was seen a large encampment, from which at sunset we were saluted with a *feu de joie* from small arms.

On the 2d, the principal officers were assembled on board the admiral's ship, when orders were issued for the troops to hold themselves in readiness to disembark at daybreak the following morning; but as the night proved squally, and a strong wind setting in upon shore, the order was countermanded. From this day to the 6th, total inactivity prevailed; frequent councils were held, in which violent contests arose, particularly between the Conde O'Reilly and Major General Romana, a man of warm and impetuous temper, who on every occasion sought to thwart the measures of his commander, and drew down upon himself some

severe reproofs. On the 6th, the General issued a proclamation, having previously given the officers their final instructions; in this document, the objects of the expedition were commented upon at length. The Moors were represented as only formidable in a desultory warfare. The troops were recommended not to break their order, as nothing but united force could ensure success against an enemy skilful in this mode of fighting—an error which, however, they afterwards committed, and which proved fatal to the expedition. Each battalion was ordered to provide itself with 200 pioneers' tools, and 200 sand bags; and each brigade on landing to form a company in front six deep, and the guards half a company in front. The army on landing, was ordered to carry some heights, the possession of which it was supposed would ensure the success of an attack on the city. The order of march was to be in four columns, with the grenadiers and light infantry in advance and on the flanks, each column to have four field-pieces in front, to be increased as exigency required. Two redoubts were ordered to be thrown up at the point of disembarkation, and a strict communication to be kept up between the army, these fortifications, and the fleet. In the afternoon, some ships of war were ordered to stand in and engage the batteries; but their efforts proved fruitless, as the San Joseph, 74, only got within range about sunset; she hauled out, without having dismounted a single gun of the enemy's.

On the 7th, between eight and nine thousand men were embarked on board the launches, and advanced very near the shore, about a mile to the westward of the river Xaracha, covered by the galleys and two long boats, each mounting a long twelve-pounder; but at seven in the evening the boats returned on board the transports; not a shot was fired throughout the whole day. The landing was not effected, it was pretended, because there were not boats enough to hold a sufficient number of troops at once; but this was purposely given out in order to conceal the serious misunderstanding that prevailed among the principal officers. Orders were therefore issued to man the transports' long boats at day-break the following morning; but the capital error had been committed in marking out to the enemy the real point of attack. The 8th was, as the Spaniards emphatically call it, "*a día de pérdida y sentimiento para España*." The ships having taken up a position for battering the forts situated on the right and left of the point of disembarkation, the troops to the number of 9000 embarked in the launches formed in six columns, at the head of which were the grenadiers, preceded by the armed Xibecques, gallies, and other small craft that were to cover the landing. The ships now opened their fire, and the troops moved forward to the point of disembarkation, about a league and a half distant from the city, the right towards Algiers, and their left towards the embouchure of the Xaracha: when near the beach the vessels opened their fire with considerable effect, and the troops landed in admirable order in the intervals between them, notwithstanding there were upwards of 80,000 Moors drawn up on

the beach to oppose them, two-thirds of which were cavalry under the orders of the Bey of Constantina. The Turkish garrison remained within the city for its defence. It is said that the Moorish force assembled on the coast amounted to 150,000 men, one hundred thousand of which were cavalry. As soon as the troops had made good their landing, they formed six deep according to orders, and the armed vessels divided to the right and left to cover their flanks, while the boats pushed off for the ships to bring on shore the remainder of the troops. On the landing of the first division, a small body of the enemy made a demonstration in their front, but on our making an *en avant* movement they immediately dispersed; from this instant may be dated the misfortunes of this inglorious day; the troops pushed on, having in front the Voluntarios de Aragon y Cataluña, a kind of irregular force. We continued moving till we were in a close country, which the enemy had occupied in small parties, but most advantageously posted in ditches and behind old walls, from which they kept a galling fire upon our advancing columns. The grenadiers and light companies, which had been pushed forward in advance, were repulsed with considerable loss. At this moment some detachments from the second division joined us, and some heavy guns coming up at the same time, we advanced against some enclosures, from which, however, in spite of our heavy and destructive fire, we could not dislodge the enemy. Our soldiers, who had hitherto behaved with the greatest steadiness and gallantry, on seeing the havoc made in their ranks by the well sustained fire of the enemy, fell into confusion in spite of all the exertion of the officers. In this conjuncture, a drove of camels extended themselves on our left, with a design, no doubt, of diverting our fire; in an instant a sudden panic seized the troops, a cry was heard that we were cut off, a complete "*débâcle*" followed, the whole army quitting the field in the greatest confusion, and with the utmost precipitation, leaving an immense number of killed and wounded. Some few of the latter were brought off to the entrenchments, which were hastily thrown up by the artificers and troops of the third division. This work had been already fortified with two thirty-six pounders, to whose well directed fire, and that of some frigates that stood close in shore, we owed the security of our retreat. Of seventeen engineer officers who had been sent forward to reconnoitre, fourteen were either killed or wounded; the remainder not being sufficient to direct the construction of the works, the entrenchments were scarcely extensive enough to shelter the army. In this confined position we were galled by the fire of two thirty-six pounders which the enemy brought out from two batteries on our right, while the Moors galloped up to our very entrenchments in spite of our murderous fire, which killed great numbers of them. The army remained in position till dark, when the regiments were ordered to re-embark, beginning with the youngest regiments to save time; the disorder, tumult, and confusion with which it was executed, showed the ignorance of the enemy, who might with ease have cut

off the major part of our army. Our loss amounted to upwards of 5000 killed and wounded; the Marquis de Romana fell at the head of his brigade early in the action; the loss of the Moors was estimated at 6000 men: no quarter was given to our wounded, the government having offered ten sequins for the head of every Spaniard; fifteen pieces of cannon, three howitzers, and an immense quantity of arms and ammunition were abandoned to the enemy.

Thus terminated an expedition, which, from the length of time taken up in the preparation and the delay in the execution, gave the enemy an opportunity of preparing for its reception. The generals were ignorant not only of the force of the Algerines and the site of the coast, but even after reaching the Bay of Algiers, the point of disembarkation continued to be among them a matter of dispute. How far at last it was well judged is not determined, but even admitting it to have been so, the great error consisted in pushing forward the first division immediately on landing; they should have entrenched themselves, and have waited till the whole army had landed, and then have moved forward; but the idea of penetrating into an enclosed country, with a single division, in which the enemy in immense force were advantageously posted, was infatuation bordering on madness. There unfortunately existed neither talent nor resource after the retreat to remedy the misfortune. On the army's reaching the entrenchment, a warm altercation arose as to what line of conduct was to be pursued; with one solitary exception (Gen. Vaughan, a British officer,) it was unanimously agreed to embark the troops and abandon the enterprise. Gen. Vaughan warmly opposed this measure, stating, that the army should remain in position, and renew the attack on the following morning; but he was overruled.

Large sums of money had been expended in the equipment of this expedition, the public mind was raised to a high pitch of expectation, when the news of the defeat spread consternation and disgrace throughout Spain. The court endeavoured to palliate the disgrace, but it was exaggerated by the people. O'Reilly was universally execrated, and marked out as a victim. So general was the outcry, that mobs assembled on the roads to Alicante, and stripped every carriage that passed, with the intention of wreaking their vengeance on that commander. The clamour was heard at the very gates of the palace; the king was obliged to remove him from the government of Madrid, and appointed him captain-general of Andalusia. As a proof of the universal detestation of the Spanish nation towards him, Gen. Recardos, who commanded the cavalry of the expedition, and the intimate friend of O'Reilly, on landing at Cadiz, entered a café, which was filled with officers of the different regiments of the garrison, who, on seeing him, to a man quitted the place and left him to ruminate alone. A Spanish grenadier in giving an account of the expedition to some of his comrades, said, *Nos mandaron a tierra como si ibamos beber café con los Moros.*—"They sent us ashore as if we were going to drink coffee with the Moors."

*From the Monthly Magazine.***A CHAPTER ON CIGARS.**

How many are the moments in a man's life (let us philosophize for an instant) when the mind, that metaphysical curiosity, that ethereal essence, ever present and never visible, refuses to fix itself; when it floats hither and thither like the thistledown, seeking some object whereon it may find rest; when it wanders about from parish to parish without obtaining relief. There are times when neither an arm-chair with a fender for a footstool—nor a gossip with a pair of glancing eyes—nor a stroll by moonlight—nor a song—nor a bottle though ever so old—nor a book though ever so new—can administer the particular balm which our fancies or our faculties require. No; there are certain periods of time, certain points of existence, when nothing in nature can enliven our drooping senses, restore a tone and tranquillity to the mind, and perfectly satisfy all the wandering and undefined desires of the moment, but a pinch—a full, fresh, fervent pinch of snuff—pungent and unadulterated. There are occasions when the spirit of man turns in weariness from the wonders that surround it—the glories of art, the enchantments of nature—and centres all its wants and wishes, soothes all its anxiety and disappointment, in a genuine Havana. It is the only thing that precisely suits his case.

"Blessings on the man," says Sancho, "that first invented sleep." But what wreaths shall we twine, what rewards shall we invoke, for the head of him that first invented smoke! Mysterious essence, emblem of our existence, type of our desires and our dreams, our graceful vanities and shadowy ambition! A cigar—the very word has a fragrance in it. The pen, as it writes, seems to acquire a rich brown hue, and pours forth, instead of cold solemn syllables, oriental breath and delicious perfumes. Its odour transcends that of a rose, or a roast pig. Nothing in life is like the flavour of a real cigar, to those who know how to enjoy it. All that smoke are not smokers. There are persons who prefer a bad cigar to a good one, and who puff out as much cloud and vapour in a year as Mount Etna, without tasting a particle of it. Some French writer has said, that it is not every one that knows how to take a walk. It may as truly be asserted, that it is not every one that knows what smoke is! But to those who are in the secret, your initiated few, to whom nature has given a finer sense of enjoyment, a divine perception of the beautiful—to these, the curling cloudy column that rises from the lips is ethereal air, the element of a new life. It springs up as from an altar, and floats on the air like incense. Through the narrow tube of a cigar gushes a full flood, a Nile of enthusiasm and delight, refreshing the senses and refining the imagination. Really, when honours and eulogies are showered upon objects whose claims upon our gratitude are so very apocryphal, something should be said or sung of the merits of a weed, that is hourly productive of a wise pleasure and a healthful recreation. If Steele or Pope were living, instead of Sir Walter and Wordsworth, the memory of this fragrant

and familiar little ministrant to our comforts would be enshrined in golden verse, and periods full of grateful praise.

But as all are not epicures, we will look at our subject in a less elevated light, and regard it merely as the medium of an elegant courtesy, a harmless indulgence, a simple but a social luxury. To Dr. Lardner, or to any other learned labourer in science, who may assure us that smoke is stupefying and injurious, and that snuff produces sickness and intoxication, we should make a very pantomimic, but at the same time a very philosophic reply. We should venture to hand him a cigar from Gliddon's, and beg that he would do us the favour to take a pinch out of our private box. This is the argument we should resort to, and we think it would induce him to publish an erratum to his next edition. If he declined, we would ask him, while he objected to tobacco as a soother or a stimulant, what he thought of it as a convenience! What awkward pauses would sometimes occur in conversation, and what slumbers would steal occasionally over our studies, if Sir Francis Drake's antipodes were to rise, and carry the glorious weed out of England. We would rather (Rothschild forgive us!) that the Bank should stop payment. Society could not go on. Old Time would stand still, and, taking a pinch of sand, turn his hour-glass into a snuff-box.

A snuff-box is a letter of introduction; it has been the fountain of many friendships. When you cannot ask a stranger his opinion of the new opera or the new ministry, you can offer him your box, with a graceful as well as a profitable politeness. Even when the weather and other popular topics are exhausted, a pinch is always eloquent, always conversational, always convenient. And as for a cigar, it is the very symbol of congeniality. You sit in a circle, and the smoke rises up in a visible union: it is like the meeting of souls. If you have nothing to say, it discourses with a sage and silent wisdom; if otherwise, it gives an elegant turn to your sentences, and comes in at a pause like a note of admiration! There is much virtue in a whiff.

If we were in possession of another mulberry-tree, we should have it all turned into snuff-boxes, as the truest compliment that could be paid to the spirit of Shakespeare. And assuredly we would rather have the broken bowl of thy pipe, Tobias Shandy, or even a grain or two of the ashes that it held, than the arrow that pierced Achilles, or a lock of Cæsar's hair.

We are well aware that there are learned men still living who contend that there is no enjoyment in life; but then it is quite clear that they have never been to the cigar divan in King street. Once let them taste the magic of a richly flavoured leaf, over a cup of coffee and a magazine just published, and the next treatise they may write will tell a tale marvelously different. They will then find out that a cigar and coffee are the true Sublime and Beautiful.

B.

From the United Service Journal.

ALL'S WELL! OR RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH.

ALL'S WELL! how often that joyous watchword has smote on my ear during a long period of active and arduous service, from boyhood's thoughtless years until the brine of angry waves, and the transition from clime to clime, but above all, Time! that dire enemy to curly locks and auburn hair, has whitened mine to silver grey. Yes, All's well! the glad sound seems still to vibrate on my ear, though remote from its cheering, yet half melancholy notes which break through the stillness of night, and relieve the monotonous peal of the sonorous bell; and yet I confess it was not always so, for during many of the early years of my life there was that in it which caused my young heart to tremble with fear, and often the perspiration to bedew my forehead. This was the effect of an old legend of that day, now in all probability unknown to the more sublimated sons of Neptune, who are too refined to be the listeners to a fore-castle story; but which now emanating from the stern of the ship, I hope may afford them, as well as my other readers, some amusement.

Shortly after my first entry into his Majesty's service, on board the ———, then cruising off the mouths of the Delaware, I was placed under the tutelage of an old quarter-master, to learn the necessary arts of knotting, splicing, plaiting, &c. then deemed of the first importance, both to the tyro himself, and the service in which he may one day bear a conspicuous part. This hard-featured, weather-beaten veteran of the ocean, was of the true school whence Britain draws her choicest hearts of oak, the North-sea trade. With a thorough knowledge of his duty as a seaman, he had an abundant fund of credulity and superstition, and which he determined should not remain an idle store when favourable opportunities offered, and willing listeners presented themselves. His predilection for, and faith in the marvellous, so far from being corrected by the experience of a long life of observation, had increased and strengthened with his years. The celebrated Kraken! the Mary Dunn of Dover! and the Flying Dutchman! were all as firmly believed by this unsophisticated and warm-hearted tar, as the conviction that his days and his life were his King's and his country's—Such was Bob Beattie!

To stimulate my arduous for the acquirement of joining two ends of a rope together, according to the different uses it was to be applied to, the knotting, whipping, and pointing of others, he used to relate some one of his wondrous stories, and which were to me an endless treasure of amusement, except All's Well! which, from its first recital, left a deep-rooted impression on my mind—naturally too much inclined to listen to, and credit tales of horror—that required a long time ere I could exchange for a better and happier combination of ideas; but old Bob, as he was familiarly called, reflected little on the consequences to our young minds, so that he was quietly listened to and admired as seated on the taffrail, from whence he could cast his vigilant eye

around the ship while entertaining his surrounding youthful hearers, (for there were many of us, and several now officers of high rank,) who, during the first watch, used to assemble there from nine till ten, the hour when all was quiet, and no interruption to be apprehended from unwelcome intruders. As a most appropriate prelude, he always took out his favourite tobacco-box, and replenished his *quid*, as absolutely necessary to enable him to spin his yarn, as he called it; then, with the well-known preface of "Once on a time," he began the evening's feast. But as many of my readers may be totally unacquainted with poor Bob's phraseology, I will try and give a version of his language, that it may be better understood. It was on one of those nights when the moon was just hovering over our heads, and peeping at short intervals through the dark black scud, that swiftly swept along, and told of the coming gale, which already murmured in hollow sounds through the trembling rigging, the immense strings of that mighty *Æolian* harp, a British seventy-four, when I listened for the first time in breathless attention to All's Well!

"When the fleet, under the command of the brave and gallant Vernon, had relieved poor Hosier's wretched squadron in the blockade of Carthage and Porto Bello, on the coast of Mexico, several fruitless attempts were made to cut out a well known buccaner, that had sought protection (after a long chase) under the guns of the castle; and not till one dark night, when the enemy thought the intention of all farther attacks were laid aside, and after incredible efforts and dauntless courage, was her capture effected. As the struggle had been long and bloody on both sides, the boats, and the deck of the pirate, were alike strewed with the dead and the dying; but the enterprise had been crowned with success, and there only remained to perform the kind offices of humanity to the wounded, to free themselves as soon as possible from the enemy's fire on shore, and regain the distant fleet. The confusion and horror having in some degree subsided, her cables were cut, her sails set, and she was towing out to sea, when the captain of marines, a brave and humane officer, in going round the prize with an armed party, to ascertain the state of the prisoners, unexpectedly found himself opposite a strange figure, seated on the lower deck, enveloped in a large manteau, or Spanish cloak, the head reclined, and the frame trembling with fear and apprehension. He considered attentively the form before him, and instantly concluded it must be that of a female. He accosted her in the soothing accents of encouragement and friendship; but whether she was too deeply plunged in the contemplation of the recent bloody scene, or dread of other ills engrossed her mind, he could not divine. She either did not seem to hear, or heard not the proffered kindness; but his heart was already too keenly touched to desist, and he felt it to be the imperative duty of a man, to relieve promptly the dejected being for whom his solicitude was now so strongly excited. He advanced a step, with a view of calling her attention to his presence by a gentle movement of her cloak, but

the attempt was unnecessary; his last motion aroused at once her ear and eye, and a piercing shriek of mental anguish escaped from the terrified woman! while still closer she pressed some cherished object to her bosom, veiled from sight by the manteau. More than ever astonished, he stood for a moment like a petrified statue; but soon recovering his presence of mind, he again inquired in tones of soft compassion, why she entertained such an unaccountable dread of one who felt a most lively interest in her afflictions, and kindly bade her have confidence in the humanity of himself and his companions in arms.

"Whether from the peculiar gentleness of accent in which this consolatory address was uttered, or some new and sudden hope that superseded the terror which as yet had absorbed all her faculties, she suddenly rose, throwing aside her cloak, and herself on her knees before him; in an agony difficult to describe, she exclaimed, 'Save my child!' If the officer was astonished at the first part of this strange adventure, how great was his amazement to hear this heartfelt apostrophe pronounced in pure English! To behold prostrate before him a young and handsome female, about twenty-five years of age, her beautiful dark brown hair dishevelled and flowing in long and wild tresses over her drooping shoulders, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes imploring his succour for a fine curly-headed boy, who had hitherto been closely pressed to her bosom, but who now clung around her neck with an affectionate anxiety far beyond his years; 'Save! oh, save my child!' she repeated in a voice, whose modulation touched the very depth of his soul. The appeal could not be mistaken, as it was that of a mother!—nor was it in vain! for it was made to a man, and a gallant officer! 'I will! I will!' involuntarily burst from his lips; 'be you comforted—be assured. Arise from that posture, my dear young lady; strive to regain your composure, and accompany me to a place where you will be in safety, where refreshments and repose may restore your present exhausted frame, and tranquillize your troubled mind, already too much shocked with the dreadful scenes of this night.' Then gently taking her by one hand, and the interesting timid youth by the other, he carefully ascended with them to the cabin, where, after a slight repast, succeeded by a short interval of profound silence, often interrupted by deep and painful sobs, she again implored the Captain's future protection for her dear Henry, with a voice, manner, and look, wherein a presentiment of some approaching ill was strongly displayed; then rising from her seat, she hastily clasped the child in her arms, bedewed him with her tears, and faintly sighing, 'farewell! farewell!' turned to leave him for her couch, and, alas! for ever! for at that very instant the guns of another fort, situated on a long low point of land, opened a heavy fire on the vessel and the surrounding boats. Scarcely had the first flash darted across the eyes of the captors, when a large shot came whizzing with a tremendous crash through the sides of the cabin where this ill-fated young lady was preparing for repose, and in an instant bore with resistless fury a head formed in one of nature's

finest moulds from her body, which fell a lifeless corpse on the deck, amidst streams of her pure and purple blood, to the horror and consternation of all who were present.

"As soon as the sad feelings attending this melancholy catastrophe permitted the by-standers to act, they shrouded the body in a white sheet, and laid it ready for the last sad offices. By morning's dawn, the fleet was regained, and the prisoners transferred to a frigate, which, together with the prize, were ordered to proceed to Port Royal, where her late crew were placed on board the prison-ship preparatory to their trial.

"The melancholy fate of the lady made a great impression; not only on those more immediately the witnesses, but every one participated in her sorrows and untimely end; the body having been conveyed in the prize, her funeral was attended by all the public officers, and nearly the whole population, as a mark of respect to her family, and in testimony of their deep regret. Fortunately, poor Henry seemed to benefit in proportion to his loss, for he was unanimously caressed by officers and seamen. Poor fellow! he had need of friends, as the following brief account will show, given in the confession of the chief mate of the *Buccaneer*, before his execution.

"On the morning of the —, being off Cape Nicola Mole, about four o'clock p. m. we observed a large ship steering north-west; we made sail in chase, and before sunset came within range. When we fired a shot to bring her to, she hoisted an English ensign, and shortened sail. We expected an easy prey, but what was our surprise, when on running alongside, we found ourselves saluted with shot from six guns, and a volley of small arms! Meeting such obstinate resistance, we began in earnest, and, after half an hour's brisk firing, forty of our best hands sprang on her deck, cutting down all before them. Ten minutes now decided the contest, and we remained masters of the *Albion* of London, a fine ship of four hundred tons, laden with Jamaica produce, having sailed from Kingston ten days.

"The father of the young woman, the owner of the vessel, and a merchant of great respectability, returning to his native country with all his property, was killed in the early part of the action. Her husband was shot with a pistol ball before her eyes during the struggle on board, by which means she was bereft of parent and partner in the brief space of an hour, and would have certainly thrown herself into the sea, but for our watchful care. From that time, she continued for several days heedless of all around; but at length, relieved by copious floods of tears, her mind became more tranquil, when she seemed to seek and to find some consolation in her last resource, an only child, from whom nothing could separate her for a moment."

"Soon after, the fleet having destroyed the castle and harbour, and captured the ships in Carthage and Porto Bello, returned to Port Royal; but the glorious victory so recently achieved could not entirely obliterate the memory of the unhappy Elenora Beaumont from the minds of our gallant officers and crews. Henry was their delight, and the Admiral had

resolved to become his future protector and patron. This last beneficent act of their venerated Commander-in-Chief, the sailors, as if by unanimous consent, thought had appeased the manes of his unfortunate mother, who, they all firmly believed, appeared every night in her winding-sheet on board the prize-hulk, at the fatal hour she perished, and mournfully cried as the bell struck—All's Well! and then slowly vanished like her dying voice into empty air."

I have tried to recollect this too-true story as well as memory will permit, and have only to add, that I imagine the superstitious notion of her shade crying all's well, partly arose from her last words—Farewell! farewell! being misrepresented; also by the supposition of her resting contented with the future prospects of "Poor Henry!" a name by which he was ever afterwards known through the British fleet.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

COQUETRY.

"Un homme ne peut presque rien dire de sensé sur ce qui se passe au fond du cœur d'une femme tendre: quant à une coquette, c'est différent; nous avons aussi des sens et de la vanité."
De l'Amour, vol. i. p. 33.

NOTWITHSTANDING the encouragement held out in the sentence which I have adopted as the motto of this paper, I have great doubts of the ability of any one appertaining to the masculine gender to penetrate the mysteries of coquetry; nor do I think that the senses and vanity of men and of women are so wholly alike, as to warrant a perfect confidence in all the deductions which the former may draw from their own feelings, concerning those of their natural enemy, more commonly and more gallantly denominated "the fair sex." The physiologist, in comparing the male and female structure, is compelled to acknowledge this striking difference, that the one is constructed principally with a view to strength, while the other seems to be calculated more especially for variety and extent of motion. In females, the vitality is more exalted, and the nervous system more preponderating over the muscular; the senses are awakened to more delicate impressions, and the mobility is consequently more easily excitable, but less permanent in its activity. There is, moreover, in the female structure, a set of organs and functions peculiar to the sex, of whose influence on the general organization men can only form a partial guess by a view of the effects. The moralist, in comparing the mental characteristics of the two sexes, discovers an analogous variation. In the female, there is a greater intensity of emotion, more variable desires, a more rapid and intuitive judgment, with greater finesse, and a more quickly kindling imagination. She enjoys, however, an inferior aptitude to labour, both bodily and mental, and she experiences more difficulty in fixing the attention on remote and abstracted propositions, so as to arrive at a clear perception of complicated truths. But the most remarkable moral difference of the sexes lies in

the long train of objects and desires which womanhood, with its pains and pleasures, opens to the female, and to which man is wholly a stranger. The results, indeed, are before us, and are amongst the most influential causes of our happiness or misery. We witness the devotion of the wife, the mistress, and the mother; the patient, long-enduring submission to pain and privation, the self-immolation in the discharge of never-ending duties; but we know not, we cannot conceive, the sensations and instincts which are the main-springs of a conduct so different from our own. If the natural and healthy play of this machinery escapes the research of the male observer, still less will he comprehend those morbid and irregular movements which accident, and the perverse institutions of society, are capable of exciting in it; and which, whether they contribute to the heroic and tragical aspect of human life, or furnish the more refined and delicate specimens of its comedy, are matters of deep interest alike to the philosopher and the man. The female mind is altogether a world apart. We may investigate it as moralists, we may study it as lovers, through all the various scenes of a protracted life; and yet, in many instances, go to our graves as ignorant of its holes and corners, its recesses and its foldings, as at the first hour of adolescent inquiry. It is on this account that women make the best novelists. Men rarely take a good copy of what is before their eyes in female nature, while women paint with a full comprehension of the subject in all its vastness and in all its detail.

With respect to coquetry more especially, there is little reciprocity between the sexes. Men have, indeed, (to use the language of the motto,) senses and vanities, and male coquets are animals now and again to be met with in the world; but it would be a gross abuse of language to infer from this identity of name, a perfect similarity of the affection in both cases. Between the male and female coquet, there is this fundamental distinction—that the coquetry of the former is a result of the total absence of passion. Vanity enters into it for all and all; and it properly belongs only to beings who have been unkindly treated by nature. In the female coquet, however cold and heartless she may sometimes be, the senses are not necessarily silent; and, in the indulgence of her vanity, the woman may still predominate. Coquetry must, therefore, be carried very far indeed by the female, to be deprived of all grace; while the slightest tincture of it in a man is at once odious and contemptible. It is not because vanity is more properly a part of the female, than of the male character, that this indulgence is granted to women; men are vain enough in all conscience, and place their vanity in objects far more frivolous than those triumphs, which, after all, are necessary to the moral existence of a female—in places, in riches, in a decoration, or a title. But, to woman, coquetry is natural; while it is not so to a man. In matters of love, man is by his organization more prone to pride than to vanity. The pleasures of a conquest must fail in intensity, before he can find leisure to feed his vanity with its triumphs. As long as the passion has any thing

to bestow, he looks in it for nothing beyond itself. But the part of the woman being to be sought and wooed, she cannot, like the male, flatter herself that she has a right to all the love she may wish to inspire. She sees too many of her own sex neglected, not to take delight in the simple fact of any attention that is paid her. Education conspires to develop this trait of character. To please is the first necessity of a woman's social position; and the desire to please is awakened and developed by the habitual pursuit of showy and attractive accomplishments. Her vanity is gratified not only by success, but by the possession of any of the means which lead to success, and by every circumstance that demonstrates to the world its attainment. A wife, indeed, may sometimes be proud of her husband, if his superior qualities afford the occasion; but a mistress is always vain of her lover, vain of the conquest, and vain of the distinction it carries with it. A vanity thus naturally placed is readily pardoned; it is accordingly indulged without restraint, and often without bounds; and women are sometimes thus impelled to seek for admiration in quarters to which they are, as lovers, perfectly indifferent, for the mere pleasure of conquest, and of convincing the spectator of the extent of their powers. Thus far female coquetry is intelligible to man; but there is, I suspect, something beyond this, some unknown pleasure, some latent chord of feeling wholly feminine, of which men entertain no conception. Why else is coquetry so uniform an ingredient in the female character? Why does it show itself in the cabin as well as in the palace, in the ugly as well as in the handsome, in the experienced girl, no less than in the finished flirt, in the polished European and in the savage denizen of the woods of America? A phenomenon thus general must depend upon an over-ruling cause inherent in the subject; and Anacreon would have had as much reason in assigning coquetry to women as an equivalent for the horse's hoof or the bull's horn, as he had in making beauty the especial armour of female defence. That it is not a result of the passions common to all human beings, may be gathered from the circumstance of its non-appearance before that epoch of life when the desire to please becomes directed towards the fulfilment of a natural law. At this period, a love of the toilet is suddenly developed in all its intensity; and the most slovenly girls are awakened to some sense of the value of personal neatness. If this notion be well founded, and coquetry be indeed an instinct of the sex, it affords another instance in which nature answers a double purpose by one mechanism, and sometimes even arrives at opposite results by the same process. If coquetry excite the female to that adornment of person and of mind which will best exalt her beauty, and increase her attraction in the eyes of man, it operates no less serviceably in protecting her from the first assaults of her own affections. If women were delivered up to their full influence, time would not be given for correcting first impressions, by a subsequent inquiry into the temper, habits, and manners of her lover, and into other particulars no less important to the

happiness of a wife. No sooner, however, is the *liaison* commenced between the sexes, than love and coquetry, which hitherto had hunted in couples, become antagonist passions. No sooner is the female angler tolerably assured of having hooked her fish, than she begins to play him up and down the stream, and almost loses sight of the proposed end of her operations, in an intense enjoyment of the pleasure of the means. This preoccupation is a powerful auxiliary in saving women from themselves, and preventing a surrender at discretion, which would be any thing but discreet. However much devoted a passionate woman may be to one individual, she is rarely insensible to the pleasure of attracting others; and though a woman of sense and feeling would not indulge this pleasure at the expense of the man to whom she is attached; yet the ordinary run of females can seldom wholly forego the amusement of a little innocent torture, and of playing off one man against another, to improve their power over both. Among the more weak and giddy of the sex, coquetry is thus converted into a conservative principle of the highest value. The silly and the uneducated, divested of all force of character and power of reflection, might become the immediate and the unresisting victims of a first passion; but being thus rendered anxious to extend rather than to improve their conquests, they have neither time nor inclination to devote to one individual, and are prevented from abandoning themselves to a single preference. There are thousands of girls, who, if they had not been coquets and flirts, would have been the dupes of designing scoundrels, or the repentant victims of ill-assorted and unsuitable matches. It is, probably, on this account that coquetry is so fearful to impassioned lovers. There is no quality in the female which so completely baffles an amorous attack, and against which a man is so helpless and unarmed. It has been said that a woman is more difficult to tame than an hyena. Having never attempted the latter feat, it would not be fair to bear testimony to that point; but no book of natural history informs us that the hyena, though accused as it is of hypocrisy, was ever particularly given to playing the coquet. La Rochefoucauld has remarked that coquetry is even stronger than love.* This is not exactly true; for, like all other antagonist affections, their relative preponderance is an affair of temperament and idiosyncrasy, and differs in different individuals. In corrupted cities, and among corrupted natures, the proposition may be correct; for, under such circumstances, passion is blunted by frequent indulgence; while coquetry is an appetite which grows with what it feeds on, and is not to be satiated. Coquetry, likewise, survives the end of its being, and becomes more importunate as time steals more and more of the natural power of pleasing. It lends itself, therefore, to ridicule, and becomes salient precisely at the moment when, in propriety, it ought to disappear.† But in the more

* "Les femmes peuvent moins surmonter leur coquetterie, que leurs passions."

† "Une femme coquette ne se rend point sur la passion de plaire. . . . La mignardise et

honest epoch of youth, and amongst women not wholly perverted by society, there is nothing more likely to cure a coquet than a good, strong, durable passion; and if this cure be, as La Rochefoucauld has elsewhere observed, "the greatest miracle which love can work," it is only because coquetry is so rarely developed in all its intensity, except in women either naturally cold, or wholly *blasées* on the subject of the affections. To excite a passion in such persons, it must be admitted, partakes something of the miraculous. The influence of coquetry on the female character, like that of most other passions, depends very much on the sense of the individual—all good gifts being alike liable to abuse. There are some women in whom coquetry is so prevalent, that they are in a continued fever of anxiety and agitation, soliciting notice by every possible artifice, and grimacing and acting without stint or pause. They are for ever laying traps to catch attention; and every movement is calculated to remind the company of their presence and pretensions. No matter what may be the subject of conversation, or what the character and condition of the interlocutors, they contrive to give the discourse a turn to themselves, and to inveigle the company into a compliment to their person. I remember a lady of this description, *d'ailleurs* a woman of some talent, who turned her coquetry to a good account by the power she obtained through it over persons of weight and influence in society: she would, however, not the less stoop to throw away a lure on a peasant or a tradesman, or on any thing male that crossed her path; and after having pinned a general officer or a judge to her apron-string for an entire morning, would triumph in putting a common fellow to confusion, or making him own, by some quaint and extraordinary remark, the influence of her charms.

In her instance, indeed, a perfect *bon ton*, and some wit, redeemed the failure, and sometimes rendered it even agreeable; but, generally speaking, there is nothing more obtrusive and troublesome in conversation, than a coquet of this inordinate calibre. If, on the contrary, it be asked in what the difference consists, between the conversation of a man of a lively fancy and well-stored mind, and that of a woman of sense and spirit, or why the latter possesses a decided superiority over the former? I should not hesitate to place the unknown charm in that dash of coquetry which is inseparable from female nature. The woman constantly *agacée* by the desire to please, like an high-spirited horse that feels the spur, is kept on the alert, and throws out all her fire in a thousand graceful and lively movements, which are not strictly necessary to the progression of discourse, but which infinitely adorn it. The conversational powers of a man of wit can only be excited by the desire to shine; but between that desire and the wish to please there is a vast difference. The desire to shine is apt, at every turn, to betray the speaker into presumption, and to stimulate

him to usurp too large and overpowering a share of the conversation. It leads, also, to an unhappy forgetfulness of the genius of the time and place, to a disregard of "*les convenances*." The wish to please, on the other hand, shows itself as much in forbearance as in action, and it develops a delicacy of tact that leaves every one present satisfied with himself. The charm of female society of the highest polish, is no where so well known, or so powerfully felt, as in France; and it is in France, if any where, that coquetry is reduced to an art—I had almost said, a science; for in a French woman of any talent, the instinct is controlled and subdued with a nicety that partakes almost of philosophy. With such a woman, no matter what her age or personal appearance may be, the sex of the speaker is never absent from your thoughts, though she never directly reminds you of it herself; and she makes it impossible to listen to her with that languid indifference which will sometimes steal over the senses in male society, however brilliant, or however profound. In this particular, Madame de Staël was an exception among her countrywomen. In her, the vanity of the author prevailed over the coquetry of the woman. Constantly possessed by the idea of herself, she dissented when she should have discoursed, and talked only for display. Byron measured her very justly, when he preferred her conversation—for an hour. By reducing herself to the level of a man, she lost a large part of that social influence, enjoyed by many females of her nation, who had not half her intellectual resources, but whose eloquence was less *exigeante*. Madame de Staël was, in truth, any thing but a coquet, except in the single instance of the far-famed sprig, or flower, which she uniformly carried, to draw attention to the beauty of her arm: but that was art, not nature; it had none of the refinement and dexterity of a coquetry that comes from the heart. By the by, there is no *façon* more dangerous to take up than coquetry. If it does not come by nature, it is "stark nought." Natural coquetry is *naïve*, and divested of all appearance of premeditation or design; but the *naïveté* of the conventional coquet is sheer knavery, and affords the most disgusting exhibition of affectation which folly can inspire. The affected coquet is to the natural, what the *belle limonadière* of a second-rate *café* is to the elegant woman of the supreme *bon ton*: "*Coquette, elle ne l'est pas qui veut.*"

It has been well observed by Helvetius, that a coquet makes the best love for an idle man. The man of business, who has not leisure to follow the doublings of a capricious passion, and is too often compelled to purchase his love ready-made, is reduced to despair by any thing short of exclusive devotion. In him, "love shakes its light wings and in an instant flies" at the first aspect of trouble or vexation; but the idler cools rapidly into indifference, if not kept for ever on the *que vive*, and he finds an inexpressible charm in the varying humours of a tyrannical and exacting mistress. How-

l'affectation l'accompagne dans la douleur et dans la fièvre; elle meurt parée, et en rubans de couleur."—*La Bruyère*.

* "It is not every woman that pleases who can be a coquet."

ever much a jealous temper, or a love of ease, may take offence at coquetry in the object of its affections, all men like a spice of it in the rest of womankind. The female who does not show herself a woman, by the occasional practice of those feminine arts which coquetry alone can inspire, is at once set down as a *quasi* man, and is abandoned to neglect. The prominent defect of the *bas bleu* ladies is their affectation of being above coquetry, and the endeavouring to sink the woman in the *bel esprit*. Even the mathematics might be endured, in a pretty woman, if they could be rendered subservient to *agaceries*, as they were in Voltaire's *Emilie*. In this respect, the literary ladies are much less wise than their sister hypocrites, the sectarians. There is much exquisite coquetry to be found under a Quaker bonnet; while the juvenile Methodists are notorious for the airs and graces which they throw into their religion. They flirt a text with the same dexterity that a mundane fair one flirts her fan; and the sainted Freethinker, however it may fare with his opinions, will be sure to come off, in his affections, second best from a controversy with a young and lively enthusiast. Coquetry, then, like every thing else that exists in nature, has its uses, if man, or rather if woman, has the art to find them out. As in many other cases, this instinct has been solely judged by its abuses, which are exceptional; while its constant services have been ungratefully overlooked. For my own part, I think that female nature, without coquetry, would be as poor a piece of business, as physical nature would be, if deprived of its mantle of green; and I heartily beseech the ladies to bear this verity in mind, and instead of banishing the infirmity from their character, to cultivate it with additional attention, and turn it to the best account, for the furtherance of their own supremacy, and the increase of the happiness of the male creation. If coquetry without passion makes the most heartless and worthless of women, passion without a dash of the coquet, forms the most intolerable of bores. A person so constituted makes incessant claims upon the heart, which she wholly wants the power of exciting, and vainly expects from gratitude that devotion which is only to be inspired by affection. A good deal of passion with a little coquetry forms the beau ideal of female nature; and the combination is perfectly irresistible. For other females, there may be *enjouemens*, or the affection of habit, and mutual convenience; but for the woman thus constituted is reserved the privilege of turning the head of the sage, and of urging the weaker man of sensibility, as Sheridan expresses it, to madness.

From the Monthly Magazine.

PRESENT POLICY OF EUROPE TOWARDS THE BARBARY STATES.

THAT Great Britain should be a party to the present policy of Europe towards the Barbary States, must create the greatest surprise in those who reflect on her name and resources;

a policy which began in error, has continued in injustice, and which presents one of the strangest anomalies that can be conceived. We continually quarrel and cavil with the Moors, for the observance of particular etiquette, and a regard of minor and insignificant privileges, whilst we consent to tolerate that general system of dishonesty to the world, out of which these disputes grow. How much longer the Barbary powers shall be allowed to exact a toll for crossing the high seas must be left to the feelings of those nations interested in its payment to determine; meanwhile it may not be uninteresting to examine a little more narrowly into our relations with a people amongst whom Europe maintains consuls, and vice-consuls, from Mogadore to Tripoly, whose chief agency has hitherto been that of transmitting a few lions and tigers in return for our money and homage. It must be a matter of curiosity to know something of the borrowers who repay our loans with such bad interest, and regarding whom there is a greater dearth of information, than of the people of the most remote parts of the Asiatic continent. Whilst their threats and menaces are looked upon with dread, and are at this moment the subject of deliberation in more councils than those of France; it is surely worth while to inquire what adequate end Europe attains by her enormous expenditure, in endeavouring to maintain their friendship.

Situate as the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco are at the entrance of a narrow sea, without any naval force to support his pretensions, nature itself conspiring against the possibility of his forming a navy, by choking up every river and harbour in the kingdom, this monarch solely depends on the dissensions and want of unanimity amongst the European powers for the continuance of that truly advantageous system, which ensures him a certain revenue without any risk or trouble. He entirely trusts to their jealousies of his favour, (which he has certainly hitherto managed to keep alive,) to supply his absolute deficiency of real power, or the means of enforcing the contributions he now so easily receives. All his utmost efforts could effect against an enemy would be to cut off unarmed or becalmed ships, and pursue that tedious sort of warfare which might exasperate, but could not greatly injure. The other Barbary states, although more or less dependent on the same policy as the sultan of Morocco, possess at least some shadow of maritime strength, and have fortified cities on the shores of the Mediterranean, beneath which they could at least find shelter in case of retreat.

In the spring of 1828, the sultan of Morocco, Muley Abderachman, visited Tangiers to receive the homage, tribute, and presents of the different European nations, whose delegates had assembled there to court his friendship, or renew their alliances. Public expectation had been kept alive by repeated and broken promises (perhaps with a view of increasing the importance of the royal presence) for upwards of three years, and had caused the detention and assemblage of many, whose patience was nearly exhausted. The emperor, however, at last set forward from Morocco, accompanied

by 5000 of his troops, infantry and cavalry. Whatever gratification this intelligence afforded those who awaited his visit, it was not equally welcome to the bashaws and inhabitants of the provinces through which he passed; for on the former fell the impost of being obliged to make large presents to their master, and on the latter, that of furnishing provisions for the troops, which, like a flight of locusts, generally leave marks of devastation wherever they pass.

The royal entry to Tangiers was announced by fireworks, and the discharge of cannon from the fortifications. The emperor took up his residence at the Alcassaba, or castle of the bashaw, the apartments of which, at least those destined for his use, had been previously furnished by general contributions of the European consuls, who, amongst other things, had presented his majesty with a handsome state bed, as well as many articles of ornamental furniture. The troops were not quartered in the town, but formed a regular encampment on a slight eminence eastward of Tangiers. In the midst of this camp was guarded, in large and handsome tents, his majesty's harem, said to consist of ten white wives, and ten black concubines. Another handsome tent was set apart for a marabout or saint, who always attends royalty, and who is consulted as to the auspicious days for transacting business, travelling, &c.

The third day after the sultan's arrival was fixed on for the reception of the foreign consuls, who were summoned to the court-yard of the Alcassaba; the troops, a great number of whom were blacks, lined all the avenues and approaches thereto, as well as the court-yard itself, in the area of which the turbaned chiefs and scribes of the household were assembled. Not a single musical instrument added to the effect of this scene (a judicious idea in presence of Europeans, to whose ears the Moors were conscious their music was most inharmonious). The troops previous to the entrance of his majesty were seated cross-legged on the ground, with their long guns held between their knees. At his approach, which was preceded by the bashaw of Tangiers, they rose up and stood to their arms. The sultan entered the court-yard on horseback, the manner in which he invariably gives public audiences. Over his head was borne a large splendid silk parasol of Italian manufacture. The bay barb on which he was mounted was fanned by slaves, with white muslin handkerchiefs, and in his train were several parade horses, beautifully caparisoned.

The person of Muley Aberachman is both dignified and majestic; on his brow is deeply marked the consciousness of his superior station and authority, and that gravity for which the Moors are so distinguished; but in him it seemed to dwell with more ease and affability than in those who surrounded him—the result of his more polished manner and education. The sultan has a fine intonation of voice, and his whole deportment rather bespeaks that of a man accustomed to associate with the great world, than of a monarch residing at such a distance from polite life: he is of robust stature, about five feet nine inches in height, and

is apparently about forty-two or forty-three years of age, of very dark complexion, nearly approaching black; but his fine features, glossy black beard and moustaches, at once show that he is not of negro blood. He bore no distinctive mark of sovereignty in his dress, except the beautiful texture of the el-haïcke, or long scarf, which nearly enveloped him, discovering only a small part of the green tunic and gold scabbard of the yatagan worn beneath. His turban was of plain white muslin, denoting an elegant and unostentatious simplicity.

The principal officers of the sultan being stationed around him, the bashaw of Tangiers, on whom it seems the order of the ceremonies had devolved, introduced the French consul and vice-consul to his majesty, who approached, and through their interpreter, begged the emperor's acceptance of the annual tribute money, and presents of their nation: a list of the presents was handed to his majesty who passed it to one of his ministers; these consisted of articles of the most valuable and elaborate workmanship of France, as well as large quantities of cloth, sugar, coffee, &c. valued at £3000 sterling, which were borne up the steep ascent of the Alcassaba by Jew porters, who, barefooted, stood trembling with their burdens in the royal presence. The consul received a gracious reply; and next in succession was presented the Danish consul, whose gifts were of proportionate value to the rank of his nation: he paid over the sum of 50,000 Spanish dollars, the amount of two years' tribute due to his imperial majesty; thirdly, and which seemed to excite no little surprise in the spectators, was presented Mr. Douglas, the English consul-general, vice-consul, &c., accompanied by several officers of the garrison of Gibraltar, who had arrived for the purpose of witnessing this ceremony. The cause of the British consulate not being presented first, as on former occasions, was said to be owing to an intrigue of the bashaw of the town, who, on account of some differences with the English consul-general, which had for a long time been the subject of a most disagreeable correspondence with the emperor, took this opportunity of wounding Mr. Douglas's pride. Some presents, such as a handsome sword, several pieces of cloth, &c. were laid at the emperor's feet, who in return replied, "that he was happy to maintain the friendship and esteem of his good friend and brother the sovereign of England, with whom the Moors could boast an alliance since the time of his predecessor Muley Ishmael; that he always should consider the English his best friends, and hold them entitled to protection and privileges in his country which no other nation could enjoy." In conclusion, the sultan inquired "if the consul had any request to make, which he then professed himself willing to attend to." The remainder consuls were then successively introduced, but it must not here be omitted to be remarked that the offering of the American consul was merely a *bag of rice*! unaccompanied by any tribute money whatever. The Americans, notwithstanding their refusal to degrade themselves by the payment of tribute, enjoy the same protection and privileges as other nations. The Neapolitan consul, whose govern-

ment had expended a large sum of money in the purchase of presents, was ordered "*not to show his face*," as neither his gifts could be accepted nor his office recognised, till his royal master agreed to pay an annual tribute of 20,000 dollars, for which sum Neapolitan vessels would be allowed to navigate the high seas, unmolested by Morroqueen corsairs.—This formidable navy, which consisted of the two brigs before mentioned, was then at anchor in the Bay of Tangiers, decorated with the flags of the nations with which the emperor was at peace. The ceremony of audience concluded, the different packages were opened, and the contents carefully examined, with the lists handed in. In cases of any deficiency, or baseness of quality in the articles, the unhappy consul soon hears of the deception, and may esteem himself fortunate if it is not made a subject of quarrel with his government. The emperor generally distributes part of these gifts amongst his officers, or those whom he is under the necessity of rewarding; but all specie or plate, as well as watches, of which he is very fond, are generally reserved for himself. That part which falls to the lot of his faithful servants soon finds its way to the hands of some broker, who, for a very small sum in ready money, becomes the purchaser of articles of great original cost. In this manner a handsome glass desert service, which had been distributed amongst several competitors, was purchased for a trifle by a person who collected the separate allotments. A musical watch, the works of which had become deranged by continued playing, was also sold for a few dollars, a very short time after it had been presented to the sultan.

The sums of money thus expended in this single port of Barbary, amounts to about £50,000 sterling per annum, and should the emperor succeed in compelling the Russians, Austrians, Neapolitans, and the Hanse Towns to comply with his demands, his revenue will be thereby considerably increased. This system, which is followed up with little modification in all the piratical states of the Mediterranean, cannot fail to inflate the pride of savage princes; nor is the appearance of the representative of Great Britain in these pagants, laying down her share of the purchase money of the smiles and sunshine of their countenance, likely to diminish their ideas of potency and greatness. The almost literal fact, that here

"As in the east, exhausted slaves
Lay down their far-brought gifts and die,"

must for ever destroy the notion, that the basis of all intercourse between states ought to be reciprocal advantage. Muley Abderrachman is by far too sagacious to arouse Europe from its lethargy; as long as we are willing to pay, he will extend his hand to receive. This prince was called to the throne by the late emperor, his uncle Muley Soleyman, on account of his abilities, to the exclusion of his own sons, who are yet living, and whom the present emperor has so far conciliated as to keep in his train, one as his aid-de-camp, and another he has made governor of an interior province. The manner in which he has long

soothed many of the governments of Europe into a compliance with his policy, and frightened others without a shadow of offensive force, is no insignificant proof of his talent. He has besides counteracted all the plots of opposition to his government (which during his reign have been numerous), either in seizing by stratagem or open force all the refractory sheriffs and bashaws who, under pretence of his not being rightful heir to the throne, have often rebelled. A specimen of his cunning, he lately afforded by the mode in which he dislodged an inimical bashaw from his government. This man had often refused to appear when cited at court: not wishing to proceed to open hostilities, the emperor, by means of agents, stirred up an insurrectionary mountain warfare in the bashaw's neighbourhood, under pretext of quelling which he took the field himself, and ordered all his chiefs to join him. The unsuspicious governor, abandoning the safety of his bashlick entered the emperor's tent, when he was immediately laden with chains and conducted to prison, from which he was not released till he had disgorged what the emperor considered a fair share of the profits of his government, the division of which had been the cause of their quarrel.

From the United Service Journal.

ANCIENT AND MODERN TACTICS.

Those who look to the ancients for lessons in mere tactics, that is, in formation, movements, and the use of arms, applicable to modern times, will of course lose their pains; but those who go farther, who look for just principles of military science, and who feel convinced, as reflecting minds must, that the science of war is founded on a just appreciation and employment of the moral qualities and physical force of men relatively to the arms used, far more than on the arms themselves, will find those principles fully and fairly developed in the writers of antiquity; and will, I suspect, find them no where else. In the ancient world, in Greece and Rome at least, all free men were from infancy trained, bodily and mentally, to the profession of arms; it was the universal vocation; so that military ideas, habits, and knowledge, grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength; tactics were simpler and more positive; the primitive manners of society* also laid poor human nature more open to inspection; and above all, the great military historians of antiquity were themselves eminent leaders, statesmen, and philosophers, capable not merely of relating events, but of tracing results to their original cause; and this is exactly what we want in military matters—"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

Now the reverse of much of this has been the case in modern times. As the difficulties of military duty and service increased, the pro-

* Compared to the present artificial state of society. In Sophocles, Ulysses does not hesitate to avow himself afraid of meeting Ajax.

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fession gradually separated itself from the civil part of the community and became a distinct caste, whose craft was left unstudied, and unattended to by professed scholars, at a time when few but professed scholars wrote any thing, least of all history. The various changes that tactics underwent as fire-arms improved, the delusions that disasters as constantly dispelled, appear for a time to have blinded soldiers and scholars alike; so that little professional instruction is to be gathered from the historians of that period. From being ill understood, the most difficult profession, to all who above the rank of private soldiers would do justice to it,* was looked upon as the easiest, exercised accordingly, and handed over as a sort of splendid appendage to rank and station. Princes and nobles led armies to the field, and as there were no established principles by which their conduct could be tried, they were judged by results only; and generally too with that subserviency to rank for which the press was so long famous; and for which it seems now determined to avenge itself by flying exactly into the opposite extreme. Many, therefore, are the names of generals handed down to us with praise for having gained victories, or for having merely escaped defeat. But few "and far between" are those whose actions have been sufficiently brilliant to stand before us undimmed by the doubts and darkness that modern tactics, and the ignorance of modern historians, have thrown around the profession of arms.

In utter forgetfulness of the wise saying of Ebu-el-Wardi, that "many brave men have fallen short of greatness, whilst the coward has attained his object;" the easy mode of judging by results only has been strictly adhered to in our own time. To take but the campaigns of Napoleon from 1805 to 1814, we there see the large armies of France first gaining splendid victories over the large armies of Russia and Germany, and we are told at every page that these results were owing entirely to the military genius of the French leader; but when we come to look for proofs (logically deduced from just principles) we look in vain, both in the pompous declamations of the victors, and in the special pleadings of the vanquished: we hear of this splendid genius every where, but we find it no where; for after all, even the results, when duly followed up, tell both ways. In the campaigns of 1805, 6, 7, 9, the French armies are constantly victorious; in those of 1813 and 1814 they are almost as constantly defeated. If we ask the reason of this, we are told that the flower of the French army perished in Russia, and that a spirit of patriotism had sprung up in Germany, that excited the soldiers of that nation to great and generous exertions. This is perfectly true; but it is a virtual abandonment of all claims to military science and genius, for it

attributes the results to the prowess of the men only; avowing in fact that, as in the dark ages, when two hordes of barbarians encountered each other, victory remained with those who held out the longest: there is no escaping from the dilemma. It was not so, sir, at Arbela, where some forty thousand Greeks, trained on just principles, skillfully led, and strong from their confidence in themselves and in their leader, easily overthrew a million of men in arms: or if these are termed barbarians; it was not so at Trebia and at Thrasymene where the genius of Hannibal struck to the ground Roman armies more numerous, better trained, and perhaps even braver than his own. In the great historians of those great actions the tactical dispositions that ensured the splendid results may be traced even at this day.

It is a curious fact, as yet unnoticed by military writers, that the science of tactics has not, in point of principle, made a single step of progress since the time of Frederick II. Formation and movement were then, and are still, the only objects sought for; whilst action, and above all, bold, skilful, and energetic action, is totally disregarded. The soldier, whose business is war, is never taught to fight, but remains unskilled in the use of the arms placed in his hands: and the men from whom, of all others, deeds of strength, energy and activity, are most required, are left as untrained in the exercises capable of improving and developing those qualities, as when they left the loom or the plough to enlist in the army. How far before us were the ancients in this respect, who trained their soldiers in athletic and gymnastic exercises, and instructed them in the use of arms, while we only teach ours to come into action, and to pull a trigger, "and that too, but queerly."

In this country we have certainly improved some of the details of the Prussian system of tactics, and during the war we always used that system on the principles for which it was alone calculated. But the French, not content with leaving both cavalry and infantry uninstructed in the use of arms, thought they had made some notable discovery, when they fell upon the contrivance of sending soldiers to battle so ranged as to render their fighting impossible. Compact masses were hurled forward, not to fight down their enemies, for that their formation forbade, but to frighten them by some moral strength supposed to reside in such helpless bodies. A thousand men ranged in this manner presented a front of forty, and left all but the two front ranks mere "food for powder;" for it is evident that the rear men of a close column can neither fire nor use their bayonets; a very sufficient reason why men so

* The battle of Salamanca offers a strong contrast to these battles. When the Duke of Wellington ordered the fifth division to advance, "Up, Leith, and drive those fellows to the devil!" were, I believe, his Grace's words: there was not a man within sight or hearing who did not see that the battle was gained; and many were the exclamations, "By ——" and "By —, lads, we have them now!" Yet even to this battle justice has not been done.

* See the accusation brought by Napier against the regimental officers of Sir John Moore's army: though the historian is right, the fault was not altogether with the individuals themselves, but was principally owing to the narrow professional views in which they had been trained.

formed should never, when it could be avoided, have been brought into actual contest with an enemy. The very reverse, however, was the case; close columns were, *par excellence*, employed on every occasion, and they are by continental writers lauded even to this day. Whenever such columns were fairly met, as in their encounters with the British, they were invariably defeated with great loss: against other enemies, who by degrees fell into the same erroneous system, they were more successful; for as both parties got pretty well into equal confusion when any protracted resistance was made, the natural gallantry and intelligence of the French soldiers gave them a very decided advantage.

As if so great a tactical error had not been enough, it was reserved for the continental leaders of our time to fall upon a system of strategy, completely at variance with the system of tactics according to which their troops had been trained. As is well known, soldiers are merely instructed in field movements, and never trained to habits of individual contests, or active exertions: it might, therefore, have been expected that, except in cases of necessity, they would have been employed on open ground only, as very properly recommended by Frederick II. The very reverse, however, was again the case; for whenever a battle could be reduced to an affair of posts, to a contest for a hamlet, village, or wood, where all that the soldier had been taught was useless, that at once became the main object of the action: the fate of empires and of armies was made to depend on the possession of some paltry post, to which a conventional mode of warfare attached an unreal importance; so that most of the great continental battles actually appear to have been fought more for the sake of a parcel of villages, than for the purpose of deciding by arms the quarrels of nations. An episode of Waterloo will serve to illustrate this assertion.

The post of Hougomont, defended by a few light companies only, was attacked by two divisions and a half of French infantry, though that post could of itself decide nothing, whereas two and a half divisions of infantry may at proper time and place decide every thing. Hougomont was not only too near the front of the British right to be left unoccupied, but it added besides greatly to the strength of that wing: a sufficient reason why the assailants should have left that part unattacked; as there was room for a hundred thousand men to advance, on open and on level ground, against the British army, without experiencing any hindrance from the few light companies posted at Hougomont. To attack them, however, was to give them all the advantage of their strong posts, and as matters happened, to raise them to the honour of contending successfully against more than two divisions of infantry. Marlborough managed this sort of thing differently: at the battle of Blenheim, he left the village of that name, which was in the centre of the front line of the French, entirely to itself, attacked the main body of their army, and after it was defeated, the troops in Blenheim surrendered as a matter of course. Thus genius and the high

mental courage resulting from it strikes at once at the main object; while mediocrity, pretension, or mere bloated vanity, brave only in the waste of brave men's lives, keeps beating about for some piece of good fortune to turn up in its favour; fights battles with skirmishers, leaving armies in reserve, literally to feed the fire, to come like the wounded Curiatii, successively, instead of simultaneously, into action, and above all to protect the fame and reputation of their mighty leader from too severe a shock or stain, should the goddess of chance remain deaf to the prayers of her suppliant, though uttered in loud peals of cannon and of musquetry, and in the dying groans of blindly sacrificed thousands.

What modern writer has denounced these things, or who has even questioned the received, and evidently erroneous opinion now entertained of the relative power of the different arms?

Were I to say in few words, and speaking very generally, with what view the writers of different periods should be read, I would say—read the ancients to learn the value of first principles; the writers of the middle ages for the lofty and chivalrous sentiments of honour, loyalty, and patriotism which they advocate; those of our own time, in order to distinguish between great actions, and actions great only from the quantity of *materiel* employed; and above all, the naval and military history of our last war, for instances of what stern and unyielding courage can accomplish. The landing in Egypt, the cutting out of the Chevette from under the batteries of Cammarete Bay, the escalade of Badajoz, the storming of St. Sebastian, and the boarding of the Chesapeake, stand foremost in a list of deeds that the annals of no other age or country can equal. They have raised a high standard for future imitation; and if in point of courage they cannot be surpassed, it must henceforth at least be criminal to fall short of them; they should therefore be attentively studied.

It is to be regretted that no historian has yet described these actions in a fitting manner, or pointed out the reflections to which they naturally give rise; had this been done, I should not have stood alone in the opinion that more might have been achieved with such men had their tactics and training done justice to their high courage, energy and resolution.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. M.

From the United Service Journal.

DISADVANTAGES OF AN INVARIABLE SYSTEM OF PROMOTION BY SENIORITY.

MR. EDITOR.—The inducements to zeal and personal exertion in any service must, (especially in modern societies, of which public spirit is not the moving principle,) be rather of a selfish than a patriotic nature. Wealth, rank, and power, are the prizes for which alone men will devote themselves; therefore, all exertion which risks life, injures health, and wastes talent and information, without giving reason-

able hopes of fair rewards in these three particulars, (viz, of rewards in some measure corresponding to what might be obtained by equal talents and exertion in other professions or modes of employment,) must, to a thinking man, appear highly absurd. He may be driven to such exertion by a sense of duty, of pride, or of necessity, but his efforts will be restrained and embittered by a conviction of their unprofitableness and impolicy. The more deeply these observations are considered, the more powerful, I think, will appear the objections to promotion by seniority, especially in military services. It is evident that seniority is no test of capacity; indeed, Jomini seems to assert that, in all services where it is the rule of promotion, it is more likely to be a measure of incapacity. The fact is, that there is no rule for the produce or placing of useful talent; it must be taken where it is found, and placed where it is wanted; and the attempt to infringe upon this law of human nature by arbitrary and fixed rules of promotion, must be dangerous in proportion as the advancement of incapable persons is dangerous. But the point of view in which I commenced the consideration of promotion by seniority, is its *disheartening effects upon all zeal and exertion*. Where length of life is the only, or the surest road to wealth, rank, and power, (in whatever degree these universal objects of human ambition are to be obtained,) there the true policy of each individual will appear to be, to *thrust forward his seniors as much as possible into danger, toil, and difficulty, and to keep himself snug and quiet*. Besides, in all services labouring under the depressing weight of this system, every effort, on the part of a zealous officer, at obtaining distinguished character, will be looked upon with a very jealous and discouraging eye by his competitors, as tending to shake the rule by which advancement and all the legitimate prizes of useful talents and exertions are made the more sure and easy prey of idleness and apathy. He will not only fail of reward, but probably obtain ill-will, if not persecution. Reason being opposed to the system, his reasonableness will appear in him a dangerous vice; he will resemble a busy bee amongst drones. In opposition to these evils, which are, I believe, by many acknowledged, it is urged that all other systems of promotion are liable to be abused to the supersedeance of real merit by private patronage and political influence; and it must be allowed, that this objection, as far as it goes, is just. But how far does it go? only thus far, that where private patronage and political influence can be exercised, without such crying injustice and detriment to the public service as may endanger those who dispense them, they will be principally attended to. This, I think, is the utmost extent, to which, in a free country, this evil can be long carried, because, beyond that the public voice, ever loud in defence of important and prominent interests, would prevent its proceeding. In the meanwhile, the possibility of winning a prize affords some kind of inducement to exertion in the humblest candidates for public honours and emoluments. But in the case of promotion by seniority, the evil to the public is inflicted by a law, which

is considered just and proper by prescription, and it is submitted to on that account; or else, where the evil is of such magnitude and importance as not to admit of this, it is avoided by some practical departure from the rule in the particular case, yet preserving as far as possible the appearance of adhering to it, at the expense of much inconvenience, perhaps, detriment to the service; besides that of maintaining needlessly a number of individuals who have, by the rule of seniority, grown out of their only sphere of utility, if they ever had one. These appear to me some considerations well worthy of being maturely canvassed by all friends to their country, particularly by its military friends. I am, Mr. Editor,

Your most obedient servant,
PUBLICOLA.

From the British Magazine.

THE JEWS.

AMONG the circumstances which rendered the last month remarkable, is the extraordinary event, that a bill for admitting the Jews to all the offices to which Dissenters and Catholics are eligible, passed a first reading in the House of Commons. In the year 1745, a bill had been before introduced into the house, for naturalizing persons professing the Jewish religion; but though it passed within, it met with such opposition from without, that it was finally abandoned. The present bill, it is supposed, will not succeed either; but though its principles were admitted by a majority of the House of Commons, it does not appear that the slightest public disapprobation was expressed against it by the people of the country. It is to be presumed, therefore, that from the experiment now tried, it will be again brought forward, and finally passed into a law. Meantime it may be interesting to know their belief on certain doctrinal points, such as it was settled by their confession of faith 800 years ago, and which they still profess in the East entirely unchanged. The Jews, in most parts of the Turkish dominions, speak Spanish, the language of the country from which the great body of them was expelled, who afterwards sought refuge among Mahomedans from the persecution of Christians. They brought with them this confession of faith, and it is used in their synagogues, and taught to their children, like our Apostles' Creed. The original in Hebrew, with the same in Roman characters, accompanied by an English translation, is given in "Dr. Walsh's Journey from Constantinople."—It begins with *Yo creyo con emouna cumplida, &c.*; and is as follows:—

"I believe, with perfect faith, that to the Creator, blessed be his name, prayer ought to be made, and there is none beside him. I believe, with perfect faith, that all the words of the prophets are truth, and that they were received from God. I believe, with perfect faith, that Moses, the Rabbin, is a prophet of truth, and lord of the prophets. I believe, with perfect faith, that the whole law which we possess, is that which was given to Moses the Rabbin, on Mount Sinai. I believe, with

perfect faith, that this law which we possess, is unchanged, and that there is no law besides it. I believe, with perfect faith, that the Creator, blessed be his name, knows all thoughts. I believe, with perfect faith, in the coming of the Messiah; and although he delays, we expect him. I believe, with perfect faith, that the Creator, blessed be his name, recompenses good to him that keeps his commandments, and punishes him that transgresses his commandments."

The language in which this is written is a kind of *lingua franca*; as in the words "*emouna cumplida*," the first is Hebrew and the second Spanish, and so on of others. It is remarkable that Moses is called a *Rabbin*, which in fact means master; further, that the coming of the Messiah is still expected with perfect faith; and finally, that there is no mention of a future state, though it is affirmed that God recompenses those who keep his commandments, and punishes those that transgress them. It is to be presumed, therefore, that it means in this life, and inculcates only the doctrine of temporal rewards and punishments, which Bishop Warburton, in his "*Divine Legation of Moses*," affirms to have been strictly the doctrine of the Old Testament, though Archbishop Seeker, and others, have clearly proved the contrary.

From the British Magazine.

THE LATE DUELS.

THE law of honour established by the chivalry of feudal times, was the most detestable that ever warped the principles of man. It established as a rule, that certain classes were exempt from every other law, and the few who were distinguished by the accident of birth or rank, might violate any moral tie with impunity. The person of quality might be, and generally was, a gambler, an adulterer, and a duellist; and though he cheated, lied, seduced, and murdered, he was still a "man of honour," looked down with contempt on his more humble and more moral neighbours, and what was still more absurd and unaccountable, he was looked up to by the vassals below him, as to a being who dignified vice, by the very circumstance of his practising it.

It is one of the excellent symptoms of the march of mind in this country at the present day, that those opinions and usages, hallowed by the wisdom of our ancestors, are now seen in their proper light, and but one immutable rule of moral conduct is applied to the exalted and the humble. The barbarous, brutal, and selfish practices of the exclusive and chosen few, are no longer tolerated by one class, and are daily falling into disuse among the other. Even duelling, that last lingering distinction of men of honour, is greatly on the decline. The hacking of hangers, and the stabbing of small swords, which within the last fifty years were the common occurrence of our streets and public places, have been altogether laid aside; and pistolling, that boasted leveller of superiority, which puts every man on an equal-

ity in the power of murdering his friend, is fast shrinking away before the increasing influence of an enlightened public opinion. Formerly "sighs, and groans, and shrieks, were made not marked" in this way, but now the groans of a man wounded in a duel resound through the country, and every one hears and shudders at them.

It is to the French, however, that we are indebted for the first restraints imposed on duelling. The practice became so deadly and ferocious, that Louis XIV. found it necessary to pass some very severe edicts against it. In 1679 he established a tribunal, to which all offended persons should appeal against an injury or an insult, without incurring any shame or reproach; and if either party refused to appeal to or abide by its decrees, he was punished by imprisonment if he was arrested, and by confiscation of his goods if he escaped.

After the establishment of this court, any one who sent or accepted a challenge was debarred of all satisfaction from it, was imprisoned for two years; and if in a public employment, was suspended for three years. If the parties actually went to the field and fought, though neither was killed or wounded, they were both punished with death, and the confiscation of goods, with the exception of one-third to support their surviving families, and all domestics, or others, bearing the challenge, or abetting the duel, were sent to the galleys. To secure the execution of these laws, the king bound himself by a solemn oath, that he would not pardon any person convicted under them, and so at once cut off all hopes of mercy, by interdicting all application. These laws were executed with such rigid severity that, so late as 1779, a tremendous example was made by the parliament of Grenoble, of one of its own members. La Conseiller Duchelle killed an antagonist in a duel, under aggravated circumstances; he was condemned to be broken alive on the wheel, and his servant was branded with red hot iron, and sent to the galleys for life.

Though the laws of England are not so severe, they are sufficiently so to deter from the practice, if properly executed. If a man sends a challenge to another, the court of king's bench grants a criminal information against him, and he is punished by fine and imprisonment. If they meet and either party is killed, the surviving principal and seconds are guilty of *wilful murder*. If one endeavours to avoid killing or wounding his antagonist, but is so hard pressed that he is obliged to do so, in self-defence, he is nevertheless guilty of murder, as he came to the field with malice prepense for that purpose; even if he miss his antagonist and kill a bystander, against whom he had no malice, the law presumes him guilty, from the very fact of his going out with the murderous intent of killing somebody.* The law, therefore, empowers every jury to put a stop to the practice, if they will do their duty.

We have been led into these reflections by the event of two duels which have recently taken place, one in England and the other in

* Blackstone's Commentaries, Vol. IV. p. 199, &c.

Ireland, both of which terminated fatally. In the first, two men of honour, a Mr. Clayton, a private gentleman, and a Mr. Lambrecht, a military gentleman, who had been just before on terms of intimacy, fell out at Wood's hotel, in Panton Square, about some trifle which we do not recollect, even if it was worth recording. A challenge ensued, and the parties met behind Battersea House, where Lambrecht killed Clayton. It is highly creditable to the constituted authorities that the slaughter, though dignified by the prostituted name of a *fair* duel, was not suffered to pass with impunity. A prosecution was immediately commenced against the surviving parties; the culprits stood at the bar of justice, as other felons charged with the crime of murder, and the affair was sifted with a most rigid and laudable severity. Circumstances appeared in favour of Lambrecht, who did not seem to be a sanguinary man. He had even offered an apology for the offensive words which caused the duel, but it would not be received unless it was given in writing; this he declined to do, and so the murder ensued. The jury, notwithstanding, seemed greatly disposed to bring him in guilty, and at once put a stop to the practice and influence of the laws of honour, by the wholesome exercise of the laws of the country and the public punishment of the offenders. He was, however, acquitted; but the conduct of the court, and his narrow escape from an ignominious execution, have left a salutary warning. The judge charged, "that if they were satisfied that the bullet which caused Clayton's death came from the pistol of the prisoner Lambrecht, and that he was on the ground for that purpose, then he was guilty of murder;" the jury hesitated for three hours and a half before they could agree not to bring him in guilty and consign him to a scaffold, and it was only by the perseverance of one man, that the rest were persuaded or rather forced to acquit him. It is now, however, established and well known, how a jury of determined and conscientious citizens are hereafter disposed to treat those persons of honour, who wantonly violate the laws of God and man.

The case in Ireland is of a still more atrocious and revolting character. Duelling had been formerly the opprobrium and stain of this land, whose inhabitants, quick, sensitive, and irritable, were continually coming into collision for some imaginary offence, which it was thought mean and spiritless to explain by either party, till one had killed, or endeavoured to kill, the other. So common, indeed, had it become, that it was the ladder of preferment by which young men rose in their professions, and almost the amusement of every class of society who pretended to the rank of gentlemen. Not only every fox-hunt, county ball, and convivial meeting, but every assizes, election, and sessions of parliament, was a continued period of personal encounters. But by far the most intolerable evil, because it came home to the business and bosom of every man, was a set of exclusives who called themselves "Bucks," and who generally were, or had been, military men. These persons frequented all public places, and held it a point of honour to

attack each other, wherever they met, with small swords, like game cocks armed with steel spurs, and every coffee-house, theatre, square, or street, was a scene of their murderous encounters. It is a well-known fact, that they have ordered at a tavern pistols for two and breakfast for one, and the survivor coolly returned to take his meal, leaving his companion weltering in his blood at the back of the house. Had this even been confined to themselves, the community could well tolerate the mutual destruction of such a pestilent race; but,

"These powdered fops, of new commissions
vain,
Who slept on thorns till they had killed their
man,"

delighted in insulting and murdering the peaceable and well disposed. They literally "provoked a brawl, and stabbed you for a jest." They walked about with long trains to their gowns, and the persons who accidentally trod on them were immediately attacked and run through the body for their presumption."

The first check given to the practices of these persons of quality, was by the execution of George Robert Fitzgerald. This man, of a distinguished rank and family in Ireland, had been the most expert and noted duellist of his day, and after perpetrating sundry outrages in this way with impunity, he basely waylaid and murdered some persons with whom he had a dispute. Nothing could mark more strongly the deplorable state of public opinion in Ireland at the time, than the difficulty found in bringing to condign punishment this malefactor. He was at length, however, tried, convicted, and executed, to the terror of his caste and the comfort of all good and peaceable men. His execution was followed up by that of a gentleman of the name of Keon, who was convicted on the simple circumstance of killing another in a duel. Some unfair practice was alleged and proved; and he, too, not less to the astonishment than the warning of his associates, was hanged in the front of Newgate, in Dublin, like any other felon. But the person to whom the public in Ireland are more indebted, perhaps, than any other, for putting a stop to the atrocious practice is Judge Mayne. He was a man of strict religious principles, and was considered as belonging to a sect of Methodists; he therefore set his face against duelling in any form, not less from a sense of what he owed to the laws of God than of man. He attacked the practice in its strong hold, and where at the time it was considered a stain on any gentleman, of a certain age, not to have gone out to the field with some antagonist. At the assizes of Galway a case of *fair* duelling, as it was called, came before him, and instead of dismissing it in the usual way, he charged the jury with such a solemn determination, that for the first time in that part of Ireland the simple act of duelling was pronounced a capital crime, and the man found

"Instances of the above kind are in the recollection of thousands now living; while people still shudder at the names of "Buck English," "Buck Whaley," "Buck Sheehan," &c.

guilty narrowly escaped an ignominious execution. From that period the practice happily fell into disuse, even in Connaught. When a man received a challenge, he had the courage to decline it, and, in return, to file a criminal information against the challenger; and at one assizes thirteen informations of this kind came to be tried, which a few years before would have probably terminated in so many murders.

But a recent affair in Dublin, by military "Bucks" of the above description, seems likely to revive the former practices, if not met and visited by the severest punishment which the law can inflict. A gentleman of the name of O'Grady, a barrister, and holding a legal situation in one of the courts, was quietly riding along Nassau street, when two officers in a cabriolet, named Smith and Markham, drove furiously against him, and forced him up against the wall of the college park. In endeavouring to protect himself he leaned forward, with his whip hand on the top of the calash, and called out to the drivers to take care what they were about. When extricated from his embarrassing situation he quietly rode on, and seemed to think no more of the matter. One of the military men, Captain Smith, immediately leaped out of the cab; and as he was evidently the aggressor, it was natural to suppose that, impelled by the feelings of a man and a gentleman, he was proceeding to apologise for an unintentional injury; but when he came up to Mr. O'Grady, instead of so doing, he furiously attacked him behind with his whip, and continued to strike him with such force, that a bystander supposed he was flogging a restive horse. And it further appeared by the communications of Captain Markham, his brother officer, that even after this most wanton and unjustifiable assault, he intended to send him a challenge to fight a duel. It is deeply to be regretted that Mr. O'Grady, being a barrister, and so bound by a stricter rule not to act illegally, should have preferred the laws of honour to the laws of his country. Unfortunately, public opinion in Ireland is not even yet sufficiently enlightened, to encourage a young man to seek for redress for such a gross personal assault by a tedious legal process, so a meeting was arranged by one of his friends. Even then, however, it is but justice to his memory to say, that he appeared willing to receive a proper apology for the outrage; but no compromise was, it seems, listened to, and no alternative was left but the pistol; he therefore met his antagonist in the field. Here it would reasonably be imagined, that having already inflicted a severe bodily injury, the officer, whatever might have been his first excitement, had now time for cool reflection, and could have no wish to endanger the life of his opponent; but it appears from the testimony of the dying man, that he took so deliberate an aim, that his pistol covered his body for some time before his own arm was raised, and that he was so impatient to discharge it that he did not wait for the signal agreed on, and his ball passed through the side of Mr. O'Grady, who fell in great agony. Even then it is not stated that he showed a regard for any object but his own personal safety: he

made no effort to raise or assist the fallen man, but instantly leaped a ditch, got on a jaunting car, and disappeared. It is said further, that he proceeded with all despatch from Dublin to London, and from there to France, where he is now supposed to be.

We are utterly ignorant of both parties in this affair, and as Englishmen cannot be biassed in our opinions either by prejudice or partiality; our information is taken from the evidence sworn before the coroner's jury. On that only we found our opinion, and that, we are free to own, is, that the crime in the eye of God and the law is *willful murder*. We do not mean to censure those who have thought differently, though we know the verdict of manslaughter is considered neither according to evidence or law; but such encounters in Ireland are unfortunately still looked upon with a lenity and a bias, which we ardently hope has passed away in England for ever. The coroner's decision, however, lays no restraint on that of a subsequent jury, before whom it is earnestly to be wished that the horrid affair, as it now stands, may be fully investigated. It was certainly the dying request of Mr. O'Grady, that no prosecution should ensue; but surely it is the imperative duty of his near relative, holding the highest situation on the Irish bench, to investigate such a transaction, and not to suffer the obligations of public justice to yield to any private considerations. In the mean time, the Duke of Wellington, from a proper regard to the credit of the army, has directed a military inquiry to be made into an act which has excited loud and universal reprobation. Copies of the depositions before the coroner have been sent over to the war office, and the brutal affair will be here at least investigated.

Whatever the final result, with respect to this homicide, we can readily enter into the feelings of his dying victim, "that he would not exchange situations with him for a thousand worlds." He may escape the extreme penalty of law, but he cannot escape the severer pains, which conscience and public opinion will pass upon him. Already has one of these duellists felt this, by a visitation of God more awful, perhaps, than any that has taken place since Cain was branded as a murderer, and became a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth. On Friday, the 9th of April, a man of a haggard aspect, squallid, neglected, and worn down by anxiety and want, appeared at the police office, letter M, and applied to the inspector for some relief. He stated himself to be Lieutenant Lambrecht, the acquitted culprit. The current of public opinion had set so strong against him, that after endeavouring to bear up against it, he was at length forced to yield and shrink from before it. He was abandoned and cast off, he said, by all his friends; no one would receive or countenance him; and after enduring the extremes of want and misery, continually aggravated by the compunctious visitings of conscience, he was driven, as a last refuge, to that very office of justice, which he had formerly attempted to elude and escape from. The inspector humanely suffered the wretched man to repose in the police house, the only asylum which he

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could now find open to him, and then gave him some relief, and procured for him a bed on which he might lay his aching head.

We have not since heard what became of him; but we willingly hold up his case as a matter of public instruction. We do not exult in his sufferings—God forbid!—but we trust and hope that public opinion on this point will daily and hourly strengthen; that every duellist will from henceforth be looked upon as a man “whose brother’s blood crieth from the ground;” and however he may escape the axe of human law, and the great law of God, “that whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed;” yet that he will be shunned and shuddered at by society as an actual and wilful murderer.

From the Edinburgh Review.

MR. GODWIN.*

WE find little of the author of Caleb Williams in the present work, except the name in the title page. Either we are changed, or Mr. Godwin is changed, since he wrote that masterly performance. We remember the first time of reading it well, though now long ago. In addition to the singularity and surprise occasioned by seeing a romance written by a philosopher and politician, what a quickening of the pulse,—what an interest in the progress of the story,—what an eager curiosity in divining the future,—what an individuality and contrast in the characters,—what an elevation and what a fall was that of Falkland;—how we felt for his blighted hopes, his remorse, and despair, and took part with Caleb Williams as his ordinary and unformed sentiments are brought out, and rendered more and more acute by the force of circumstances, till hurried on by an increasing and uncontrollable impulse, he turns upon his proud benefactor and unrelenting persecutor, and in a mortal struggle, overthrows him on the vantage-ground of humanity and justice! There is not a moment’s pause in the action or sentiments: the breath is suspended, the faculties wound up to the highest pitch, as we read. Page after page is greedily devoured. There is no laying down the book till we come to the end; and even then the words still ring in our ears, nor do the mental apparitions ever pass away from the memory. Few books have made a greater impression than Caleb Williams on its first appearance. It was read, admired, parodied, dramatised. All parties joined in its praise. Those (not a few) who at the time favoured Mr. Godwin’s political principles, hailed it as a new triumph of his powers, and as a proof that the stoicism of the doctrines he inculcated did not arise from any defect of warmth or enthusiasm of feeling, and that his abstract speculations were grounded in, and sanctioned by, an intimate knowledge of, and rare felicity in, developing the actual vicissitudes of human life. On the other hand, his

enemies, or those who looked with a mixture of dislike and fear at the system of ethics advanced in the *Enquiry concerning Political Justice*, were disposed to forgive the author’s paradoxes for the truth of imitation with which he had depicted prevailing passions, and were glad to have something in which they could sympathize with a man of no mean capacity or attainments. At any rate, it was a new and startling event in literary history for a metaphysician to write a popular romance. The thing took, as all displays of unforeseen talent do with the public. Mr. Godwin was thought a man of very powerful and versatile genius; and in him the understanding and the imagination reflected a mutual and dazzling light upon each other. His *St. Leon* did not lessen the wonder, nor the public admiration of him, or rather “seemed like another morn risen on mid-noon.” But from that time he has done nothing of superlative merit. He has imitated himself, and not well. He has changed the glittering spear, which always detected truth or novelty, for a leaden foil. We cannot say of his last work (*Cloudesley*),—“Even in his ashes live his wonted fires.” The story is cast indeed something in the same moulds as Caleb Williams; but they are not filled and running over with molten passion, or with scalding tears. The situations and characters, though forced and extreme, are without effect from the want of juxtaposition and collision. *Cloudesley* (the elder) is like Caleb Williams, a person of low origin, and rebels against his patron and employer; but he remains a characterless, passive, inefficient agent to the last,—forming his plans and resolutions at a distance,—not whirled from expedient to expedient, nor driven from one sleepless hiding-place to another; and his lordly and conscience stricken accomplice (*Danvers*) keeps his state in like manner, brooding over his guilt and remorse in solitude, with scarce an object or effort to vary the round of his reflections,—a lengthened paraphrase of grief. The only dramatic incidents in the course of the narrative are, the sudden metamorphosis of the Florentine Count Camaldoli into the robber *St. Elmo*, and the unexpected and opportune arrival of Lord *Danvers* in person, with a coach and four and liveries, at Naples, just in time to save his ill treated nephew from a violent death. The rest is a well written essay, or theme, composed as an exercise to gain a mastery of style and topics.

There is indeed no falling off in point of style or command of language in the work before us. *Cloudesley* is better written than Caleb Williams. The expression is every where terse, vigorous, elegant:—a polished mirror without a wrinkle. But the spirit of the execution is lost in the inertness of the subject-matter. There is a dearth of invention, a want of character and grouping. There are clouds of reflections without any new occasion to call them forth;—an expanded flow of words without a single pointed remark. A want of acuteness and originality is not a fault that is generally chargeable upon our author’s writings. Nor do we lay the blame upon him now, but upon circumstances. Had Mr. Godwin been bred a monk, and lived in the good

* *Cloudesley*: a Tale. By the Author of Caleb Williams. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1830.

old times, he would assuredly either have been burnt as a free thinker, or have been rewarded with a mitre, for a tenth part of the learning and talent he has displayed. He might have reposed on a rich benefice, and the reputation he had earned, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*, or at most relieving his official cares by revising successive editions of his former productions, and enshrining them in cases of sandal-wood and crimson velvet in some cloistered hall or princely library. He might then have courted

—"retired leisure,
That in trim gardens takes its pleasure,"—

have seen his peaches ripen in the sun; and, smiling secure on fortune and on fame, have repeated with complacency the motto—*Horas non numero nisi serenas!* But an author by profession knows nothing of all this. His is only "the iron rod, the torturing hour." He lies "stretched upon the rack of restless ecstasy;" he runs the everlasting gauntlet of public opinion. He must write on, and if he had the strength of Hercules and the wit of Mercury, he must in the end write himself down:

"And like a gallant horse, fallen in first rank,
Lies there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on."

He cannot let well done alone. He cannot take his stand on what he has already achieved, and say, Let it be a durable monument to me and mine, and a covenant between me and the world for ever! He is called upon for perpetual new exertions, and urged forward by ever-craving necessities. The wolf must be kept from the door: the printer's devil must not go empty-handed away. He makes a second attempt, and though equal perhaps to the first, because it does not excite the same surprise, it falls tame and flat on the public mind. If he pursues the real bent of his genius, he is thought to grow dull and monotonous; or if he varies his style, and tries to cater for the capricious appetite of the town, he either escapes by miracle, or breaks down that way, amidst the shout of the multitude and the condolence of friends, to see the idol of the moment pushed from its pedestal, and reduced to its proper level. There is only one living writer who can pass through this ordeal; and if he had barely written half what he has done, his reputation would have been none the less. His inexhaustible facility makes the willing world believe there is not much in it. Still, there is no alternative. Popularity, like one of the Danaides, imposes impossible tasks on her votary,—to pour water into sieves, to reap the wind. If he does nothing, he is forgotten; if he attempts more than he can perform, he gets laughed at for his pains. He is impelled by circumstances to fresh sacrifices of time, of labour, and of self-respect; parts with well-earned fame for a newspaper puff, and sells his birth-right for a mess of pottage. In the meanwhile, the public wonder why an author writes so badly and so much. With all his efforts, he builds no house, leaves no inheritance, lives from hand to mouth, and, though condemned to daily drudgery for a

precarious subsistence, is expected to produce none but works of first-rate genius. No; learning unconcentrated, unincorporated, unendowed, is no match for the importunate demands and thoughtless ingratitude of the reading public.

—"Oh let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was!
To have done, is to hang,
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery;—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things
past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted."

If we wished to please Mr. Godwin, we should say that his last work was his best; but we cannot do this in justice to him or to ourselves. Its greatest fault is, that (as Mr. Bayes would have declared) there is nothing "to elevate and surprise" in it. There is a story, to be sure, but you know it all beforehand, just as well as after having read the book. It is like those long straight roads that travellers complain of on the continent, where you see from one end of your day's journey to the other, and carry the same prospect with you, like a map in your hand, the whole way. Mr. Godwin has laid no ambuscade for the unwary reader—no picturesque group greets the eye as you pass on—no sudden turn at an angle places you on the giddy verge of a precipice. Nevertheless, our author's courage never flags. Mr. Godwin is an eminent rhetorician; and he shows it in this, that he expatiates, discusses, amplifies, with equal fervour, and unabated ingenuity, on the merest accidents of the way-side, or common-places of human life. Thus, for instance, if a youth of eleven or twelve years of age is introduced upon the carpet, the author sets himself to show, with a laudable candour and communicativeness, what the peculiar features of that period of life are, and "takes an inventory" of all the particulars,—such as sparkling eyes, roses in the cheeks, a smooth forehead, flaxen locks, elasticity of limb, lively animal spirits, and all the flush of hope,—as if he were describing a novelty, or some *terra incognita*, to the reader. In like manner, when a young man of twenty is confined in a dungeon as belonging to a gang of banditti, and going to be hanged, great pains are taken through three or four pages to convince us, that at that period of life this is no very agreeable prospect; that the feelings of youth are more acute and sanguine than those of age; that, therefore, we are to take a due and proportionate interest in the tender years and blighted hopes of the younger Cloudeley; and that if any means could be found to rescue him from his present perilous situation, it would be a great relief, not only to him, but to all humane and compassionate persons. Every man's strength is his weakness, and turns in some way or other against himself. Mr. Godwin has been so long accustomed to trust to his own powers, and to draw upon his own resources, that he comes at length to imagine that he can build

a palace of words upon nothing. When he lavished the colours of style, and the exuberant strength of his fancy on descriptions like those of the character of Margaret, the wife of St. Leon, or of his musings in the dungeon of Bethlem Gabor, or of his enthusiasm on discovering the philosopher's stone, and being restored to youth and the plenitude of joy by drinking the *Elixir Vitæ*;—or when he recounts the long and lasting despair which succeeded that utter separation from his kind, and that deep solitude which followed him into crowds and cities,—deeper and more appalling than the dungeon of Bethlem Gabor,—we were never weary of being borne along by the golden tide of eloquence, supplied from the true sources of passion and feeling. But when he bestows the same elaboration of phrases, and artificial arrangement of sentences, to set off the most trite and obvious truisms, we confess it has to us a striking effect of the *bathos*. Lest, however, we should be thought to have overcharged or given a false turn to this description, we will enable our readers to judge for themselves, by giving the passage to which we have just alluded, as a specimen of this overstrained and supererogatory style.

—"The condition in which he was now placed could not fail to have a memorable effect on the mind of Julian. Shut up in a solitary dungeon, without exercise or amusement, he had nothing upon which to occupy his thoughts but the image of his own situation. He had hitherto lived, particularly during the last twelve months, in a dream. He grieved most bitterly, most persistently, for the death of Cloudesley (the elder). He had been instigated by his grief to seek the society of the companions he had left in the Apennines. He did not desire any new connexions; he would have shrunk from the encounter of new faces.

"All this was well. But the case was different, when he understood from the language and manner of those who had him in custody, the only persons he saw, that he would probably barely be taken out of prison to be led to the scaffold. This was a kind of shock greatly calculated to awaken a man out of a dream. Julian was young, and had seen little of the diversified scenes of human life. Existence is a thing that is regarded in a very different light by the young and the old. The springs of human nature are of a limited sort, and lie in a narrow compass; and when we grow old, our desires are declining, our faculties have lost their sharpness, and we are reasonably contented "to close our eyes and shut out daylight." But to the young it is a very different thing, particularly perhaps at twenty years of age. We are just come into the possession of all our faculties, and begin fully to be aware of our own independence. Every thing is new to us; and the larger half at least of what is new, is also agreeable. Pleasure spreads before us all its allurements; knowledge unrolls its ample page. We have every thing to learn, and every thing to enjoy. Ambition proffers its variegated visions; and we are at a loss on which side to fix our choice. It is easy to dally with death. The young man is like the coquette of the other sex: She has little objec-

tion to trifling with a displeasing and superannuated lover, so long as she is satisfied she is not within his clutches.

"But all these considerations sink into nothing when contrasted with the horrible death that was prepared for him. Julian had hitherto been a stranger to adversity and pain. The path of his juvenile years had been smoothed to him by the exemplary cares of Cloudesley and Eudocia. To his own apprehension he was the favourite of fortune. All that he had read of tragic and disastrous in the annals of mankind, seemed like a drama, prepared to make him wise by the sorrows of others, without costing him a particle of the bitter price of experience. All that he had encountered of displeasing was when he was the inmate of Borromeo; and this, though felt by him as intolerable, he was aware had been planned in a spirit of kindness. How terrible, therefore, was the reverse that had now fallen upon him! That he, who had never contemplated the slightest mischief to a human creature, whose life had been all kindness, and beneficence, and good-humour, should suddenly be treated as the vilest of criminals, shut up in a dungeon, and destined to the scaffold, was a thought that overturned all his previous conceptions of human society and life. It filled him with wildness and horror; it drove him to frenzy. From time to time he was ready to burst into paroxysm, and dash out his desperate brains against the bars of his prison. To exchange the most beautiful scene that Paradise ever exhibited, for utter desolation and tremendous hurricane, that should tear up rocks from their foundations, and overwhelm the produce of the earth with rushing and uncontrollable waves, would feebly express the revolution that took place in his mind. He repented that he had ever again sought the society of these alluring but pernicious friends."—Vol. III. p. 288.

Was so much circumlocution necessary to prove that it is a disagreeable thing to be shut up in a prison, and led out to the gallows? This is the style of the *orator*, where the whole object is to turn a plain moral adage in as many different ways as possible, and not that of a romance-writer, who has, or ought to have, too many rare and surprising adventures on his hands, to stoop to this trifling, snail-paced method. According to the foregoing studied description, it should seem, that for a man to feel shocked at being immured in a gaol, or broke on the wheel, is "a pass of wit." When the author has conjured up all the aggravations of the particular case, and compared it to the nicest shade of difference with his former or his future possible history, he then feels satisfied that his hero would like it little better than he does, and inflicts a tardy horror and repentance on him. With submission, this may be the scholastic or rational process for exciting pity and terror; nature takes a shorter cut, and jumps at a conclusion without all this formality and cool calculation of grains and scruples in the scale of misfortune.

We have a graver charge yet to bring against Mr. Godwin on the score of style, than that it leads him into useless amplification:

from his desire to load and give effect to his descriptions, he runs different characters and feelings into one another. By not stopping short of excess and hyperbole, he loses the line of distinction, and "o'ersteps the modesty of nature." All his characters are patterns of vice or virtue. They are carried to extremes,—they are abstractions of wo, miracles of wit and gaiety,—gifted with every grace and accomplishment that can be enumerated in the same page; and they are not only prodigies in themselves, but destined to immortal renown, though we have never heard of their names before. This is not like a veteran in the art, but like the raptures of some boarding-school girl in love with every new face or dress she sees. It is difficult to say which is the most extraordinary genius,—the improvisatori Bernardino Perletti, or his nephew, Francesco, or young Julian. Mr. Godwin still sees with "eyes of youth." Irene is a Greek, the model of beauty and of conjugal faith. Eudocia, her maid, who marries the elder Cloudesley, is a Greek too, and nearly as handsome and as exemplary in her conduct. Again, on the same principle, the account of Irene's devotion to her father and her husband, is by no means clearly discriminated. The spiritual feeling is exaggerated till it is confounded with the passionate; and the passionate is spiritualized in the same incontinence of tropes and figures, till it loses its distinctive character. Each sentiment, by being over-done, is neutralized into a sort of platonic. It is obvious to remark, that the novel of Cloudesley has no hero, no principal figure. The attention is divided, and wavers between Meadows, who is a candidate for the reader's sympathy through the first half volume, and whose affairs and love adventures at St. Petersburg are huddled up in haste, and broke off in the middle; Lord Danvers, who is the guilty sufferer; Cloudesley, his sullen, dilatory Mentor; and Julian, (the supposed offspring of Cloudesley, but real son of Lord Alton, and nephew of Lord Danvers,) who turns out the fortunate youth of the piece. The story is awkwardly told. Meadows begins it with an account of himself, and a topographical description of the Russian empire, which has nothing to do with the subject; and nearly through the remainder of the work, listens to a speech of Lord Danvers, recounting his own history and that of Julian, which lasts for six hundred pages without interruption or stop. It is the longest parenthesis in a narrative that ever was known. Meadows then emerges from his *incognito* once more, as if he had been hid behind a curtain, and gives the *coup-de-grace* to his own auto-biography, and the lingering sufferings of his patron. The plot is borrowed from a real event that took place concerning a disputed succession in the middle of the last century, and which gave birth not long after to a novel with the title of *Annesley*. We should like to meet with a copy of this work, in order to see how a writer of less genius would get to the end of his task, and carry the reader along with him without the aid of those subtle researches and lofty declamations with which Mr. Godwin has supplied the place of facts and circumstances. The published trial, we will hazard a conjec-

ture, has more "mark and likelihood" in it. This is the beauty of Sir Walter Scott; he takes a legend or an actual character as he finds it, while other writers think they have not performed their engagements and acquitted themselves with applause, till they have slobbered over the plain face of nature with paint and varnish of their own. They conceive that truth is a plagiarism, and *the thing as it happened* a forgery and imposition on the public. They stand right before their subject, and say, "Nay, but hear me first!" We know no other merit in the Author of *Waverley* than that he is never this opaque, obtrusive body, getting in the way and eclipsing the sun of truth and nature, which shines with broad universal light through his different works. If we were to describe the secret of this author's success in three words, we should say, that it consists in the *absence of egotism*.

Mr. Godwin, in his preface, remarks, that as Caleb Williams was intended as a paraphrase of "Blue Beard," the present work may be regarded as a paraphrase of the story of the "Children in the Wood." *Multum obulit imago*. He has at last contrived to take the sting of simplicity out of it. It is a very adroit, self-conscious set of substitutes he has given us for the two children, wandering hand in hand, the robin-redbreast, and their leafy bed. The grand eloquence, the epic march of Cloudesley, is beyond the ballad-style. In a word, the fault of this and some other of the author's productions is, that the critical and didactic part overlays the narrative and dramatic part: as we see in some editions of the poets, where there are two lines of original text, and the rest of the page is heavy with the lumber and pedantry of the commentators. The writer does not call characters from the dead, or conjure them from the regions of fancy, to paint their peculiar physiognomy, or tell us their story, so much as (like the anatomist) to dissect and demonstrate on the insertion of the bones, the springs of the muscles, and those understood principles of life and motion which are common to the species. Now, in a novel, we want the individual, and not the *genus*. The tale of Cloudesley is a dissertation on remorse. Besides, this truth of science is often a different thing from the truth of nature, which is modified by a thousand accidents, "subject to all the skyeey influences;"—not a mechanical principle, brooding over and working every thing out of itself. Nothing, therefore, gives so little appearance of a resemblance to reality as this abstract identity and violent continuity of purpose. Not to say that this cutting up and probing of the internal feelings and motives, without a reference to external objects, tends, like the operations of the anatomist, to give a morbid and unwholesome taint to the surrounding atmosphere.

Mr. Godwin's mind is, we conceive, essentially active, and therefore may naturally be expected to wear itself out sooner than those that are passive to external impressions, and receive continual new accessions to their stock of knowledge and acquirement:—

—“A fiery soul that working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd its tenement of clay.”

That some of this author's latter works are (in our judgment) comparatively feeble, is, therefore, no matter of surprise to us, and still less is it matter of reproach or triumph. We look upon it as a consequence incident to that constitution of mind and operation of the faculties. To quarrel with the author on this account, is to reject all that class of excellence of which he is the representative, and perhaps stands at the head. A writer who gives us *himself*, cannot do this twenty times following. He gives us the best and most prominent part of himself first; and afterwards "but the lees and dregs remain." If a writer takes patterns and *fac-similes* of external objects, he may give us twenty different works, each better than the other, though this is not likely to happen. Such a one makes use of the universe as his *common-place book*; and there is no end of the quantity or variety. The other sort of genius is his own microcosm, deriving almost all from within; and as this is different from every thing else, and is to be had at no other source, so it soon degenerates into a repetition of itself, and is confined within circumscribed limits. We do not rank ourselves in the number of "those base plebeians," as Don Quixote expresses it, "who cry, *long life to the conqueror!*" And, so far, the author is better off than the warrior, that "after a thousand victories once foiled," he does not remain in the hands of his enemies, "And all the rest forgot, for which he toil'd."

He is not judged of by his last performance, but his best,—that which is seen farthest off, and stands out with time and distance; and in this respect, Mr. Godwin may point to more than one monument of his powers of no mean height and durability. As we do not look upon books as fashions, and think that "a great man's memory may last more than half a year," we still look at our author's talents with the same respect as ever—on his industry and perseverance under some discouragements with more; and we shall try to explain as briefly and as impartially as we can, in what the peculiarity of his genius consists, and on what his claim to distinction is founded.

Mr. Godwin, we suspect, regards his *Political Justice* as his great work—his passport to immortality; or perhaps he balances between this and *Caleb Williams*. Now, it is something for a man to have two works of so opposite a kind about which he and his admirers can be at a loss to say, in which he has done best. We never heard his title to originality in either of these performances called in question: yet they are as distinct as to style and subject-matter, as if two different persons wrote them. No one in reading the philosophical treatise would suspect the embryo romance: those who personally know Mr. Godwin would as little anticipate either. The man differs from the author, at least as much as the author in this case apparently did from himself. It is as if a magician had produced some mighty feat of his art without warning. He is not deeply learned; nor is he much beholden to a knowledge of the world. He has no passion but a love of fame; or we may add to this another, the love of truth; for he has never

betrayed his cause, or swerved from his principles, to gratify a little temporary vanity. His senses are not acute: but it cannot be denied that he is a man of great capacity, and of uncommon genius. How is this seeming contradiction to be reconciled? Mr. Godwin is by way of distinction and emphasis an author; he is so not only by habit, but by nature, and by the whole turn of his mind. To make a book is with him the prime end and use of creation. His is the *schoastic* character handed down in its integrity to the present day. If he had cultivated a more extensive intercourse with the world, with nature, or even with books, he would not have been what he is—he could not have done what he has done. Mr. Godwin in society is nothing; but shut him up by himself, set him down to write a book,—it is then that the electric spark begins to unfold itself,—to expand, to kindle, to illumine, to melt, or shatter all in its way. With little knowledge of the subject, with little interest in it at first, he turns it slowly in his mind,—one suggestion gives rise to another,—he calls home, arranges, scrutinizes his thoughts; he bends his whole strength to his task; he seizes on some one view more striking than the rest, he holds it with a convulsive grasp,—he will not let it go; and this is the clew that conducts him triumphantly through the labyrinth of doubt and obscurity. Some leading truth, some master-passion, is the secret of his daring and his success, which he winds and turns at his pleasure, like Perseus his winged steed. An idea having once taken root in his mind, grows there like a germ: "at first no bigger than a mustard-seed,—then a great tree overshadowing the whole earth." The progress of his reflections resembles the circles that spread from a centre when a stone is thrown into the water. Every thing is enlarged, heightened, refined. The blow is repeated, and each impression is made more intense than the last. Whatever strengthens the favourite conception is summoned to its aid: whatever weakens or interrupts it is scornfully discarded. All is the effect, not of feeling, not of fancy, not of intuition, but of one sole purpose, and of a determined will operating on a clear and consecutive understanding. His *Caleb Williams* is the illustration of a single passion, his *Political Justice* is the insisting on a single proposition or view of a subject. In both, there is the same pertinacity and unity of design, the same agglomeration of objects round a centre, the same aggrandizement of some one thing at the expense of every other, the same sagacity in discovering what makes for its purpose, and blindness to every thing but that. His genius is not dramatic; but it has something of an heroic cast: he gains new trophies in intellect, as the conqueror overruns new provinces and kingdoms, by patience and boldness; and he is great because he wills to be so.

We have said that Mr. Godwin has shown great versatility of talent in his different works. The works themselves have considerable monotony: and this must be the case, since they are all bottomed on nearly the same principle of an uniform *keeping* and strict totality of impression. We do not hold with the doctrines

or philosophy of the *Enquiry concerning Political Justice*; but we should be dishonest to deny that it is an ingenious and splendid—and we may also add, useful piece of sophistical declamation. If Mr. Godwin is not right, he has shown what is wrong in the view of morality he advocates, by carrying it to the utmost extent with unflinching spirit and ability.

Mr. Godwin was the first *whole-length* broacher of the doctrine of *Utility*. He took the whole duty of man—all other passions, affections, rules, weaknesses, oaths, gratitude, promises, friendship, natural piety, patriotism,—infused them in the glowing cauldron of universal benevolence, and ground them into powder under the unsparing weight of the convictions of the individual understanding. The entire and complicated mass and texture of human society and feeling was to pass through the furnace of this new philosophy, and to come out renovated and changed without a trace of its former Gothic ornaments, fantastic disproportions, embossing, or relief. It was as if an angel had descended from another sphere to promulgate a new code of morality; and who, clad in a panoply of light and truth, unconscious alike of the artificial strength and inherent weakness of man's nature,—supposing him to have nothing to do with the flesh, the world, or the Devil,—should lay down a set of laws and principles of action for him, as if he were a pure spirit. But such a mere abstracted intelligence would not require any rules or forms to guide his conduct or prompt his volitions. And this is the effect of Mr. Godwin's book—to absolve a rational and voluntary agent from all ties, but a conformity to the independent dictates and strict obligations of the understanding:—

“Within his bosom reigns another lord,
Reason, sole judge and umpire of itself.”

We own that if man were this pure, abstracted essence,—if he had no senses, passions, prejudices,—if custom, will, imagination, example, opinion, were nothing, and reason were *all in all*;—if the author, in a word, could establish as the foundation, what he assumes as the result of his system, namely, the omnipotence of mind over matter, and the triumph of truth over every warped and partial bias of the heart—then we see no objection to his scheme taking place, and no possibility of any other having ever been substituted for it. But this would imply that the mind's eye can see an object equally well whether it is near or a thousand miles off,—that we can take an interest in the people in the moon, or in ages yet unborn, as if they were our own flesh and blood,—that we can sympathize with a perfect stranger, as with our dearest friend, at a moment's notice,—that habit is not an ingredient in the growth of affection,—that no check need be provided against the strong bias of self love,—that we can achieve any art or accomplishment by a volition, master all knowledge with a thought; and that in this well disciplined intuition and faultless transparency of soul, we can take cognizance (without presumption and without mistake) of all causes and consequences,—establish an equal and impartial interest in the chain of created beings,

discard all petty feelings and minor claims,—throw down the obstructions and stumbling-blocks in the way of these grand cosmopolite views of disinterested philanthropy, and hold the balance even between ourselves and the universe. It were “a consummation devoutly to be wished;” and Mr. Godwin is not to be taxed with blame for having boldly and ardently aspired to it. We meet him on the ground, not of the desirable, but the practicable. It were better that a man were an angel or a god than what he is; but he can neither be one nor the other. Enclosed in the shell of self, he sees a little way beyond himself, and feels what concerns others still more slowly. To require him to attain the highest point of perfection, is to fling him back to grovel in the mire of sensuality and selfishness. He must get on by the use and management of the faculties which God has given him, and not by striking more than one half of these with the dead palsy. To refuse to avail ourselves of mixed motives and imperfect obligations, in a creature like man, whose “very name is frailty,” and who is a compound of contradictions, is to lose the substance in catching at the shadow. It is as if a man would be enabled to fly by cutting off his legs. If we are not allowed to love our neighbour better than a stranger, that is, if habit and sympathy are to make no part of our affections, the consequence will be, not that we shall love a stranger more, but that we shall love our neighbour less, and care about nobody but ourselves. These partial and personal attachments are “the scale by which we ascend” to sentiments of general philanthropy. Are we to act upon pure speculation, without knowing the circumstances of the case, or even the parties?—for it would come to that. If we act from a knowledge of these, and bend all our thoughts and efforts to alleviate some immediate distress, are we to take no more interest in it than in a case of merely possible and contingent suffering? This is to put the known upon a level with the unknown, the real with the imaginary. It is to say that habit, sense, sympathy, are non-entities. It is a contradiction in terms. But if man were such a being as Mr. Godwin supposes, that is, a perfect intelligence, there would be no contradiction in it; for then he would have the same knowledge of whatever was possible, as of his gross and actual experience, and would feel the same interest in it, and act with the same energy and certainty upon a sheer hypothesis, as now upon a *matter-of-fact*. We can look at the clouds, but we cannot stand upon them. Mr. Godwin takes one element of the human mind, the *understanding*, and makes it the whole; and hence he falls into solecisms and extravagancies, the more striking and fatal in proportion to his own acuteness of reasoning, and honesty of intention. He has, however, the merit of having been the first to show up the abstract, or *Utilitarian*, system of morality in its fullest extent, whatever may have been pretended to the contrary; and those who wish to study the question, and not to take it for granted, cannot do better than refer to the first edition of the *Enquiry concerning Political Justice*; for afterwards Mr. Godwin, out of complaisance to the public, qualified,

and in some degree neutralized, his own doctrines.

"Our author, not contented with his ethical honours, (for no work of the kind could produce a stronger sensation, or gain more converts than this did at the time,) determined to enter upon a new career, and fling him into the arena once more; thus challenging public opinion with singular magnanimity and confidence in himself. He did not stand "shivering on the brink" of his just acquired reputation, and fear to tempt the perilous stream of popular favour again. The success of Caleb Williams justified the experiment. There was the same hardihood and gallantry of appeal in both. In the former case, the author had screwed himself up to the most rigid logic; in the latter, he gave unbounded scope to the suggestions of fancy. It cannot be denied that Mr. Godwin is, in the pugilistic phrase, an *out-and-outer*. He does not stop till he "reaches the verge of all we hate:" is it to be wondered if he sometimes falls over? He certainly did not do this in Caleb Williams or St. Leon. Both were eminently successful; and both, as we conceive, treated of subjects congenial to Mr. Godwin's mind. The one, in the character of Falkland, embodies that love of fame and passionate respect for intellectual excellence, which is a cherished inmate of the author's bosom; (the desire of undying renown breathes through every page and line of the story, and sheds its lurid light over the close, as it has been said that the genius of war blazes through the Iliad;—in the hero of the other, St. Leon, Mr. Godwin has depicted, as well he might, the feelings and habits of a solitary recluse, placed in new and imaginary situations: but from the philosophical to the romantic visionary, there was perhaps but one step. We give the decided preference to Caleb Williams over St. Leon; but if it is more original and interesting, the other is more imposing and eloquent. In the suffering and dying Falkland, we feel the heart-strings of our human being break; in the other work, we are transported to a state of fabulous existence, but unfolded with ample and gorgeous circumstances. The palm-tree waves over the untrodden path of luxuriant fiction; we tread with tip-toe elevation and throbbing heart the high hill-tops of boundless existence; and the dawn of hope and renovated life makes strange music in our breast, like the strings of Memnon's harp, touched by the morning's sun. After these two works, he fell off; he could not sustain himself at that height by the force of genius alone, and Mr. Godwin has unfortunately no resources but his genius. He has no Edie Ochiltree at his elbow. His *New Man of Feeling* we forget; though we well remember the old one by our Scottish Addison, Mackenzie. Mandeville, which followed, is morbid and disagreeable; it is a description of a man and his ill-humour, carried to a degree of derangement. The reader is left far behind. Mr. Godwin has attempted two plays, neither of which has succeeded, nor could succeed. If a tragedy consisted of a series of soliloquies, nobody could write it better than our author. But the essence of the drama depends on the alternation and conflict of different passions,

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and Mr. Godwin's forte is harping on the same string. He is a reformist, both as it regards the world and himself. If he is told of a fault, he amends it if he can. His *Life of Chaucer* was objected to as too romantic and dashing; and in his late *History of the Commonwealth*, he has gone into an excess the other way. His style creeps, and hitches in dates and authorities. We must not omit his *Lives of Edward and John Phillips*, the nephews of Milton—an interesting contribution to literary history; and his *Observations on Judge Eyre's Charge to the Jury in 1794*,—one of the most acute and seasonable political pamphlets that ever appeared. He some years ago wrote an *Essay on Sepulchres*, which contained an idle project enough, but was enriched with some beautiful reflections on old and new countries, and on the memorials of posthumous fame. It is a singular circumstance that our author should maintain for twenty years, that Mr. Malthus's theory (in opposition to his own) was unanswerable, and then write an answer to it, which did not much mend the matter. It is worth knowing (in order to trace the history and progress of the intellectual character) that the author of *Political Justice* and *Caleb Williams* commenced his career as a dissenting clergyman; and the book-stalls sometimes present a volume of *Sermons* by him, and we believe, an *English Grammar*.

We cannot tell whether Mr. Godwin will have reason to be pleased with our opinion of him; at least, he may depend on our sincerity, and will know what it is.

From the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*.

EGYPT.

FROM A COURSE OF LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE NATURAL SCIENCES, BY BARON CUVIER.

(Continued from p. 76.)

EGYPT presented circumstances highly favourable to the development of the sciences, of which it had received from India only an imperfect germ. From the extreme fertility of its territory, the inhabitants had abundant leisure to devote to study, and being condemned to inactivity during the time the river kept them pent up in their towns, they could not fail to be inclined to meditation.

The inundation itself, by giving the Egyptians wants unknown to other nations, induced an activity of mind, and led them to a multitude of useful discoveries. The necessity of retracing the boundaries of properties, after the river had retired into its bed, led them to invent surveying, and the desire of facilitating the flowing off of the waters, taught them the art of digging canals. They seem to have paid early attention to the study of the celestial phenomena, which alone could afford them the means of foreseeing the motions of the Nile; and as the extreme purity of the atmosphere was favourable to this study, they made more progress in astronomy than any other nation.

The Egyptians made great progress in ar-
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chitecture also, for having been induced by circumstances, of which we shall presently speak, to employ a great portion of their riches in building, they had excellent materials in abundance, which the river permitted them to transport with ease.

Religion was not in Egypt, as it was in India, an obstacle to the progress of the natural sciences. On the contrary, it imposed in some measure an obligation to cultivate them; and, in fact, not only did it borrow many of its emblems from the animal kingdom, but it also necessarily excited attention to all those animals which it had pronounced to be sacred.

This part of the Egyptian religion did not come from India, but originated in Ethiopia. It is probable that the Ethiopians, before the arrival of the Indian colony, had been addicted to fetishism, as are in general all the tribes of the negro race, and that they would not adopt the new religion without mingling with it a part of their old superstitions. But in whatever manner this religion was established, it is certain the priest attached at least one animal to each divinity. The hawk was consecrated to Osiris, the ibis or the cow to Isis, the crocodile to Saturn. In each of the temples in which these divinities were worshipped, there were brought up several of the animals which were dedicated to them, and which themselves in some measure shared in the divine honours paid to their patrons. There were thus afforded constant opportunities of observing their external forms and their habits. There were even occasions of observing their internal structure, as it was customary to embalm them after death.

In Egypt the same horror toward dead bodies was not entertained as in India; not only were the bodies of sacred animals embalmed, but those of men also. Now, this practice could not fail to give those who were charged with it a knowledge of the form and position of the organs. It was undoubtedly in Egypt that anatomy originated; it was to that country that the Greeks resorted to study it; and thither Galen made a journey expressly for the purpose of seeing the representation in bronze of a human skeleton.

This much in respect to the observations on animals; as to minerals, they in some measure presented themselves to observation, being in Egypt not deeply buried, as in most other countries. They were known not only by their external characters, but also by what we at the present day call their chemical characters; and we may here remark, that the name Chemistry itself comes from the word *chim*, which was the ancient name of Egypt. As to what was afterwards called the Egyptian science, the Hermetic art, the art of transmuting metals, it was a mere reverie of the middle ages, utterly unknown to antiquity. The pretended books of Hermes are evidently supposititious, and were written by the Greeks of the lower Empire.

All the books of the Egyptians are lost; and thus, in pursuing the history of the sciences among them, we have perhaps fewer resources than in tracing it among the Indians. There remains a catalogue of the sacred books of Hermes, which Clement of Alexandria has

preserved in the sixth book of his *Stromata*. The books of Hermes were held in great veneration in Egypt. They were carried in procession in the religious solemnities, and every priest was obliged to have by heart at least the part which related to the attributes of his order. These books treated of religion, the arts, medicine, and several other sciences; but it is remarkable that they did not speak of history, whence it would appear, that the Egyptian priests had the same repugnance as the Brahmins to preserve by writing the remembrance of the events of which their country had been the theatre. We have therefore no annals of Egypt; but we have several lists of their kings preserved by Eusebius and other writers. These lists do not agree well together. They may, however, be useful for being consulted, provided the cause be not forgotten which probably introduced into them the confusion they exhibit; for it would appear, that in ancient times Egypt was divided into independent states. The names of the sovereigns of all these small kingdoms have been handed down to us; but, instead of presenting them in linear series, the writers have placed them in the same line, as if there had been a regular succession. This mistake has greatly contributed to mislead several modern writers, and to induce them to refer to a very remote epoch the origin of the Egyptian nation.

The conquest of the shepherd kings abolished all the little principalities, and subjected Egypt to a single domination. After the expulsion of the conquerors, the victorious dynasty became in its turn sole master, and thenceforward the union became definitive. It was by this union that the Egyptian nation became really powerful, and it was after this period alone, that it could undertake great works. The recent discoveries of M. Champollion have afforded us an undeniable proof of this. Having found means of reading the names of the sovereigns inscribed in hieroglyphic characters upon the monuments, he has found none anterior to the seventeenth and eighteenth dynasties, that is, to those which expelled the nomadic conquerors; and it is probable that most of the edifices which bear the names of these princes, and which appear to have been raised in honour of them, were not built until long after their death.

As, in the deficiency of books, we rest our hopes of obtaining some documents upon the monuments, it is of importance to determine their age, at least in a relative manner. This may be done by comparing the style of their architecture, which, simple and rude in the more ancient times, acquires elegance as we approach those more modern.

The pyramids, which, however ostentatious, evidently belong to the infancy of art, are certainly anterior to the columnar edifices, and those possessed of elegant proportions. Now, these pyramids, even by Manetho's account, were not built until after the reign of Sesotris, the vanquisher of the shepherds. This much is certain, that they did not exist at the time of the Jewish migration, for the Scriptures make no mention of them. It would even seem that, at this period, the Egyptians used brick in their public buildings, as they

employed the Jews in manufacturing them in enormous quantities. Nor did the pyramids exist at the time of the migration of Cecrops and Danaus, as the Greeks never imitated their form. The first allusion to the splendid edifices of Egypt occurs in Homer, who speaks of the hundred-gated Thebes, and who, without doubt, by this expression meant the gigantic propylæi placed in the front of temples, of which that city, in fact, contained a great number.

Most of the edifices which we know must have been built from the year 1000 before Christ to the year 550, the epoch of the invasion of the Persians. In fact, this was the period at which Egypt enjoyed her greatest prosperity. An exaggerated idea, however, would be formed of the power of that country, were we to judge of it only by the number and magnificence of the monuments which have been left to us. It must be remembered that there had been a gradual accumulation of them for ages: for, in a climate always equable, edifices built of granite endure until they are purposely overturned. It ought also to be remembered, that Egypt, from her position mistress of the commerce of Africa, must have acquired immense riches, and that all these riches must have been employed in the valley of the Nile, since beyond it there was nothing but sand. Being unable, therefore, to enlarge her territory, she covered it with palaces. A similar concurrence of circumstances produced the same results at Palmyra. Palmyra is an oasis of verdure placed in the midst of the desert. It had no other advantage than that of possessing some springs, but this was enough to induce the caravans which went from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean to pass that way. These caravans came laden with the valuable productions of the East; and, during their short abode in the oasis, they left much gold, of which the inhabitants could have made no use, had they not employed the greater part for raising temples and palaces.

In modern times, Genoa, enriched in the same manner by commerce, and restricted in her territory by the sea and the Apennines, has reproduced, in some degree, the wonders of Palmyra and Egypt.

Egypt, during the whole time of her prosperity, remained shut to strangers; but towards the sixth century before our era, troubles having arisen, and having brought on a civil war, the weaker party sought support in foreign countries, and Psammeticus first brought auxiliary troops from Asia Minor. It was then only that the Greeks could profit by the advances which the Egyptians had made; and that Thales and Pythagoras, and perhaps several other sages whose names have not been preserved, went to be instructed in the school of the priests.

To judge of what the Greeks must have gained by this communication, it is necessary to know what was at this period the state of knowledge in Egypt. Let us, in the first place, look to the mathematical sciences.

It is certain that the Egyptians had a knowledge of hydraulics, as they were expert in the art of digging canals; that they had ideas of mechanics, since, without very powerful ma-

chines, it would have been impossible for them to erect obelisks, and to raise the enormous blocks which some of their monuments present. It is certain that they had tolerably perfect modes of procedure in stereometry, of which a proof is given in the cutting of the stones of their buildings. We know further, that they were good surveyors. All this would lead us to believe that they were pretty well advanced in the mathematical theories. But, on the other hand, if it be true that it was only after his travels that Pythagoras discovered the theorem of the square of the hypotenuse, it must be admitted that the geometry of the Egyptians was still in its infancy, or, at least, that it was purely practical.

At the period when the first migrations were made to Greece, astronomy was very little advanced in Egypt, as the lunar year alone was known. But as this science, as we have said, was very necessary to the Egyptians, they devoted themselves to it with great application, and made rapid progress in it; so that, when a communication was re-established with the Greeks, in the reign of Psammeticus, they had already adopted the solar year of 365 complete days. Soon after, they made the addition of a fourth of a day, and thus came much nearer the true duration. This reformed solar year was employed for civil uses. As to the religious year, having been regulated at an earlier period, it remained with its 365 complete days, without its being allowed to change it. It happened, in consequence, that the festivals were gradually displaced—that they no longer corresponded to the same sidereal epochs as at the time when they were instituted—and that, to return to them, they required to pass through all the seasons in succession. This period, at the end of which every thing was restored to the original order, was what the Egyptians named the Great Year, or the Year of Sirius.

It is probable that it was only from the heliacal rising and setting of the principal stars that the Egyptians succeeded in thus approximately determining the length of the year; for their means of observation were very imperfect, and it is not believed that they had any other instrument than the gnomon for measuring the heights of the sun.

We might be inclined to think that the Egyptians were very little advanced in general physics, were it true that they considered fire as an animal which devoured the bodies that were presented to it; but, perhaps, this was only the opinion of the vulgar, and not that of the learned.

The Egyptians had very correct ideas on several points in geology; they had well observed the laws of alluvial deposition, and at the present day we account for the formation of the Delta in no other manner than that in which it was accounted for in the days of Herodotus. They had discovered the existence of solids not only in the alluvial formations, but also in rocks. Thus, it may be thought, that when Thales in Greece declared water to be the first principle of all things, he only gave a new form to the theories of the Egyptian priests, who alleged that the earth had arisen from the waters.

The properties of minerals were tolerably well examined. The country offered every facility for this; the mountains which form the sides of the valley of the Nile exhibited, and in all their native lustre, various species of rocks; in the lower part limestone, farther up sandstone, and towards Syene porphyry and granite. Egypt was in some measure a great mineralogical cabinet. The necessity of passing along the small valleys which run towards the Red Sea, led to the discovery of other minerals which do not occur in so great masses. It was in one of them that the mine of emeralds was discovered, which supplied all those known to antiquity.

The manner in which the Egyptians wrought fine stones, porphyry and granite, shows that they had the use of very sharp instruments, and that they consequently were well acquainted with the art of tempering. Very little iron, it is true, has been found in their cities and tombs; but this depends upon the circumstance that that metal is easily destroyed. Besides, various other metals have been found in them, and, among others, bronze and gold of great purity. They were acquainted with all our enamels and porcelains; they knew how to make up the most brilliant and the most solid colours, and even ultramarine; in a word, they were infinitely more advanced in the chemical arts than the Greeks and Romans ever were.

We have said that the habit of rearing sacred animals in the temples, would have enabled the Egyptians to study the manners of these animals, and to observe their forms with care; and, accordingly, they reproduced them with perfect fidelity in painting and in sculpture. We find on their monuments more than fifty species of animals, so recognisable, that even when the figures are of small dimensions and merely given in outline, it is impossible to mistake them. Thus we distinguish in their sculptures the great antelope, the oryx, the giraffe, the large-eared hare, the sparrow-hawk, the vulture, the Egyptian goose, the quail, the lapwing, the ibis, &c. Gau, in his work on Nubia, has given a copy of a painting which represents the triumph of an Egyptian monarch. There are seen in it the different nations offering to the conqueror animals peculiar to their respective countries. There are distinguished in it the hunting-tiger, an animal which we have only known in Europe for about thirty years back, the asp, *colubre haje*, the crocodile, &c. Although in these representations the zoological characters have not been expressed, yet the general aspect is so well exhibited, that a naturalist can always readily make out the animal, even in the case of insects and fishes. In a painting brought to France by M. Caillaud, and which represents people fishing, there occur more than twenty distinct species of fishes; siluri, cyprini, and other species of singular form and peculiar to Egypt, all so faithfully expressed, that one can recognise them at first sight.

It cannot be imagined that a nation which devoted itself with so much perseverance and success to the observation of nature, should have confined itself to the mere collecting of facts, without attempting to connect them by

theories, and to ascend to principles. It must, therefore, be supposed, that there was at a certain epoch in the colleges of the priests, the knowledge not only of philosophical and religious doctrines, but also that of particular scientific theories. These theories doubtless have been lost in consequence of the oppression to which the sacerdotal caste was subjected at the time of the conquest of Cambyzes.

The leaders of the colonies which issued from Egypt, possessed in general but a small part of the knowledge of which this privileged caste was the depository. They carried with them only the practical results. The case was different with the Hebrew legislator. He had been brought up by the Egyptian priests, and knew not only their arts, but also their philosophical doctrines. His books show us that he had very perfect ideas respecting several of the highest questions of natural philosophy. His cosmogony especially, considered in a purely scientific point of view, is extremely remarkable, inasmuch as the order which it assigns to the different epochs of creation, is precisely the same as that which has been deduced from geological considerations. According to Genesis, after the earth and the heavens had been formed and animated by light, the aquatic animals were created, then plants, then terrestrial animals, and last of all man. Now this is precisely what geology teaches us. In the deposits which have been first consolidated, and which, consequently are the deepest seated, there occur no organic remains; the earth, then, was therefore without inhabitants. In proportion as we approach the upper strata, we find appearing at first shells and remains of fishes, then remains of large reptiles, then bones of quadrupeds. As to the bones of the human race, they are met with only in alluvial deposits, in caves and in the fissures of rocks; which shows that man made his appearance upon the earth after all the other classes of animals.

(To be continued.)

From the United Service Journal.

LETTER FROM TOULON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE U. S. J.

Toulon, May 16th, 1830.

TOULON presents at this moment not less an amusing, than an interesting sight, and well repays the inconvenience to which all are exposed who venture within its walls, which it is calculated contain, at present, double the usual population. From the windows of La Croix de Malte, the Place de Lys presents a scene of the greatest confusion. It is encumbered, almost *jonchée*, as our French acquaintances would say, (not, however, as they often apply the term to a field of battle, with *cadavres*, but) with carriages! It is a *Colonne serrée* of *Diligences*, like the bodies of half a dozen coaches and chariots glued back to back; of *Cyclopean mail-portés*, with their solitary lamp in the middle of their—foreheads; of *Cabriolets*, exhibiting in their various forms the links be-

tween a carriage and a tax-cart; and of *Voitures* of all sorts and sizes. Misplaced among them appear private carriages of all nations; and eminent amidst them is seen the handsome coach of the Duchess de Montebello, worthy of the best *atelier* in Long Acre. The panels are embellished with two Marshal's *bustons*, covered with *fleurs-de-lis*, crossed and tied together, surmounted by the strawberry-leaved coronet, composing a beautiful ornament. Even this handsome equipage cannot be placed *à l'abri* of the elements; a *remise* being as scarce as a bed-room.

Her Grace is here in order to take leave, *au bord de la mer*, of her son, a young officer, who has volunteered to serve in the ranks as a private in one of the regiments of the line, and whose ambition is to wear the red cotton epaulette of the grenadier company. But this is impossible, being against *etiquette*, until the regiment has been in fire—when it is promised. He is not singular in thus coming forward, as *La Gloire* has produced a like sentiment in others, among whom is a *sous-prefet*, who has for the time turned his pen into a fusil! It may be doubted if he has changed his more appropriate weapon into one more dangerous, (however murderous the other,) that is to say "since the schoolmaster is abroad."

The confusion is amusing to a spectator; but when he ventures down into the arena, it is almost as dangerous as to have become a combatant in the olden time of savage and gladiatorial Rome. It is difficult to parry the attacks of all sorts aimed at you, on all sides, by all kinds of persons. "Quatre bons Chevaux, ils feront le trajet à Marseilles en huit heures," says an importunate Voiturier,—"Non, je vous remercie.—Ils sont forts.—Non, merci, merci!—Je les garnirai en cinq minutes, si Monsieur.—Non, diable, non! Croyez vous que je partirai avant l'expédition!—Cela suffit."

L'Expédition! There is a talisman in the word on such occasions. Every thing cedes to l'expédition. It is in every body's mouth, though it sounds curious in that of a Frenchman. Until now it was supposed to be almost solely English, from its frequent use (not to say its disuse and abuse of our means and strength) during the last war.

"Monsieur, la post aux lettres ne ferme pas avant cinq heures, pendant l'expédition," says the factionnaire on duty at the post-office. "C'est impossible de vous loger, pendant l'expédition," says the aubergist. "Monsieur aura la bonté d'attendre un petit moment pour son dîné, car il y a toujours tant de monde dans la salle, pendant l'expédition," says the restaurateur; while the numerous difficulties which arise at every instant from the same cause, make you almost regret that you came to Toulon, pendant l'expédition. Every street contains a moving mass of hustlers and elbowers, reducing all ranks and conditions to an *égalité*, that would delight the most liberal among the French liberals. The great artery of communication is La Rue Chaudronier, that leads direct to the quays of the harbour, and an attempt to reach them only can be compared to swimming against the stream. Relax your efforts and perseverance but for an instant, and you are borne away by the opposing torrent of people.

"Pardon, Monsieur!" says a gold-laced cocked-batted Mareschal-de-Camp, who steps by you, followed by the officers of his staff, all looking as full of thought and importance as though they were individually commissioned to pluck the Dey by the beard, and were cogitating over the best means of carrying their instructions into effect. "Gare!" says a less polished faquin, with an enormous trunk on his shoulder, followed by its owner, whose cocked hat and crimson velvet facings, embroidered in gold, bespeak him an officier de Santé. You feel bound to give way to this gay throng of young officers belonging to regiments not in the neighbourhood. They are volunteers, or as they quaintly call them *galopins*, who have permission to serve on the *État Major* as extra staff officers; all feeling they shall, on their return, have higher claims on France and posterity than ever Bayard could boast. Groups of officers of the line, whose regiments are on board, in long blue surtouts, with only straps where their epaulettes should be, are met at every turn, each individual bearing symptoms, such as little basket-flasks or haversacks suspended across their shoulder, of being attached to the expedition; while others in full uniform, pantalooned as red as madder can make them, loitering in twos and threes, are officers of the garrison, envying the more happy lot of those who have the chance of gaining—a bit of ribbon. At the corner of La Rue Bourbon to-day two officers exchanged their parting adieus, and were for some minutes in the middle of the street and crowd, locked in each other's arms; it would have been difficult to have discovered to whom the whiskers belonged, into which both their faces were imbedded, but for their noses "parting to meet again," in order to kiss each other's *other* cheek! This touching scene had no effect upon, indeed drew not even notice from, the hard-hearted passers by. But, as though there were not causes sufficient to prevent locomotion, itinerant songsters take their station to increase the crowd, and unfortunately they have the wit to warble stanzas the most likely to draw the attention of the loyal Frenchmen at this eventful period. The following it was necessary to purchase to understand, as though it was to be ascertained the Dey was the subject, its full purport was lost in the *twang* of the "*gentle minstrel*," worthy of a parish clerk giving out the 119th Psalm.

L'EXPEDITION D'ALGER.

Tu soumettras le Dey d'Alger,
France, par ta vaillance;
Embarquons-nous pour l'assiéger;
Le Français ne craint pas le danger (*bis*).

Algérien songe bien,
Nous avons le moyen
De couler tes pirates;
Tous tes forbans, tes brigands
Seront-ils arrogans
En voyant nos frégates?

Tu soumettras, etc.

Nous te battrons, te vaincrons,
Et puis nous te prendrons,
Comme un loup à la trappe.

Quand le Français est tout prêt
De voler au succès,
Craindrait-il un sa entrappe?

Tu soumettras, etc.

Tojours heureux et joyeux,
Le Français courageux
Chante dans les batailles;
Sois sûr qu'au son du canon,
Des clairons, des chansons,
Tomberont tes murailles.

Tu soumettras, etc.

Si dans les fers ont souffert
Par des tourmens divers,
Des Chrétiens sans défense,
Tous leurs malheurs, leurs douleurs
Ont exalté leurs cœurs;
Courons à la vengeance.

Tu soumettras, etc.

Nos matelots, nos héros,
A de nobles travaux
Chacun d'eux se destine;
Cueillez guerriers des lauriers,
Gloire à tous nos troupiers,
Gloire à notre marine.

Tu soumettras, etc.

Besides living obstacles, the street is encumbered with trucks laden with baggage, boxes, and trunks, and that travelling indispensable to a Frenchman, a *sac de nuit*, which, by the by, will make no bad pillow to their bed of sand. The treasure is also wheeled down on small low carts by the sailors, whom the wags of Toulon call *Les Robins du Bois*.

The first and second divisions of infantry, commanded by General Barthezene and General Loverdo, and the artillery, *corps de Genie*, and *sappeurs*, have been embarked these two days, but the third division of General Le Duc D'Escars only went on board this morning. The different regiments marched in from the villages around, where they have been quartered, to the beat of their eternal drums, and preceded by their scare-crow pioneers. Some of the regiments were in their light blue or French grey great coats, and others in their blue uniforms, and appeared in tolerable order, though by no means a good body of men. Their knapsacks are much improved, and set far better than their former miserable haversacks, and by being boarded at the sides, allow a tuck case, containing their uniform or great coats, to rest upon them. They were *munis* with an innumerable and choice selection of tin kettles and pans, exemplifying the interesting fact in natural history, of man, above all the Frenchman, being a cooking animal. It is supposed, out of the 35,000 now embarked, 17,500 are professed cooks, though not all Cordon Bleus. They have but one belt, the bayonet scabbard being attached to the *pouch*, and though it destroys uniformity, as it lightens the soldier, they have done wisely in suppressing the other.

Unless the Minister of War thinks the army requires promotion, he has surely erred in dressing the officers of companies in dark blue great coats. If it was the wish to make them conspicuous to the aim of the Koulorghis and Dellis of the Day, he could not have succeed-

ed better than thus contrasting them with their men. The regiments have but one colour, and but for prejudice it would be as well they were reduced to the same number in our service; but the French would have been to blame, when a new organization gave the opportunity, had they not lopped off all silly superfluities. How they defend their mistake in giving the Voltigeurs yellow epaulettes, unless they are only to skirmish during the fall of the leaf, it would be difficult to divine—but, perhaps, Malthus has a disciple in the *Bureau de la Guerre*. They are bull's eyes to the unfortunate living target, which the man becomes. Each regiment was followed by two mules carrying black baskets, containing the surgeons' instruments.

They embarked, as did all the rest, from the Quais in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and it may be literally said, that this operation has been performed under the eye of the Commander-in-chief, as the windows of his Excellency overlook the spot, being lodged in the head quarters of the *Municipalité*. General Le Baron Desprez, Chief del Etat Major, was superintending with an innumerable host of staff officers; indeed, it is said, the whole of their departments, though well selected, are overloaded to a degree. The small craft, holding two or three companies, were towed by boats to their respective ships in the *Rade*. "*Au revoir Toulon*," said a grenadier of the 30th, as he filed off this morning, to the great amusement of the bystanders; and if their good wishes are fulfilled, he has a fair chance of returning *sauf et sain*. The 23d of the line was the last to embark, completing the three divisions of 32,000 bayonets, divided into twelve brigades. The artillery, sappers, train, and three squadrons of Chasseurs, (to act as orderlies, &c.) added to this, make about 35,000 men, the strength of the army. An observer cannot help regretting, as he sees them file into the boats, that they are not going against an enemy more worthy of them; but if crowned with success, they will have the credit of breaking the charm, which has ever acted against France in her transmaritime expeditions, as, from those of St. Louis to those of Egypt and St. Domingo, they have been nought but failures—But it is the *rade* that offers the finest *spectacle*, and on the way are many interesting objects. After embarking from the Quai, the end of the arsenal is observed to the right hand, with four three-deckers moored close to the wharf. They are covered in with roofs, and though nothing but hulks, have a portion of their guns on board. It is to be hoped, for the sake of humanity, that they may *rot* on the spot; and, considering their prototypes all over Europe in the same light, as fire-engines, very necessary to have, but *perilous* to employ, the same wish, without being disloyal, may be extended to those in the Medway, and at Portsmouth, and Plymouth.

These giants of "the deep waters" sink incontinent before a much smaller vessel beyond, and which all would pass without notice, if the waterman did not inform you that it once carried on board "Cæsar and his fortunes!" It is the Muiron, that, escaping our cruisers, brought Bonaparte in safety from Egypt to

Frejus, to visit Europe with war from Boulogne to Moscow, and from Cadiz to Dantzic. Had but her planks opened on the passage, what misery, bloodshed, and distress, both public and private, might not have been saved to the world! At the moment when descending from her side to the boat, from whence he was carried on the people's shoulders to the land, and when popular feeling broke through all quarantine laws, and overcame all personal fears, little did Napoleon think this vessel would, within fifteen years, again bear the *Fleur-de-lis*! Yet they are conspicuous on her stern, and eagles and bees are passed into oblivion. *Sic transit gloria mundi*! Immediately behind these fine ships is the barrack of the Garde, (neither the old nor the new,) but of *la garde Chourme*—both a corps and appellation, that require explanation. There are no less than 5000 *condamnés*, or forçats, or convicts as we call them, employed in the Dockyard at Toulon—hale and hardy ruffians—and to keep them in proper control, and to prevent all possibility of their rising, much precaution is taken. They inhabit hulks, which only communicate with an insulated part of the Dockyard, to be approached by boats, and which points of passage are in the face of troops, and cannon pointed and loaded. That troops would not be flattered with such an occupation is easy to be conceived, and to avoid bringing the military class into discredit, or hurting the feelings of officers, an experiment was tried, which has fully succeeded, of forming a battalion of 800 men, who sleep under the hospital of the convicts, *without any officers whatever*.

This sounds very anomalous, but is no less true, and the highest rank among them is a sergeant-major. These are the *garde Chourme*, for which no other meaning is given, than its being an old, almost obsolete word for *dregs*, and possibly, if not certainly, our *scum*. The front of the arsenal to the harbour is faced by a bomb-proof rampart, pierced with innumerable embrasures, and bristled with cannon, *au niveau de la mer*. This may appear within what would be supposed all chance of attack, but the harbour is capable of being entered without any overwhelming danger by a hostile squadron, and Lord Exmouth, in 1814, at one moment, after chasing the French fleet from Rosas Bay, had the intention of following it into its haven of refuge.

On the left, on a stone jetty, are erected the finest sheers possible, and consist of three masts, one being lately added, in order that they may still be employed, if one should become dangerous or require repair. A government steam-vessel, only launched two days since, (for our neighbours begin to understand the value of time,) was taking in her engine and boilers. Immediately beyond the sheers, are seen rising above the water a number of black and misshapen points or ends of large pieces of timber—being the miserable remains, the ribs and trunk of the *Blanche*, an old eighty gun ship, lately burned by two convicts on board, who hoped to escape in the consequent confusion. Though tried, the evidence was not strong enough to bring the crime home to them. Shot were fired through

her bottom to sink her. At Marseilles, a vessel armed with cannon ever loaded is always for this purpose in the harbour, to prevent the calamity spreading.

The view of the roadstead, when fully opened, is magnificent, and recalls to the recollection the Mother-bank at the most active period of the late war. The ships gradually increase in size as they recede from you, till the line-of-battle ships seem resting on the opposite bank, while their white flags are well contrasted with the green hills beyond; and through their rigging appears the fine new naval hospital. To the left is Cape Sepit, the western outward limit of the harbour; and opposite the Fort of St. Margaret, on the eastern boundary, with the Isles Hyères beyond; and close to our left, as a foreground, is La Grosse Tour, completing the panorama. This fortress is said to have been commenced by St. Louis, but whether this be true or false, it was destined to play a rôle in the curious incident that occurred after our evacuation of Toulon.

Captain Sir S. Hood came into the harbour, supposing the place still in our possession, and passing this frowning bulwark, quietly anchored. The capitaine du port came off, as in duty bound, though not to compliment the new comer, but to take possession, and with a triumphant bow informed the English captain, that the surrounding batteries were manned, and that he was his prisoner. "Cut the cable!" was the only reply, and the vessel was soon retracing her track, and the capitaine du port found, to his great astonishment, that he had caught a *Tartar*, and was carried out to sea himself a prisoner, *malgré la Grosse Tour*, and the rest of the defences.

The whole sea is alive with boats, and the nearest vessels to the shore are the steamers, (of which seven accompany the expedition,) some of 180-horse power, and though several have English machinery, others are propelled with engines founded in France. The Sphinx, painted black, went and returned from Algiers, a week since, within a hundred hours. She is, as are the majority, armed for war, carrying from ten to fourteen guns, manned by the royal marines, and commanded by a Lieutenant du Vaisseau. From several experiments, extending even to whole broadsides, the firing gives no check to the fullest play of the engine.

Next to the steamers are the six bomb-vessels, each of which has, besides the crews, 120 soldiers on board; for the troops, with the exception of the cavalry and train, are all embarked on board the men-of-war. The next vessels, rather to the right, are all transports, numbered on the side, as in our service, of which many, particularly those "taken up" in Italy, are very bad.

Only about 150 still remain to receive the 4000 horses and mules belonging to the artillery, train, cavalry, and staff: a fleet of 200 more, with their immense materiel of the army, are lying ready to sail outside Les Isles Hyères, at the entrance of the harbour. It is impossible to conceive the expense and liberality of government in fitting the expedition; nothing has been spared that could be required, under any possible circumstances, and

in consequence it is impossible to be more complete; indeed, it did not require the form of a *carte blanche* for this purpose, when the minister of war and the commander-in-chief of the expedition are united in the same person. Little short of a hundred pieces of battery artillery (exclusive of the ships and bomb-vessels,) accompany the army, with 1000 rounds to each, and they have even taken gabions, and fascines, and sand-bags, ready filled, to prevent failure from the want of any thing on landing! The cost, or rather the estimate, (and estimates are much the same all over the world, about half what is eventually expended,) is reckoned at four millions sterling. The general officers to wield this immense means, are Lahitte of the artillery, and Velazie of the engineers.

But to return to the view of the harbour. Beyond the transports, which have no sails, or divisions, like in ours, the horses standing loose on the shingle, (though they have slings in case of bad weather,) are the 23 brigs and gabarres; outside of these the 24 frigates, of which 12 are of 60 guns; and last are the 11 sail of the line, only three of which are armed complete. As the frigates are neared, the wheels of the field artillery and *caissons*, of which six batteries accompany the army, are seen fastened in their chains, and the flat-bottomed boats for landing the troops are slung outside, amidships; the larger ships carry others between the fore and mainmasts. The size of the sixty-gun frigates is not known till on board, when they are found to have finer decks than the main-deck of the seventy-fours, and are by measurement higher and wider. They carry French thirty's (our thirty-twos) throughout, and have masts of eighty-gun ships. Their equipage consists of 500 men. In fine weather little inferior to a seventy-four, they would in bad weather be a match for two, as they carry their guns so far out of water. But they are much finer vessels than the old sixty-fours, which used to be considered as line-of-battle ships. Ought not our admiralty to consider the changes these kind of vessels, and the use of others propelled by steam, are likely to produce in warfare? Each of these large frigates have 600 soldiers on board, while the line-of-battle ships have 11, 12, and 1300, being terribly crowded; but the French have at all times stuffed their ships with troops almost to repletion; the dirt and confusion is in consequence very great, and the officers of the ships by no means in good humour. From this cause the fleet is seen to great disadvantage, but they are, particularly those long in employment in the Levant, in good order. The *Triton*, 74, which was at Navarino, and now bears the flag of Contre Amiral Rosamel, is in a very perfect and creditable state. The *Provence* carries the flag of the naval commander in chief, Vice-Admiral Duperré. The *Triton* has 1200 men and 42 officers on board, who are very liberally fed at the king's expense. Nothing is more striking than the new system of their navy, and it is much to be doubted if it can answer. Foolishly following the Russians, they have changed the whole of their sailors into soldiers, who, it is possible, in becoming this amphibious animal will not do the

duty of either. Up to the present time, it certainly has not succeeded, and several officers in command of ships in the road complain loudly of their *equipages*, and state they are comparatively inefficient to what they were before. Their maritime conscription is not confined to the seafaring class, but taken indiscriminately from the provinces bordering on the sea; and they are first made complete soldiers on shore, being divided into companies, before they are sent on board; so many companies being the complement to the different rates. They are dressed in a sort of short blue uniform jacket and trowsers, with belts and helmets while on board, and have little foraging caps, surrounded with blue and red plaid. The officers have the like, and are distinguished by distinctive marks in their bands.

In pulling alongside, you fancy the stale joke realised of their being *Horse Marines*, as the sentries on the gangways, with their helmets and pikes, look like dismounted dragoons or lancers, and in passing between decks, you fancy yourself on board a floating barrack. Their clothes are shown you stowed away in knapsacks, and each man has his musket, bayonet, and belts: of course, they have no marines. But (joking apart) may we not ourselves eventually come to this? If steam should be generally employed in war, and be, as it must be, much improved, will it not reduce all nautical science to nothing—at least, in narrow seas, and bring back naval combats to the same mode of fighting, *à la bordage*, as those of the ancients, or of the galleys of the middle ages? In this case, must we not fight our enemy with the same weapons, and tow by steam our great rafts, (formerly called seventy-fours, and eightys, and one-hundred-and-twentys,) full of men, alongside the enemy, and proceed to charge him with the bayonet?

And, however much we have owed to our superior seamanship, do we not now use steam and machinery better than they? Have we not an inexhaustible *dépôt* of coal? and is not the bayonet, but in name to others, solely a British weapon? The same character that has so long given us so decided a superiority, will be maintained under any circumstances. They attend much to their gunnery, and apply to their cannon on board the detonating locks and *des capsules fulminantes*, which they threaten to make universal in their army.

Every thing is now prepared for sailing, and the staff and officers are ordered on board tomorrow. The first division of the squadron, consisting of the transports, with the horses, stores, and materiel, which is to rendezvous at Mahon, will sail on the 20th, and the other two naval divisions, the ships armed for war, and those *en flûte*, with the troops on board, will leave the harbour the following day, if the wind is favourable, and go direct to the shores of Africa.

Nothing of course can be known respecting the commander-in-chief's views, or concerning his intentions respecting the landing, to which but few, much less a foreigner, can expect to be *au fait*; but the best informed persons in the ports of Italy, as well as here, who are in constant communication with the coast of Bar-

bary, induce a belief that the *debarquement* will be to the west of Algiers. Without a knowledge of the *locale*, little can be explained, but fortunately the site and neighbourhood can be described in a few words. Algiers is situated in the centre of a line of slightly indented coast, bounded by two capes, that of Matifoz to the east, and of Sidi ul Ferruch to the west. This whole extent of shore is defended by batteries, more or less important, altogether, including the mole, armed with 1700 pieces of cannon.

The principal batteries, beginning from the east, are as follows:—on the most eastern point is a regular work containing twenty-four guns, and nearer to Algiers is the *Fort à l'eau*. The bay, near to which Charles the Fifth landed in 1541, is now defended by a fort called Bab Azoun, being the last to the east of Algiers, and is commanded from behind by the Sultaun Kellahci, a work out of the line of the sea defence. Algiers itself is almost in the shape of an equilateral triangle, one of its sides presented to the sea, and its opposite angle rising to the summit of a ridge, which, commencing at the Cape Matifoz, extends to that of Sidi ul Ferruch. This elevated angle is crowned by a regular citadel called Cassaba, which is, though so much higher than the fort of Bab Azoun, nevertheless equally commanded by the Sultaun Kellahci. The sea face and mole, though ruined by Lord Exmouth, are now too strong for attack, but the land defences are quite contemptible. They consist of an old Moorish turreted wall, without *fausse braye*, or outworks of any kind. The ditch is complete around the town, but has no covered way, and is easy of access, from slanting to the centre; in some places a low wall is raised along the middle of the *fosse*. To the west of the town, there are (as between the more considerable works on the east side) some isolated batteries which extend to Sidi ul Ferruch, or as it is called by Europeans, the Turilla Chika, from a tower on it, mounting some guns, to which defence the Dey has lately added another work of ten guns. But the key of the whole line of defence, both internal and maritime, is the citadel of Sultaun Kellahci, which was commenced by Charles the Fifth, and was his head-quarters, when the elements destroyed at once his hopes and Armada. This is situated on the same ridge, and to the S.E. of the Cassaba, overlooking that work, a part of the walls of the town, and the fort of Bab Azoun below. It is represented as a perfect hexagon, being without bastions, built of stout materials, and mounting three guns on each face; but from being so unwisely constructed, offers no flank fire, nor can one front receive any aid from the rest. But this ill-adapted fortification is itself commanded within 600 yards from behind, and is expected to be the principal object of attack, as its fall will lay all open to the invader.

The most feasible place for landing is offered to the west of the town, as the country to the east of the spot where Charles the Fifth landed and O'Reilly in 1775, is much broken and covered with low bushes, and incapable of being used to advantage in operations of any magnitude; not that this kind of ground would

not suit the French better than the Spaniards, whose defeat appears to have been as much occasioned by being beat in bush-fighting, as any other cause. The whole beach to the east consists of low sands, fit for disembarkation; but the tongue of land of Sidi ul Ferruch, about four leagues from Algiers, appears to present the best point for landing, and the cape itself will offer some cover to the shipping, from the north-east winds, which usually predominate during the summer months. The former expeditions, from that of Charles to that of O'Reilly, never met any difficulty from the enemy, and as little from the sea, during disembarkation, for it requires very bad weather to create any surf of consequence. The large frigates or bomb vessels, taking less water than the line-of-battle ships, will cover the descent by cross fires, while the chaloupes of the squadron will tow the flat-boats, each able to contain 180 men and two field-pieces, to the shore. It being thus practicable to bring to bear upon the same point, 8000 men, or half that number on two, or 2000 (if necessary to distract the enemy), on four distinct places of disembarkation. The flat-bottomed answered most fully in the rehearsal of landing, before the Dauphin on the 3d instant, and it was calculated that they would not be above six minutes under a fire of grape before they reached the shore. But this is supposing the Algerines possess what they have not, horse artillery or even field artillery, ready to send to any point; for unless the batteries were shoulder to shoulder, it will not be necessary to row directly in the teeth of any of them. Once on shore, the guns can be landed with as much expedition as the men, the mountain guns, before the Dauphin, being ready in battery in three minutes, and the field pieces in five. The infantry will carry chevaux-de-frise, which are constructed differently from the old kind used by the Austrians against the Turks—cross armed pieces of wood traversing a long horizontal beam,—but formed on the principle of a camp or sketching stool, which shuts up for carriage, and on being opened, presents the points of three lances, with the other ends in the ground. A single or double line of these, supported by a steady line of infantry, would laugh to scorn the attacks of all the cavalry in the world. The French seem to be well aware that precaution is the soul of military operations, and not content with this formidable means of defence, they take with them block houses à l'épreuve of musket balls. They are in pieces, all numbered, and put together with ease, being constructed like the *fir chaumieres* of Switzerland, the ends of the beams dovetailing into the timbers, which are at right angles with them. Loopholes are cut through them. These will be as redoubts, at different points, to strengthen and defend the line of *chevaux-de-frise*, and after be picket houses, or cover the front of the camp.

Once on shore, it will require some weeks to land their enormous *materiel*; but their precautions are so well taken, that they hope to secure a communication with the shore, even should a surf prevent the boats landing. Large rafts are carried in pieces, floated by barrels, to lie between the boats and the shore, pre-

venting the former being staved, and making the latter, by ropes, flying bridges.

It is said there is a road, practicable for artillery, which leads direct from Sidi ul Ferruch upon the Sultaun Kellahci, on which, there can be no doubt, their efforts will be principally directed, and on its fall they can open a communication with the fleet, between the city and Cape Matifoz.

If they attempt to take Algiers by a *coup-de-main*, and even should they so far succeed as to enter the place, any officer who served at Rosetta well knows how fatal is the attempt among the narrow lanes and small-apertured houses of Egypt or Barbary. Bourmont ought to take Algiers by the same mode that we have of late years reduced the Indian forts,—by bombardment and flights of rockets, which in the narrow space and streets of Algiers, without casements, would not only bring surrender, but probably the Dey's head out in a charger. The experiments that have taken place here with their rockets have not been very promising, but some late essays at Mentz, by the aid, it is whispered, of a *renegado* workman of the Woolwich Laboratory, have come very near perfection.

They will find water every where, and must not hope to gain the place by destroying the two aqueducts, as each house is well supplied with a cistern of rain-water. It is possible they are trusting too much to the country for provisions, but Toulon is not far distant, and Mahon still nearer, which has been lent them by his Most Catholic Majesty. They are to receive through this last place 200 bullocks a week from the coast of Spain, which will not be much fresh meat amongst so many, and it is not stated that they have taken any large quantity of *haricots*, and other vegetables, which would be so much preferable in the latitude 32° in the summer, than salt provisions.

At Mahon, is preparing a large hospital, and a ship load of medical officers has already sailed from Marseilles.

But all inquiry has till now been directed in a very partial and ex-parte manner to the French, and though their enemies offer little in comparison to what threatens them, that little must be told.

The whole northern coast of Africa; Morocco excepted, is a conquered country, like India in our hands, and ruled by a race foreign to its indigenous inhabitants. If, though comparing great things to small, with 30,000 British we govern one hundred millions in India, so do 10,000 Turks (or Osmanli, for the former incorrect expression ought to sink into oblivion) at Algiers rule a considerably less comparative population of Berbers and Arabs; only they have one connecting link we cannot boast, that of religion. The different tribes, on one side extending to Tunis, and on the other to the frontier of Morocco, and inland to Mount Atlas, are bound to furnish troops in case of war, and though the extent of their obedience generally depends on circumstances, it is likely, to oppose the *Giaour*, they will in large numbers rally round the standard of the Dey. From 60 to 80,000 men may be thus assembled, about one-third of which will be cavalry, but without order, discipline, or even

control. These can have no effect (their mode of attack being that of singly riding up at speed, firing, and retiring) against well formed and steady infantry, and there being no cavalry with whom they can break a lance, they will be worse than nugatory.

These troops are as uncertain in their service as the old feudal armies in the middle ages, and if the French are detained any length of time, the patience of these men of the desert will be completely lost, and their numbers will gradually diminish by desertion, until the Dey has not an ally without the walls but those who stay to plunder and murder the stragglers. The forts and city will have that portion of the 10,000 Osmanli, and 4 to 5000 Koulorgis, (slaves) that can be spared from Oran and other garrisons, for their defence, who will evince much individual bravery and desperation. But being met with an equal proportion of the first, aided by knowledge and skill, in which they are so deficient, in an operation of science, which is what a siege presents, they must cede the victory.

The Dey is fully aware of the preparations making against him, and told the captain of an English frigate within the last three weeks, with true oriental apathy, that "God was great and good, and the sea uncertain and dangerous;" and he is right, for they are his only resources, as nothing but a hurricane brought express from the West Indies, or some occurrence similar to the accident that destroyed the host of Senacherib, when his army awoke and found they were dead men, can prevent their landing or ultimate success. The French have nothing to fear from the causes of failure that repulsed the armies of the sixteenth or eighteenth centuries, as they will appear before the place at the end of May instead of the end of October, when bad weather is not to be looked for; and it is to be presumed Bourmont and Duperré are not likely to quarrel as did O'Reilly and Castejon, while the French troops are better than those of the Spaniards, who in 1775 were fast degenerating into what we found them thirty-three years after. The only question left unheeded is not of that importance which some consider it. Will the French consider their new acquisition so valuable, as to make it a permanent establishment? and by so doing, will they not become a subject of jealousy to other states?

It is much to be doubted if it is capable of returning them any advantage beyond bare possession, as the south of France can furnish all the productions of nature which are to be found in the territory of Algiers, and any attempt to introduce corn of foreign growth would only tend to glut still more than at present the markets of France. In peace, therefore, it will be of less use to the French than Ceuta is to the Spaniards.

But have the French ministry any choice? and must they not maintain themselves in it at any risk, in order to prevent wounding the *amour propre* of the nation? The two military undertakings under the Bourbons, which have cost the nation immense sums, to Spain and Greece, have produced no results; and although the government may in their hearts think justly upon the uselessness of holding

Algiers, still they will on this account be bound to retain it to avoid public clamour. Their childish jealousy of England will force this upon the Prince de Polignac, even in spite of the remonstrances of our cabinet, or his own more deliberate intentions, in order to prove he is free from an ideal influence and control, which the French ought, had they considered their own respectability or proper standing among the commonwealth of nations, never to have insulted themselves by having harboured for a moment. We must feel that during peace, as far as we are concerned, it will be rather an expense and incumbrance to the French than an advantage, and that it is not worth firing a cannon-shot about. It is too far from Egypt to be of use to them in any views they may have on that country, and though it would be a refuge for privateers during a war, still, as long as we rule the waves, in the case of such an event, it would fall into our hands within six months after the rupture of a peace.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

HEAT AND THIRST,—A SCENE IN JAMAICA.

THE TORCH was lying at anchor in Blue-fields Bay. It was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away, and the sea breeze had not set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pendant from the mast-head fell sluggishly down, and clung amongst the rigging like a dead snake, whilst the folds of the St. George's ensign that hung from the mizen peak, were as motionless as if they had been carved in marble.

The anchorage was one unbroken mirror, except where its glasslike surface was shivered into sparkling ripples by the gambols of a skipjack, or the flashing stoop of his enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable's length you could not distinguish the water-line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon reunited, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense that the iron stanchions of the awning could not be grasped with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying-fish would spark out from the unrufiled bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again. There was not a cloud in the heavens, but a quivering blue haze hung over the land, through which the white sugar-works and overseers' houses on the distant estates appeared to twinkle like objects seen through a thin smoke, whilst each of the tall stems of the cocoa-trees on the beach, when looked at steadfastly, seemed to be turning round with a small

spiral motion, like so many endless screws. There was a dreamy indistinctness about the outlines of the hills, even in the immediate vicinity, which increased as they receded, until the blue mountains in the horizon melted into sky. The crew were listlessly spinning oakum, and mending sails, under the shade of the awning; the only exceptions to the general languor were Johncrow the black, and Jackoo the monkey. The former (who was an improvisatore of a rough stamp) sat out on the bowsprit, through choice, beyond the shade of the canvass, without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task, whatever that might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whistles confabulating with his hairy ally, as if he had been a messmate. The monkey was hanging by the tail from the dolphin-striker, admiring what Johncrow called "his own dam ogly face in the water."—"Tail like yours would be good ting for a sailor, Jackoo, it would leave his two hands free aloft—more use, more ornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of greasy junk dat hangs from de Captain's taffrail.—Now I shall sing to you, how dat Corromantee rascal, my fader, was sell me on de Gold Coast.

"Two red night-cap, one long knife,
All him get for Quackoo,
For gun next day him sell him wife—
You tink dat good song—Jackoo?"

"Chocko, chocko," chattered the monkey, as if in answer. "Ah, you tink so—sensible honimal!—What is dat? shark?—Jackoo, come up, sir: don't you see dat big shovel-nosed fish looking at you? Pull your hand out of the water, Garamighty!" The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, who, mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of his danger, shrunk from him, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dashed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of the water, with poor Jackoo shrieking in his jaws, whilst his small bones crackled and crunched under the monster's triple row of teeth.

Whilst this small tragedy was acting—and painful enough it was to the kind-hearted negro—I was looking out towards the eastern horizon, watching the first dark blue ripple of the sea breeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head.

I looked up and saw a *gallinazo*, the large carrion crow of the tropics, sailing, contrary to the habits of its kind, seaward over the brig. I followed it with my eye, until it vanished in the distance, when my attention was attracted by a dark speck far out in the offing, with a little tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship's boat, but I saw no one on board, and the sail was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report, I was desired to pull towards it in the gig; and as we approached, one of the crew said he thought he saw some one peering over the bow. We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly. "Why don't you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us, sir?"

He neither moved nor answered, but, as the

boat rose and fell on the short sea raised by the first of the breeze, the face kept mopping and mowing at us over the gunwale.

"I will soon teach you manners, my fine fellow! give way, men!"—and I fired my musket, when the crow that I had seen rose from the boat into the air, but immediately alighted again, to our astonishment, vulture-like with outstretched wings, upon the head.

Under the shadow of this horrible plume, the face seemed on the instant to alter like a hideous change in a dream. It appeared to become of a deathlike paleness, and anon streaked with blood. Another stroke of the oar—the chin had fallen down, and the tongue was hanging out. Another pull—the eyes were gone, and from their sockets, brains and blood were fermenting, and flowing down the cheeks. It was the face of a putrifying corpse. In this floating coffin we found the body of another sailor, doubled across one of the thwart, with a long Spanish knife sticking between his ribs, as if he had died in some mortal struggle, or, what was equally probable, had put an end to himself in his frenzy; whilst along the bottom of the boat, arranged with some show of care, and covered by a piece of canvass stretched across an oar above it, lay the remains of a beautiful boy, about fourteen years of age, apparently but a few hours dead. Some biscuit, a roll of jerked beef, and an earthen water jar, lay beside him, showing that hunger at least could have had no share in his destruction,—but the pipkin was dry, and the small water cask in the bow was stercorated, and empty.

We had no sooner cast our grappling over the bow, and begun to tow the boat to the ship, than the abominable bird that we had scared settled down into it again, notwithstanding our proximity, and began to peck at the face of the dead boy. At this moment we heard a gibbering noise, and saw something like a bundle of old rags roll out from beneath the stern-sheet, and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the gallinuso from its prey. Heaven and earth, what an object met our eyes! It was a full grown man, but so wasted, that one of the boys lifted him by his belt with one hand. His knees were drawn up to his chin, his hands were like the talons of a bird, while the falling in of his chocolate-coloured and withered features gave an uneasily relief to his forehead, over which the horny and transparent skin was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to crack. But in the midst of this desolation, his deep set, coal black eyes sparkled like two diamonds with the fever of his sufferings; there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightness, contrasted with the deathlike aspect of the face, and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence he tried to speak, but could only utter a low moaning sound. At length—"Aqua, aqua!"—we had not a drop of water in the boat. "El muchacho esta moriendo de sed—Aqua."

We got on board, and the surgeon gave the poor fellow some weak tepid grog. It acted like magic. He gradually uncoiled himself, his voice, from being weak and husky, became comparatively strong and clear. "El hijo—Aqua para mi pedrillo—No le hace para mi—Oh la noche pasado, la noche pasado!" He

was told to compose himself, and that his boy would be taken care of. "Dexa me verlo entones, oh Dios, dexa me verlo"—and he crawled, grovelling on his chest, like a crushed worm across the deck, until he got his head over the port-sill, and looked down into the boat. He there beheld the pale face of his dead son; it was the last object he ever saw—"Ay de mi!" he groaned heavily, and dropped his face against the ship's side—He was dead.

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

[Being a selection from No. 50, in Blackwood's Magazine.]

SCENE—*The Arbour, Buchanan Lodge. TIME—Eight o'clock. PRESENT—NORTH, ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, SHEPHERD, and TICKLER. Table with light wines, oranges, biscuits, almonds, and raisins.*

Shepherd.—RAIN but no star-proof, this bonny bee-hummin', bird-nest-concealin' bower, that seems,—but for the trellice-wark peepin' out here and there where the later flowerin' shrubs are scarcely yet out o' the bud,—rather a production o' Nature's sell, than o' the gardener's genius. Oh, sir, but in its bricht and balmy beauty 'tis even nae less than a perfeck poem!

North.—Look, James, how she cowers within her couch—only the point of her bill, the tip of her tail, visible—so passionately cleaveth the loving creature to the nestlings beneath her mottled breast,—each morning beautifying from down to plumage, till next Sabbath sun shall stir them out of their cradle, and scatter them, in their first weak wavering flight, up and down the dewy dawn of their native paradise.

Shepherd.—A bit mavis! Hushed as a dream—and like a dream to be startled aff intill ether, if you but touch the leaf-crown that o'er-canopies her head. What an ee! Shy, yet confidin'—as she sits there ready to flee awa' wi' a rustle in a moment, yet link'd within that rim by the chains o' love, motionless as if she were dead!

North.—See—she stirs!

Shepherd.—Dinna be disturbed. I cou'd glower at her for hours, musin' on the mystery o' instinct, and at times forgettin' that my een were fixed but on a silly bird,—for sae united are a' the affections o' sentient nature that you hae only to kick intill a bush o' broom, or a sweet briar, or doon to the green braird aneath your feet, to behold in the lintie, or the lark—or in that mavis—God bless her! an emblem o' the young Christian mother fauldin' up in her nursin' bosom the beauty and the blessedness o' her ain first-born!

North.—I am now three-score and ten, James, and I have suffered and enjoyed much—but I know not, if, during all the confusion of those many-coloured years, diviner delight ever possessed my heart and my imagination, than of old entranced me in solitude, when among the braes, and the moors, and the woods, I followed the verdant footsteps of the Spring, unaccompanied but by my own sha-

dow, and gave names to every nook in nature, from the singing-birds of Scotland discovered, but disturbed not, in their most secret nests.

Tickler.—Namy-pamy!

Shepherd.—Næe sic thing. A shilfa's nest within the angle made by the slicht, silvery, satiny stem o' a bit birk-tree, and ane o' its young branches glitterin' and glimmerin' at aince wi' shade and sunshine and a dowerly o' pearls, is a sicht that, when seen for the first time in this life, gars a boy's being loup out o' his verra bosom richt up intill the boundless blue o' heaven!

Tickler.—Poo!

Shepherd.—Whisht—O whisht. For 'tis felt to be something far far beyond the beauty o' the maist artful contrivances o' mortal man,—and gin he be a thoctfu' callant, which frae wanderin' and dauderin' by himsell, far awa frae houses, and ayont the loneliest shielin' amang the hills, is surely nae unreasonable hypothesis, but the likeliest thing in natur, thinkna ye that though his mood might be indistinct even as any sleepin' dream, that nevertheless it maun be sensibly interfused, throughout and throughout, wi' the consciousness that that nest, wi' sic exquisite delicacy intertwined o' some substance seemingly mair beautifu' than any moss that every grew upon this earth, into a finest fabric growin' as it were out o' the verra bark o' the tree, and in the verra nook—the only nook where nae winds cou'd touch it, let them blaw a' at aince frae a' the airts,—wadna, sirs, I say, that callant's heart beat wi' awe in its delight, feelin' that that wee, cozy, beautifu', and lovely cradle, chirp-chirpin' wi' joyfu' life, was bigged there by the hand o' Him that hung the sun in our heaven, and studded with stars the boundless universe?

Tickler.—James, forgive my folly—

Shepherd.—That I do, Mr. Tickler—and that I wou'd do, if for every peck there was a firlo. Yet when a laddie, I was an awfu' herrier! Sic is the inconsistency, because o' the corruption o' human natur. I like spring, I used to hae half-a-dozen strings o' eggs—

Tickler.—

“Orient pearls at random strung.”

Shepherd.—Na—no at random—but a' accordin' to an innate sense o' the beauty o' the interminglin' and interfusin' variegation o' manifold colour, which, when a' gathered together on a yard o' twine, and dependin' frae the laigh roof o' our bit cottie, aneath the cheese-bauk, and aiblins atween a couple o' hangin' hams, seemed to ma een sae fu' o' a strange, wild, woodland, wonderfu', and maist unworldly loveliness, that the verra rainbow hersell lauchin' on us laddies no to be feared at the thunner, looked no mair celestial than thae eggshells! Ae string especially will I remember to my dying day. It taper'd awa' frae the middle, made o' the eggs o' the blackbird—doon through a' possible varieties—lark, lintie, yellow-yite, hedge-sparrow, shilfa, and goldfinch—aye, the verra goldfinch hersell, rare bird in the forest—to the twa ends so dewdrap-like, wi' the wee bit blue pearlyn's o' the kitty-wren. Damm Wullie Laidlaw for stealin' them ae Sabbath when we was a' at the kirk! Yet I'll try to forgie him for sake o' “Lucy's Flittin’,”

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and because, notwithstanding that cruel crime, he's turned out a gude husband, a gude father, and a gude freen’.

Tickler.—We used, at school, James, to boil and eat them.

Shepherd.—Gin ye did, then wou'dna I, for any consideration, in a future state be your sowl.

Tickler.—Where's the difference?

Shepherd.—What! atween you and me?

Yours was a base fleshly hunger, or hatred, or hard-heartedness, or scathe and scorn o' the quakin' griefs o' the bit bonny shrieken' burdies around the tuft o' moss, a' that was left o' their herried nests; but mine was the sacred hunger and thirst o' divine silver and gold gleamin' amang the diamonds drapt by mornin' on the hedgeraws, and rashes, and the broom, and the whins—love o' the lovely—de-sire conquerin' but no killin' pity—and joy o' blessed possession that left at times a tear on my cheek for the bereavement o' the heart-broken warblers o' the woods. Yet brak' I not mony o' their hearts, after a'; for if the nest had five eggs, I generally took but twa; though I confess that on gaun back again to brae, bank, bush, or tree, I was glad when the nest was deserted, the eggs cauld, and the birds awa' to some ither place. After a' I was never cruel, sirs; that's no a sin o' mine,—and whenever, either then or since, I hae gien pain to any leevin' cretur, in nae lang time after, o' the twa pairties, mine has been the maist achin' heart. As for pyots and hoody-craws, and the like, I used to herry them without compunction, and flingin' up stanes, to shoot them wi' a gun, as they were flasterin' out o' the nest.

English Opium-Eater.—Some one of my ancestors—for, even with the deepest sense of my own unworthiness, I cannot believe that my own sins—as a cause—have been adequate to the production of such an effect—must have perpetrated some enormous—some monstrous crime, punished in me, his descendant, by utter blindness to all bird's nests.

Shepherd.—Maist likely. The De Qunshy's cam' owre wi' the Conqueror, and were great Criminals.—But did you ever look for them, sir?

English Opium-Eater.—From the year 1811—the year in which the Marrs and Williams were murdered—till the year 1821, in which Bonaparte the little—vulgarily called Napoleon the Great—died of a cancer in his stomach—

Shepherd.—A hereditary disease—accordin' to the Doctors.

English Opium-Eater.——did I exclusively occupy myself during the spring months, from night till morning, in searching for the habitations of these interesting creatures.

Shepherd.—Frae nicht till mornin'! That comes o' reversin' the order o' Natur. You might see a rookery or a heronry by moonlicht—but no a wren's nest aneath the portal o' some cave lookin' out upon a sleepless water-fa' dinnin' to the stars. Mr. De Qunshy, you and me leaves in twa different warlds—and yet it's wonnerfu' hoo we understan ane another sae weel's we do—quite a phenomena. When I'm scoopin' you're breakfastin'—when I'm lyin'

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doon, after your coffee you're risin' up—as I'm coverin' my head wi' the blankets you're pittin' on your breeks—as my een are stickin' like sunflowers aneath the moon, yours are glowin' like twa gas-lamps, and while your mind is masterin' poleetical economy and metaphysics, in a desperate fetech wi' Ricawrdo and Cant, I'm heard by the night-wanderin' fairies snorin' trumpet-nosed through the land o' Nod.

English Opium-Eater.—Though the revolutions of the heavenly bodies have, I admit, a certain natural connexion with the ongoings o'—

Shepherd.—Wait awee—nane o' your astrology till after sooper. It canna be true, sir, what folk say about the influence o' the moon on character. I never thoct ye the least mad. Indeed, the only fauts I hae to fin' wi' you is, that you're ower wise. Yet we speak what, in the lang run, woud appear to be as common language—I sometimes understaun you no that verra indistinctly—and when we tackle in our talk to the great interests o' humanity, we're philosophers o' the same school, sir, and see the inner world by the self-same central light. We're incomprehensible creturs, are we men—that's beyond a doubt;—and let us be born and bred as we may—black, white, red, or a deep bright burnished copper—in spite o' the division o' tongues, there's nae division o' hearts, for it's the same bluid that gangs circulatin' through our mortal tenements, carryin' along on its tide the same freightage o' feelins and thochts, emotions, affections, and passions—though, like the ships o' different nations, they a' hoist their ain colours, and proud proud are they o' their leopards, or their crescent-moons, or their stars, or their stripes o' buntin;—but see! when it blows great guns, hoo they a' dling owerboard their storm-anchors, and when their cables part, hoo they a' seek the shelterin' lee o' the same mighty break-water, a belief in the being and attributes of the One Living God—But was ye never out in the daytime, sir?

English Opium-Eater.—Frequently.

Shepherd.—But then it's sae lang sin' syne, that in memory the sunlicht maun seem amaise like the moonlicht,—sic, indeed, even wi' us that rise wi' the laverock, and lie doon wi' the lintie, is the saftenin'—the shadin'—the darkenin' power o' the Past, o' Time the Prime Minister o' Life, wha, in spite o' a' Opposition, carries a' his measures by a silent vote, and aften, wi' a weary wecht o' taxes, bows a' the wide warld doon to the verra dust.

English Opium-Eater.—In the South my familiars have been the nightingales, in the North the owls. Both are merry birds—the one singing, and the other shouting, in moods of midnight mirth:—Nor in my deepest, darkest fits of meditation or of melancholy, did the one or the other ever want my sympathies,—whether piping at the root of the hedgerow, or hooting from the trunk of the sycamore—else all still both on earth and in heaven.

Shepherd.—Ye maun hae seen mony a beautiful and mony a sublime sight, sir, in the Region, lost to folk like us, wha try to keep oursel's awaak a' day, and asleep a' nicht—and your sowle, sir, maun hae acquired something

o' the serene and solemn character o' the sun-left skies. And true it is, Mr. De Quinshy, that ye hae the voice o' a night-wanderin' man laigh and loun—pitched on the key o' a wimplin' burn speakin' to itself in the silence, aneath the moon and stars.

Tickler.—'Tis pleasant, James, to hear all us four talking at one time. Your bass, my counter, Mr. De Quincey's tenor, and North's treble—

North.—Treble, indeed!

Tickler.—Aye, childish treble—

Shepherd.—Come, nae quarrellin' yet. That's a quotation frae Shakspeare, and there's nae insult in a mere quotation. I never con'd admire Wullie's Seven Ages. They're puir, and professional.

English Opium-Eater.—Professional, but not poor, Mr. Hogg. Shakspeare intended not in those pictures to show the most secret spirit of the Seasons of Life. In one sense they are superficial,—but the sympathies touched thereby may be most profound—for the familiar, when given by a master's hand, awakens the unfamiliar—yea, the grotesque gives birth to the grand—the simple to the sublime—and plain and easy as are the steps of that stair, made of earth's common stone, and without balustrades of cunning or gorgeous carving—yet do they finally conduct us, as we ascend, to the portico, and then into the penetralia, of a solemn temple—even the temple of life. For is not that an oracular line,

“Sans eyes, sans nose, sans teeth, sans every thing!”

Shepherd.—Faith, I believe it is, I was gaun to gie ye prose picturs o' the Seven Ages o' my ain pentin'—but I'll keep them for anither Noctes. And noo, sir, wull ye be sae gude as help yourself to a glass o' calcavalla—or is't caracalla?—and then launch awa', as Allan Cunningham says, w' “a wet sheet and a flowing sail,” into the sea of metaphysics.

English Opium-Eater.—It is incumbent on every human soul, Mr. Hogg, to bear within itself a Fountain of Will. This Fichté, called its *I*—the *Ego* of each individual. This should be active and full of all power, endless in the production of desires—only coerced and ruled by knowledge and apprehensions of right and wrong, and sundry tendernesses.

Shepherd.—I hear a response to that, sir, in my ain sowle—but no that very distinek.

English Opium-Eater.—To the forming mind, which is yet uninstructed and blind, the discovery by sympathy of the judgments of others, and the power by sympathy of their judgments over it, is useful to instruct, to give it knowledge of itself, of them, and of the constitution of things.

Shepherd.—Didna Adam Smith say something like that, sir?

North.—Yes, James, but not precisely so.

English Opium-Eater.—But when the mind is formed, then it ought to use that sympathy only as a means of tenderness—I mean that sympathy which discovers to it the operation of other minds. That sympathy ought to be in subjection to its self-moving principles and powers. Yes, Mr. Hogg, Adam Smith is right in thinking that a great part of actual morality

is from this operation of sympathy. There are numbers of people to whom it is almost a recognised and stated law or truth, that the approbation and condemnation of society, is the reason for doing and not doing. But hear me, sir. The tendency of the Christian religion is to produce the *I*—the *Ego*—and draw out of itself—that is, the Individuality—all the rules of action. Therefore, it is the perfect Law of Liberty. In other words, at the same time that it is perfect liberty, it is perfect law. The Jewish Law is wholly external—that is, not that it ends and is completed in things external, but its power is from without, and from without it binds. The other binds from within. Indeed, it does not so much bind as reign.

Shepherd.—A fine and good distinction.

English Opium-Eater.—Now all people who are bound from without, are Jews of this earth. They are held, regulated, constricted, and constructed,—edified, that is, built up, of a quantity of intercatenated ideas given to them, which they had no part in making, in and by which they desire and trust to live. But life is not there, except that life is every where. The number of them was great among old-fashioned people, who lived, moved, breathed, and had their being among a set of hereditary rules, many of them good, many indifferent, and many ridiculous—but, on the whole, destroying the Individuality, the *I*—and lying like a perpetual, although unfelt weight on the will.

Shepherd.—Strictly speakin', no free agents.

English Opium-Eater.—Now, my dear James, Poetry is of the earth, a spirit analogous to Christianity. It is free, yet under full law, producing out of itself both action and guidance, both "law and impulse." Poetry is in willing harmony with the world—a vast law voluntarily embraced, and always anew embraced, hence, evermore and to the last, spontaneous. The essence of Christianity, again, is, that the human being becomes without a will, and yet has the strongest will. It is self in the utmost degree triumphant, by means of the utter annihilation of self. For the Christian seeks absolute conformity of his will to the will of God, whatever that may be, and however promulgated. He desires, and is capable of, no other happiness. It would be misery to him to imagine himself divided from that will. The conforming to that will is, then, in the utmost degree, inmost utter spontaneity, perfect liberty, and yet absolute law. But in this state, his own will, which towards God, is nothing but the resignation of all will, is towards all human beings utter and irresistible. He can speak and act; he can do whatever is to be done; he can rule the spirits of men; he can go conquering nations in the power of the Word, and the sword of the Spirit. Therefore, so he is at once self-triumphant and self-annihilated. He is self-annihilated, for he has given himself up; he feels himself not—is nothing—mere conformity—passiveness—manifestations of an agency. He feels only the presence, the spirit, the power in which he lives. He lives in God. At the same time he is self-triumphant. For what is self, but the innermost and very nature of the being, the "*intima et ipsis-*

sima essentia?" All that is subsequent and accidental is not self; but this Christian Love, as it advances, throws off, expels more and more, every thing that is subsequent and accidental, bringing out into activity, consciousness, and power, that nature which was given with being to the soul. Moreover, this state of surrendered, happy Love, searches that nature with pleasures nothing short of ecstasy. So that the ultimate extinction of self becomes its unspeakable happiness; and self, annihilated, exalted in glory, and bathed in bliss, is self-triumphant, and Death is Immortality.

Shepherd.—Oh man! if them that's kickin' up sic a row the noo about the doctrine o' the Christian religion, had looked intill the depths o' their own natur wi' your een, they had a been as mum as mice keekin' roun' the end o' a pew, in place of scrauchin' like pyots on the leuds, or a hoody wi' a sair throat.

English Opium-Eater.—I know not to what you allude, Mr. Hogg, for I live out of what is called the Religious World.

Shepherd.—A loud, noisy, vulgar, bawling, brawling, wranglin', branglin', routin' and roarin' world—maist unfittin' indeed for the likes o' you, sir, wha, under the shadows o' woods and mountains, at midnight, communes wi' your ain heart, and is still.

English Opium-Eater.—No religious controversy in modern days, sir, ever seemed to me to reach back into those recesses in my spirit where the sources lie from which well out the bitter or the sweet waters—the sins and the miseries—the holinesses and the happinesses, of our incomprehensible being!

Shepherd.—And if they ever do, hoo drumly the stream!

English Opium-Eater.—Better even a mere sentimental religion, which, though shallow, is pure, than those audacious doctrines broached by Pride-in-Humility, who, blind as the bat, essays the flight of the eagle, and ignorant of the lowest natures, yet claims acquaintance with the decrees of the Most High.

Shepherd.—Aye—better far a sentimental—a poetical religion, as you say, sir—though that's far frae bein' the true thing either—for o' a' the Three Blessings o' Man, the last is the best—Love, Poetry, and Religion. What'n a book might be written, I've often thoct—and aiblins may hae said—on that three words!

English Opium-Eater.—Yes, my dear James—Beauty, the soul of Poetry, is indeed divine—but there is that which is diviner still—and that is DUTY.

Flowers laugh before her on their beds,
And fragrance in her footing treads;
She doth preserve the stars from wrong,
And the eternal heavens through her are
fresh and strong.

Shepherd.—Wha said that?

English Opium-Eater.—Who? Wordsworth. And the Edinburgh Review—laughed.

Shepherd.—He has made it, sin syne, laugh out o' the wrang side o' its mouth. He soars.

North.—Human life is always, in its highest moral exhibitions, sublime rather than beautiful—and the sublimity is not that of the imagination, but of the soul.

Shepherd.—That's very fine, sir; I wish you would say it over again—do.

North.—The setting or the rising sun, being mere matter, are in themselves, James, nothing, unless they are clothed in light by the imagination, unless the east and the west are irradiated by poetry. But the spirit that is within us, is an existence, in itself vast and imperishable, and we see and know its nature—its essence then best, when we regard it with the steadiest, most solemn, and unimpassioned gaze—not veiling it in earthly imagery, and adorning it with the garments of sense, and then worshipping its imagined grandeur and beauty with such emotions as we creatures of the clay, children of the dust, have been wont to cherish towards transitory shadows—the fleeting phantoms of our own raising—but stripping it rather bare of all vain and idle, however bright and endearing colours, poured over it by the yearnings, and longings, and passions of an earthly love—and trying to behold it in its true form and lineaments, not afraid that even when it stands forth in its own proper lights and proportions, Virtue will ever seem less than angelical and divine—although her countenance may be somewhat sad, her eyes alternately raised to heaven in hope, and cast down in fear to the earth—her voice, it may be, tremulous—or mute, as she stands before her Creator, her Saviour, and her Judge,—her beauty visible, perhaps, to the intelligences, to the bright Ardours round the throne—but all unknown to herself, for she is humble, awe-struck, and sore afraid. And so, too, were all the countless multitudes of human beings, who have in this life—so evanescent—put their trust perhaps too much in her—although her name was Virtue,—for still she was but human—and there is a strong taint—a dire corruption in all most bright and beautiful—that was once but an apparition of this earth.

Shepherd.—Mr. De Qunshy, do na ye admire that?

English Opium-Eater.—I do.

North.—It will, I believe, be found, that in the highest moral judgment of the characters of men, the feeling or emotion of beauty will not exist at all—but that it will have melted away and disappeared in a state of mind more suitable to the solemn, the sacred subject. A human being has done his duty, and gone to his reward. "God grant, in his infinite mercy, that I may do mine, and escape from darkness into eternal light!" That is, or ought to be—the first feeling, or thought of self—so suddenly interposed with the moral judgment on our dead brother, that it is as one and the same feeling and thought—too awful—too dreadful to be beautiful,—for the soul is with gloom overshadowed—and the only light that breaks through it, is light straight from Heaven,—light ineffable, and that must not be profaned by an earthly name, whose very meaning evanishes with the earth, and is merged into another state of being—when we can only say, "Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise."

English Opium-Eater.—And so, sir, in like manner, many descriptions may be given, and

ought to be given, of suffering virtue, in which the sense or feeling of beauty is strong—for the love of virtue is thus excited and encouraged by delight. But carry on the representation of the trials of virtue to the last extremity—defeated or triumphant, failing or victorious—and then the moral mind—the conscience—will not be satisfied with the beautiful—nay, will be impatient of it—will turn from it austere away—and will be satisfied and elevated by the calm, clear perception, that the poor, frail, erring, and sinful creature, lying perhaps on its forsaken bed of straw, has striven, with all its heart and all its soul, to do the will of its heavenly Father—and dares to hope that, by the atonement, it may see the face of God. In such a scene as this, the spirit of the looker-on is gathered up into one thought—and that is a mystery—of its own origin and of its own destiny—and all other thoughts would be felt repugnant to that awe-struck mood, nor would they coalesce with feelings breathed on it from the promised land lying in light unvisited beyond death and the grave.

North.—You pause—and, therefore, I say, that such states of mind as these cannot be of long endurance. For they belong only to the most awful hours and events of this life. They pass away, either entirely, to rise up again with renovated force, on occasions that demand them, or they blend with inferior states, solemnizing and sanctifying them; and then to such states the term beautiful may, I think, be correctly and well applied. For the more human natural affections of love, and delight, and pity, and admiration,—these all blend with our moral judgments and emotions—and the picture of the entire state of mind, if naturally and truly drawn, may be, nay, ought to be, bright with the lights of poetry. To such pictures we apply the term Beautiful;—they find their place among the moral literature of a people, and when studied, under the sanction and guidance of thoughts higher still, they cannot fail to be friendly to virtue.

English Opium-Eater.—May I speak, sir?—That the highest moral judgment, however, is something in itself, apart from all such emotions, excellent and useful as they are, and how amiable and endearing I need not say, is proved by this—that there are many men of such virtue as awe us, and seems to us beyond and above our reach, who have nevertheless seemed to have never felt at all, or but very faintly the emotion of the beauty of virtue. The word of God they knew must be obeyed—to obey it they set themselves with all their collected might: To avert the wrath—to gain the love of God, was all their aim, day and night—and that was to be done but by bringing their will into accordance with, and subjection to, the will of God. The struggle was against sin—and for righteousness—shall a soul be saved or lost? And no other emotion could be permitted to blend with thoughts due to God alone, from his creature striving to obey his laws, and hearing ever and anon a "still small voice" whispering in his ear that the reward of obedience, the punishment of disobedience, must be beyond all comprehension,—and, necessarily, (the soul itself being immortal,) enduring through all eternity.

Shepherd.—If you will alloo a simple shepherd to speak on sic a theme—

North.—Yes, my dearest James, you can, if you choose, speak on it better than either of us.

Shepherd.—Weel, then, that is the view o' virtue that seems maist consistent wi' the revelation o' its true nature by Christianity. Isna there, sirs, a perpetual struggle—a ceevil war—in ilka man's heart? This we ken, whenever we have an opportunity of discerning what is gaun on in the hearts o' ither,—this we ken, whenever we set ourselves to tak a steady gaze intill the secrets of our ain. We are, then, moved—aye, appalled, by much that we behold; and wherever there is sin, there, be assured, will be sorrow. But are na we aften cheered, and consoled, too, by much that we behold? And wherever there is goodness, our ain heart, as weel's them o' the spectators, burns within us! Aye—it burns within us. We feel—we see, that we or our brethren are partly as God would wish—as we must be afore we can hope to see his face in mercy. I've often thoct intill mysell that that feeling is aye that we may *desecrate* (is that the richt word?) by ranking it amang them that appertains to our senses and our imagination, rather than to the religious soul.

North.—Mr. De Quincey?

English Opium-Eater.—Listen. An extraordinary man indeed, sir!

Shepherd.—No me; there's naething extraordinary about me, mair than about a thousand ither Scottish shepherds. But ca' not, I say, the face o' that father beautifu,' who stands beside the bier o' his only son, and wi' his ain withered hand helps to let doon the body into the grave—though all its lines, deep as they are, are peacefu' and untroubled, and the grey uncovered head maist reverend and affecting in the sunshine that falls at the same time on the coffin of him who was last week the sole etay o' his auld age! But if you could venture in thoct to be wi' that auld man when he is on his knees before God, in his lanely room, blessing him for a' his mercies, even for having taken awa' the licht of his eyes, extinguished it in a moment, and left a' the house in darkness—you would not then, if you saw into his inner spirit, venture to ca' the calm that slept there—beautifu'! Na, na, na! In it you would feel assurance o' the immortality o' the soul—o' the transitoriness o' mere human sorrows—o' the vanity o' a' passion that clings to the clay—o' the power which the spirit possesses in richt o' its origin to see God's eternal justice in the midst o' sic utter bereavement as might well shake its faith in the Invisible—o' a life where there is no decaying frame to weep over and to bewail; and sae thinkin'—and sae feeling—ye would behold in that old man kneelin' in your unkent presence, an eemage o' human nature by its intensest sufferings raised and reconciled to that feenal state o' obedience, acquiescence, and resignation to the will o' the Supreme, which is virtue, morality, piety, in ae word—RELIGION. Aye, the feenal consummation o' mortality putting on immortality, o' the soul shedding the slough of its earthly affections, and reap-

pearing amais in its pristine innocence, nae unfit inhabitant o' Heaven.

English Opium-Eater.—Say not that a thousand Scottish shepherds could so speak, my dear sir.

Shepherd.—Aye, and far better, too. But hearken till me—When that state o' mind passed away frae us, and we becam willing to find relief, as it were, frae thochts so far aboon the level o' them that must be our daily thochts, then we nicht, and then probably we would, begin to speak, sir, o' the beauty o' the auld man's resignation, and in poetry or painting, the picture might be pronounced beautifu', for then our souls would hae subsided, and the deeper, the mair solemn, and the mair awfu' o' our emotions would o' themselves hae retired to rest within the recesses o' the heart, alang wi' maist o' the maist mysterious o' our moral and religious convictions.—(*Dog Barks*.) Heavens! I could hae thoct that was Bronte!

North.—No bark like his, James, now belongs to the world of sound.

Shepherd.—Purple black was he all over, except the star on his breast—as the raven's wing. Strength and sagacity emboldened his bounding beauty, and a fierceness lay deep down within the quiet lustre o' his een that tauld ye, even when he laid his head upon your knees, and smiled up to your face like a verra intellectual and moral cretur,—as he was,—that had he been angered, he could hae torn in pieces a lion.

North.—Not a child of three years old and upwards, in the neighbourhood of the lodge, that had not hung by his mane, and played with his fangs, and been affectionately worried by him on the flowery greensward.

Shepherd.—Just like a stalwart father gambolin' wi' his lauchin' bairns!—And yet there was a heart that could bring itself to pushion Bronte! When the atheist flung him the arsenic ba' the devil was at his elbow.

Shepherd.—Aften do I wonder whether or no birds, and beasts, and insecks, hae immortal souls.

English Opium-Eater.—What God makes, why should he annihilate? Quench our own Pride in the awful consciousness of our Fall, and will any other response come from that oracle within us—Conscience—than that we have no claim on God for immortality, more than the beasts which want indeed "discourse of reason," but which live in love, and by love, and breathe forth the manifestations of their being through the same corruptible clay which makes the whole earth one mysterious burial-place, unfathomable to the deepest soundings of our souls!

Shepherd.—True, Mr. De Qunshy—true, true. Pride's at the bottom o' a' our blindness, and a' our wickedness, and a' our madness; for if we did indeed and of verity, a' the nights and a' the days o' our life, sleepin' and waukin', in delight or in despair, aye remember, and never for a single moment forget, that we are a'—worms—Milton, and Spenser, and Newton—gods as they were on earth—and that they were gods, did not the flowers and the stars declare, and a' the twa blendid warlds o' Poetry and Science, lyin' as it were

like the skies o' heaven reflected in the waters o' the earth, in ano anither's arms? Aye, Shakspeare himself a worm—and Imogen, and Desdemona, and Ophelia, a' but the oemages o' worms—and Macbeth, and Leare and Hamlet! Where would be then our pride and the self-idolatry o' our pride, and all the vain glorifications o' our imagined magnificence? Dashed doon into the worm-holes o' our birth-place, among all crawlin' and slimy things, and afraid in our lurking places to face the divine purity o' the far far off and eternal heavens in their infinitude!—Puir Bronte's dead and buried—and see in a few years will a' Us Fowre be! Had we naething but our boasted reason to trust in, the dusk would become the dark—and the dark the mirk, mirk, mirk;—but we have the Bible,—and lo! a golden lamp illumining the short midnight that blackens between the mortal twilight and the immortal dawn.

(To be continued.)

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TO MY BABE.

BY DELTA.

There is no sound upon the night—
As, by the shaded lamp, I trace,
My babe, in infant beauty bright,
The changes of thy sleeping face.—

Hallow'd for ever be the hour
To us, throughout all time to come,
Which gave us thee—a living flower—
To bless and beautify our home!

Thy presence is a charm, which wakes
A new creation to my sight;
Gives life another look, and makes
The wither'd green, the faded bright.

Pure as a lily of the brook,
Heaven's signet on thy forehead lies,
And heaven is read in every look,
My daughter, of thy soft blue eyes.

In sleep thy little spirit seems
To some bright realm to wander back,
And seraphs, mingling with thy dreams,
Allure thee to their shining track.

Already like a vernal flower
I see thee opening to the light,
And day by day, and hour by hour,
Becoming more divinely bright.

Yet in my gladness stirs a sigh,
Even for the blessing of thy birth,
Knowing how sins and sorrows try
Mankind, and darken o'er the earth!

Ah, little dost thou ween, my child,
The dangers of the way before,
How rocks in every path are piled,
Which few unarm'd can clamber o'er.

Sweet bud of beauty! how wilt thou
Endure the bitter tempest's strife?
Shall thy blue eyes be dimm'd—thy brow
Indented by the cares of life?

If years are spared to thee—alas!

It may be—ah! it must be so;
For all that live and breathe, the glass,
Which must be quaff'd, is drugg'd with wo.

Yet ah! if prayers should aught avail,
So calm thy skies of life should be,
That thou shouldst glide, beneath the sail
Of virtue, on a stormless sea;

And ever on thy thoughts, my child,
The sacred truth should be impress'd—
Grief clouds the soul to sin beguiled,
Who liveth best, God loveth best.

Across thy path, Religion's star
Should ever shed its healing ray,
To lead thee from this world's vain jar,
To scenes of peace, and purer day:

Shun Vice—the breath of her abode
Is poison'd, though with roses strewn;
And cling to Virtue, though the road
Be thorny—boldly travel on!

For thee I ask not riches—thou
Wert wealthy with a spotless name;
I ask not beauty—for thy brow
Is fair as my desires could claim.

Be thine a spirit loathing guilt,
Kind, independent, pure, and free;—
Be like thy mother,—and thou wilt
Be all my soul desires to see!

From the same.

CATO.

AMBASSADORS FROM CÆSAR ADDRESS CATO.

"NOBLEST of Romans, we come to save
The pride of Rome from a timeless grave:
Hear the greeting which Cæsar sends—
'Cæsar counts Cato among his friends.'"

"Bear back to Cæsar Cato's reply—
Cato's friends are the friends of liberty."

"Cæsar offers thee power, high station and
sway—
Power that all next to Cæsar himself shall
obey."

"No power of value to Cato can be,
Save the power of keeping his country free."

"Cæsar offers thee wealth—riches we'll bring
That shall rival the stores of the Lydian king."

"Freedom is of a price too high
For all the wealth of Cræsus to buy."

"Cæsar offers thee pleasure—the west and east
Shall be traversed for beauty thy view to feast."

"No beauty can equal in Cato's eye
The loveliness of liberty."

"A grander offer of favour we bring;
'Some subject kingdom shall call thee king.'

"In Cato's eyes, the freeman's grave
Is grander far than the throne of a slave."

"Ask aught in the power of Cæsar to give:
There's nought he'll refuse if Cato will live."

"Go, bear this answer to Cæsar home—
The boon Cato asks is—THE FREEDOM OF ROME."

From the United Service Journal.

NEW ZEALAND, IN 1829.

From the Journal of an officer of the Brig *Hawes*, describing the capture of that vessel by the natives, and the cruelties exercised towards her crew;—with some account of the country.

On the 17th Nov. 1828, I sailed from Sydney as second officer in the Brig *Hawes* of 110 tons, and fourteen men, commanded by Capt. John James, having also a gang of twelve sealers, whom we were instructed to land either on the Antipodes or the Bounty Islands.

Having landed ten on the former and two on the latter islands, we made sail for New Zealand on a trading voyage. We arrived at the Bay of Islands in December, and after wooding and watering, sailed for the East Cape, distant about five hundred miles. On our arrival, a great number of the natives came off in large canoes, and through the medium of our interpreter, an Englishman, taken on board at the Bay of Islands, we unsuccessfully endeavoured to induce them to barter. Eager as these people always are for the possession of any thing European, we regarded their disinclination to trade as an extraordinary circumstance; but the mystery was soon unravelled, by our interpreter informing us that they were singing their war-song, and preparing for an immediate attack on the vessel.

We instantly flew to arms, removed the caps and aprons from our cannon, and determined on a vigorous resistance; but the savages, whose success depends on surprising their victims, fled with the greatest precipitation as soon as they perceived we were aware of their intentions. Disappointed at this place in the object of our voyage, we weighed anchor, and sailed along the coast, until we entered the Bay of Plenty, where the natives are very numerous and warlike, having a strong propensity for theft, and of a most treacherous disposition. Our Captain permitted a few of the principal chiefs to come on board, treating them with much attention, hoping by a conciliatory disposition to induce them to trade with us. This plan succeeded very well, for in the course of two days as much flax was obtained as we required.

The utmost vigilance was observed during this period, as the natives made several attempts to seize the ship, but our continued watchfulness, and the timely notice given by our interpreter, frustrated their intentions. We returned to the Bay of Islands to re-stow our hold, and make room for the quantity of pork required for our provisions, and after cooping the casks, sailed to a place called Towronga, at the head of the Bay of Plenty, several miles from our recent trading ground, and under the government of a chief, who, we were informed, was of a more friendly disposition. Towronga is a very good harbour for small ships, with three fathoms at low water. The country is hilly, and much diversified with woods, not of any great extent, but so numerous and so delightfully dispersed, as to present the appearance of a park, arranged by a tasteful hand. The hills in the distance are

covered with verdure, and through every valley runs a beautiful stream, sometimes meandering in graceful silence, and at others rushing over the opposing fragments of rocks and trees, in cataracts without number. Here the natives informed us hogs were abundant, but, being wild in the bush, it would require some time to catch them. We cast anchor, and our interviews with the natives apparently confirmed the favourable account we had previously received of their friendly disposition, and for several days we obtained a tolerable supply, which, however, was soon discontinued; for at the end of seven weeks we had procured but five tons of potatoes, and three tons of cleaned and cured meat.

Our interpreter recommended the Captain to send the boat to a settlement called by the natives *Waiketanna*, about fifty miles from Towronga Harbour, where the ship lay, assuring him that an abundance of provisions could there be obtained.

In consequence of this advice, the boat was rigged and placed under my charge, and early on the following morning, I left the ship accompanied by the interpreter, and one of the crew, and at midnight anchored in a small cove close to the entrance of the settlement. At daybreak we got under weigh, and after steering about a quarter of a mile up the river, we brought up abreast of the *Pah*, or village; the natives here are very numerous. This *Pah*, like all the others I had seen in New Zealand, is situated on a steep, lofty, and conical hill of great natural strength, fortified by an embankment of earth, approached by a narrow and circuitous pathway, so difficult, that an European climbs it with much danger, while the barefooted New Zealander ascends without inconvenience, running over the sharpest rocks and most rugged ways with great facility.

A number of natives, collected at the place of our landing, received us with the "Heromai," or salutation of friendship, implying "come hither;" and on being informed by our interpreter of the object of our visit, they welcomed us with excessive joy, dancing and singing around us with violent and grotesque gesticulations, declaring their readiness to do all in their power for our assistance. They conducted us to the dwelling of their chief by the pathway before described. This was a small hut, constructed of stakes driven into the ground, the sides and roofs of reeds, so completely arranged, as to be impervious to rain. A small space in the front was neatly paved, and the only aperture for light and air was a little sliding door of reeds, scarcely large enough to admit a grown person; the interior of the dwelling was so low that a man could not stand upright therein. It was surrounded by a veranda, covered with rude carvings, painted red, designating the rank and family of the chief. The huts of the common people are wretched in the extreme, very little better than pigsties; but the practice of sleeping in the open air is so prevalent, that the weather must be inclement indeed to force the natives to the shelter of their hovels. They sleep in a sitting posture, with their legs bent under them, enveloping themselves in their coarse upper mat, so that during the night they have

the appearance of a number of small cocks of bay scattered about the side of the hill. To return to my narrative, we were introduced to their chief, named Enararo, or the Lizard. He was a tall, well-proportioned man, of great personal strength and commanding manner, and his body profusely tattooed.

When I first saw him, he was seated on the ground in front of his dwelling, with a handsome mat thrown over his shoulders, his face and body besmeared with oil and red ochre; his hair after the fashion of his country, was tied in a bunch to the top of his head, and ornamented with the plumes of the albatross, or gannet. On informing him of our errand, we were shown a number of fine hogs, which he was willing to let us have. I requested him to send them over land to the ship; but this, he said, was impossible, as he was at war with several of the intervening tribes. Under these circumstances, I had no alternative but to return to the ship, my boat being too small for their conveyance. Unfortunately, the wind was foul, with a very heavy sea on, and we could make no way, except to leeward, so that I was compelled to stand out to sea. Night now closed fast, with a gale of wind from the north-west. We close reefed the sail, and our little bark made better weather than we could have expected, but at daylight we found ourselves so much to leeward of the river, that we were under the necessity of returning to Walkeetanna; on the wind dying away, we took to our oars, and the same day about three p. m. regained the place which the day before we had left. Previous to leaving the vessel, the Captain had instructed me to send a man with a guide over land with my report, if I should be detained by contrary winds or any other circumstance; and as I judged the north-west winds had set in, and there appearing no probability of reaching the vessel in the boat, I requested the interpreter to undertake this commission. He felt no inclination either to walk such a journey, or trust himself with the natives he might meet on the road; and for the same reasons the man with me belonging to the ship, refused to attempt the hazardous task. I, therefore, determined on the journey myself, and engaging a chief to conduct me, set out early on the following morning.

I found the country very mountainous, intersected with numerous rivers, which greatly increased the length of our way, as we were frequently compelled to traverse their banks for several miles before they were fordable. On the sides of these streams, flax is grown in great abundance, and many small patches are under cultivation, producing cabbages, potatoes, parsnips, carrots, and a small sort of turnip. They also grow water-melons and peaches, and I met with a few orange-trees, which have been introduced with success. The principal trees are the Kaikatterre and the Cowry, which grow to an immense height without a branch, and are of such magnitude, as to be fit for the masts of large ships. The Kaikatterre is found in marshy grounds and on the banks of rivers; it appears to be an evergreen, and bears a red berry. The Cowry, which is much preferred, grows on a high and dry soil, has a beautiful foliage, and yields

abundance of resin. A great part of our road lay along the sand, which I found extremely heavy to walk on; and after a fatiguing journey of two days and nights, cautiously avoiding the natives on our way, we at length reached the ship, when I gave my conductor a couple of tomahawks and a small portion of powder, with which he seemed much satisfied. On acquainting the Captain that provisions were to be obtained at the place I had visited, he immediately weighed anchor, and bore away for Walkeetanna, where we arrived the next night, to the seeming joy of the inhabitants, who came off in large canoes, with a plentiful supply of hogs, which we purchased of them, without bringing the ship to an anchor. The chief, Enararo, came on board, and welcomed us with much apparent cordiality; the same feeling seeming to actuate his people, who, in obedience to the orders of their chief, kept at a distance from the vessel, which he would not allow them to board. After stowing our decks with live-stock as thickly as was convenient, and the wind freshening at the south-east, we bore away again for Towronga Harbour, where we killed and salted our pigs, but not finding our quantity complete, we sailed again for Walkeetanna, where we arrived on Sunday, March 1st, 1829. The weather being very fine, we anchored between the Island of Malora and the main; and we had not brought up ten minutes before the natives came off in great numbers as before, from whom we obtained twenty more hogs, which were all we required.

On Monday, March 2d, about six a. m. the boat was sent on shore with the chief officer, and eight hands, including the interpreter, for the purpose of killing and cleaning the pigs with all expedition, at a boiling spring on the beach, a short distance from the vessel. At one p. m. we hailed them to come on board to dinner, but not hearing us, the Captain left me in charge of the vessel with three hands, little imagining the treacherous intentions of the natives. At the time of his departure, Enararo was on board, with about ten or twelve natives alongside. I noticed them several times in earnest conversation about the "Kibbookee," or ship, and suspecting some treachery, I desired the steward, who was an Otaheitan, to hand up the cutlasses, keeping a strict watch on the chief, whom I saw cock his piece, and put it under his "Kokahoo," or upper garment. His men at this signal sprang on the main chains, each having a musket, which they had secreted in their canoes. At this critical juncture we had no pistols on deck, and I was well aware if but one of us went below for them, they would inevitably take advantage of his absence by commencing their attack. As our muskets had been placed in the fore-top, not only for security, but as a precautionary measure in the event of an attack, I ordered one of the men to go up into the fore-top and shoot the chief. They each positively refused, not being so convinced as I was of the designs of the savages; therefore, seeing not a moment was to be lost, I went up myself, giving strict orders to keep a sharp look-out, to which they unfortunately paid but little attention, telling me I was meditating the

life of an innocent man. As I was going up the fore rigging, they were joking with each other with great indifference, regardless of the motions of the natives; but as soon as the chief saw me in the fore-top unslashing the muskets, he fired at one of our men, who was playing with his cutlass, at three paces from him, and shot him through the head; then with his "meatee," a short stone club with a sharp edge, he split his skull. At this signal the whole number jumped on board, and in a moment the two poor fellows remaining were laid low; they then fired a volley at me, at first without effect, but while I was in the act of priming a musket, the chief, Enararo, sent a bullet through my right arm, above the elbow, which shattered the bone. On seeing me fall, they immediately, with the most hideous howlings, commenced their war-dance. They then began the plunder of the ship, and although I was lying in the fore-top in extreme agony, I could plainly perceive that in the height of their depredations, they paid but little attention to the authority of their chiefs, retaining their acquisitions with such tenacity, that several, on refusing to relinquish them, were speared through the body, and died on the spot. They speedily filled the canoes alongside. The chief now ordered one of the natives to fetch me, but being unable to do it himself, he called for assistance, when I was dragged down, and placed in a canoe. The sun having set, and the day closing fast, they rowed towards the harbour with all possible expedition, as its entrance by night is extremely dangerous; however, we gained it without accident, although our way led us through a tremendous surf. Some of the canoes more heavily laden, and containing the greater part of the arms and ammunition, were swamped, the natives saving their lives with much difficulty, with the loss of their canoes and booty.

Considering the horrible circumstances in which I was placed, ignorant of the fate of the captain and the boat's crew, who I expected were also cut off, believing myself the only survivor of our ill-fated number, in the hands of cannibals, who I doubted not were reserving me for more cruel tortures, and at last to be made the victim of their appalling gluttony for human flesh, it might be expected that I should regard with apathy the loss of the canoes; but such was not the case, for, notwithstanding my extreme agony of body and mind, I beheld their destruction with exultation, considering it an act of retributive justice. On arriving at the settlement, the women surrounded us, singing and dancing, and, with every demonstration of extravagant joy, welcomed the return of their heroic lords, who in their estimation had achieved a most valiant deed. After landing their plunder, they conveyed me to a place where they had kindled several large fires, around which they collected: the glare of the flames displaying with increased effect, the horror of their distorted countenances, I observed them in eager consultation, and knew sufficient of their language to be fully aware that I was the subject of their deliberation. I considered my fate inevitable, but although many violently contended for my sacrifice, Almighty God had merci-

fully ordered otherwise. I was indebted for my preservation at that moment to the chief, who had been my conductor to the ship, who earnestly interceded for me, and at length succeeded in obtaining my respite, making a promise that if I was not ransomed by a certain period he would himself kill me, and at the same time remarking that a musket would be of much more importance to them than the taking of my life, in which they at length acquiesced.

He then took me to his hut at the Pah, where on ruminating on the occurrences of this eventful day, I offered my grateful thanksgivings to the Almighty for my miraculous preservation, imploring his protection and merciful deliverance.

For the first two nights I could not even close my eyes; the terrors of the circumstances I have detailed, and the increasing agonies of my arm totally precluding the possibility of sleep, and my groans so disturbed the chief that he put me out of his hut, and I took refuge in a shed hard by. During this period no one had offered any assistance to alleviate my pain. I at length found a piece of pump-leather which I placed round my shattered limb after the manner of a splint, and tearing my stocking for a bandage, the chief bound it around the wound. This I was obliged frequently to remove, when I went to the river accompanied by a native, and washed my arm in the best manner I was able. I found a bullet had passed completely through the bone, and was assured some slugs remained in the wound, which it was impossible for me to remove. On the second morning of my captivity I was taken to that side of the Pah which faces the harbour, and my attention was directed to a schooner sailing into the bay. On approaching the wreck of our unfortunate vessel which by this time was nearly dismantled, I observed the natives abandon her in great haste, and she was shortly after taken possession of by the schooner, who proceeded to tow her out of the bay. In the most urgent manner I entreated to be taken on board, but all my assurances of ransom and indemnity were unavailing; my sensations may be better conceived than described on my witnessing the departure of the vessels, from whence only I could expect the chance of a ransom. I now endeavoured to resign myself to the fate which seemed inevitably to await me, although the natural love of life, and a reflection on my past preservation, sometimes produced a gleam of hope that I should still escape. On the third day after my capture an incident occurred not in any way calculated to diminish the distress of my harrowed feelings. A native brought me the head of one of my unfortunate shipmates. It was the Otaheitan steward's, which they had preserved by a method peculiar to themselves, and elaborately tattooed. Many such are in their possession, as they form an article of their trade; and I shuddered at the reflection that my own would probably ere long be added to their number.

On the fourth morning I was greatly alarmed by seeing all the natives of the settlement flock around me; and anxiously inquired the reason. They told me the people of Tow-

ronga, a neighbouring tribe, were coming to attack them with numbers far exceeding their own; and the report evidently produced great consternation among them.

Shortly after, Enararo made his appearance with the captain's sextant, which he gave me, desiring me to look at the sun, and inform him truly if the Towronga people would come down on them. To refuse would have been fatal, and equally so an untrue prophecy; but judging from the well-ascertained disposition of the natives of this island, that the report of the plunder of our vessel would awaken the cupidity of some neighbouring tribe, I obeyed his command, and, after taking an observation, desired a book, which I appeared to consult. I told him the Towronga people would come against him with hostile intentions. He inquired "when?" With much agitation, and scarcely knowing what I said, I replied, "Tomorrow." He seemed much satisfied with me, and prepared for a vigorous defence. They built a clay bank, about four feet high, on the side of the river at the foot of their Pah, where they mounted our carronades and swivels, and in conscious security awaited with impatience the dawn of the following day. At daybreak I heard a general discharge of musketry, and in a few minutes Enararo came running to my hut, informing me of the attack of the Towronga people, as I had predicted; and having now a high opinion of my gift in prophecy, he implored me to tell him if the defence of his settlement would be successful. I told him "Yes," which greatly animated the spirits of himself and people, amongst whom my last prediction spread with avidity. By this time the enemy were on the opposite side of the river, and had commenced a brisk fire, which was well returned by the assailed. A native conducted me to the back of the settlement, where they imagined I should be out of danger, my preservation appearing now an object of their solicitude. Shortly after this I heard the report of one of our cannon, when a song of joy was raised by the defenders, for the discharge of this gun had produced such consternation amongst the enemy that they took to their heels with great precipitation, the attack having lasted about an hour. After this repulse, Enararo, accompanied by several chiefs, came to me, and were extravagant in my praise, saying I was an "Atua," (a God). After the battle, several of the wounded assailants were taken prisoners, whose heads were immediately cut off. The bodies were then embowelled, and cooked, and from the avidity displayed by both sexes at this horrible repast, to which I was a painful witness, I am persuaded they prefer human flesh to any other food. As the manner of preserving heads so effectually as to prevent decay and preserve the features for many years must be a subject of curiosity, perhaps it may not be amiss here to describe it. After the head has been separated from the body and the whole of the interior extracted, it is enveloped in leaves, and placed in an oven made of heated stones, deposited in a hole in the ground, and covered over with turf. The heat is very moderate, and the head is gradually steamed until all the moisture, which is frequently wiped away, is

extracted; after which it is exposed to the air until perfectly dry. In some of these heads, the features, hair, and teeth are as perfect as in life, and years elapse before they show any symptoms of decay.

The practice of preserving heads is universal among the New Zealanders. They bring them as trophies from their wars, and in the event of peace restore them to their families, this interchange being necessary to their reconciliation. They now frequently barter them with Europeans for a little gunpowder. The inhabitants I observed to be generally tall, well made, and active; of a brown colour, with black hair, which sometimes is curling, and their teeth are white and regular. They are divided into two classes, viz. "Rungateodas" or chiefs, and their relations of different degrees of consanguinity; and "Cookées" or slaves, who are nearly black, much shorter, and appear a different race of people.

The features of a New Zealander before they are tattooed, are pleasing, and many remarkably handsome. When a young man arrives at the age of twenty, he must submit to the painful operation of tattooing, or be considered unmanly.

They generally bear it with the greatest fortitude, and it is performed in the following manner. The person performing the operation takes the head of the subject into his lap, on whose face the peculiar lines of his tribe are first marked out.

A small chisel, made of the bone of a fish, is used to cut these lines through the skin, just entering the flesh, when a preparation of charcoal is washed into the incisions. The inflammation which is invariably produced by this operation is so great, that but a small portion can be done at a time, so that it is many months before the man is completely tattooed. The same operation is performed on the women, but in a much less degree. The men's clothing consists of a mat made of a fine silky flax curiously woven by the women, which is thrown over their shoulders; and a similar mat is fastened round their waist by a girdle. They have also another mat, worn in bad weather, which completely covers them. Before going to war they paint their bodies with oil and red ochre; oiling their hair, which they form into a bunch at the top of their heads, decorated with the feathers of the albatross. The ears of both sexes are pierced in their infancy; the perforation is gradually increased in size by the introduction of a stick, and is considered more ornamental as it becomes larger. The superior classes suspend the tooth of a scarce fish, which distinction is so tenaciously observed, that a Cookée is not on any account permitted to wear it. They wear also round the neck a grotesque image carved in green tale, which they seem to prize very highly, and is preserved in a family for many generations. The dress of the females is precisely the same as the men, and they are generally very modest in their deportment. In complexion they are as fair as Italians, are handsome and well made. They are subjected to great brutality from their husbands, which they bear with extraordinary meekness and patience. They are faithful and affectionate

wives, and regard their children with the greatest fondness.

An appalling practice however prevails among them, that of destroying their female infants should they exceed the number of their male children. This is done by the mother herself at the birth of the child, and is effected by pressing her finger on the opening of the skull; still there are some mothers who regard this revolting custom with becoming abhorrence. Plurality of wives among the chiefs is universal; but there is a decided distinction between the head wife and the others. The union with the head wife is a union of policy, being the daughter of a chief; and the offspring of this union take precedence of the children of the other wives, whose situation to the head wife is nearly that of domestics. At the death of a chief it is frequently the custom for the head wife to hang herself, which is considered an act of the most sacred character.

Nothing particularly interesting occurred to myself until the 9th of March, when to my inexpressible joy I was informed of my ransom; but before detailing the circumstances which produced my liberation, I must return to the Captain and boat's crew, who were on shore at the time the ship was captured.

On reaching the shore, the first object the Captain observed, was a native running away with the knives of our people; and on joining the crew he was informed that the natives had made off with all the hatchets and knives.

He gave orders to launch the boat immediately, when they discovered that the oars had also been stolen, and a native was seen on the top of a high rock with them in his possession. Our people pursued him with speed and determination, which so terrified him that he threw down the oars and made off. On their return to the boat the natives kept up a brisk fire on them from behind the rocks, happily without effect. After they had left the shore, the catastrophe on board the brig was soon discovered, but seeing her in the possession of the armed natives, and themselves without weapons, it was useless to attempt her recapture; they therefore stood out to sea, steering for the north-west, and after rowing hard all that day and the following night, they fortunately fell in with the schooner *New Zealand*, Capt. Clarke, from Sydney. Our people were received on board, and on hearing the fate of the brig, Capt. Clarke determined to retake her, which he effected in the manner already described. On boarding her they were shocked with the appalling spectacle of fragments of human flesh scattered about the decks, with the remains of a fire, from which they concluded their shipmates had been all massacred and devoured by the cannibals. They sailed for Towronga, where they were informed that I was alive, and detained a prisoner at Walkeetana. The Captain despatched two chiefs overland with muskets for my ransom, which they happily effected on the morning of the 9th March; and I immediately set out with them on their return amidst expressions of esteem and regret at my departure. This journey overland I have before described, but owing to my weak and exhausted state, it was now more tedious and painful. The hills

covered with fern I now found extremely difficult to traverse, and on account of the heavy dews which fall every evening it was impossible to rest upon them.

My conductors procured me intervals of repose, by making holes in the sand, where I lay down, until feeling cold and chilly, I renewed my journey, which was still farther protracted by the necessity of avoiding the hostile tribes on our route. After three days and nights of painful travelling we reached Towronga, where I had the inexpressible happiness of rejoining my Captain and shipmates, and with mutual congratulations on our providential escapes, we related to each other the events which had occurred since the time of our separation.

On the 15th March we arrived at the Bay of Islands, where the Captain took me on shore to the Rev. Mr. Williams, a missionary residing there; but as he was not a medical man, the only assistance he could render me was to administer a powder for the purpose of preventing the accumulation of proud flesh. I sailed for Sydney on the 17th in the *New Zealand*, Capt. Clarke, and arrived on the 25th, after having been three weeks and two days without any surgical assistance. At Sydney, three slugs and several pieces of bone were extracted, and so bad was the fracture that the medical men strongly recommended amputation; to this, however, I could not be prevailed on to consent. After remaining eleven weeks at Sydney my wounds were tolerably healed, but despairing of ever recovering the use of my arm so as to be able to resume my duties on board ship, I returned to England in the bark *Vesper*, and arrived after a passage of four months and a half.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MUSIC IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

"Music! why thy power employ
Only for the sons of joy!
Only for the smiling guests
At natal, or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
And with some softly-whisper'd air,
Smooth the brow of dumb Despair!"—*Warton.*

Bring music! stir the brooding air
With an ethereal breath!
Bring sounds my struggling soul to bear
Up from the couch of death!

A voice, a flute, a dreamy lay,
Such as the southern breeze
Might waft, at golden fall of day,
O'er blue transparent seas!

Oh no! Not such! that lingering spell
Would bind me back to life,
When my wean'd heart hath said farewell,
And pass'd the gates of strife.

Let not a sigh of human love
Blend with the song its tone!
Let no disturbing echo move
One that must die alone!

But pour a solemn-breathing strain
Fill'd with the soul of prayer;
Let a life's conflict, fear, and pain,
And trembling hope be there!

Deeper, yet deeper! in my thought
Lies more prevailing sound,
A harmony intensely fraught
With pleading more profound:

A passion unto music given,
A sweet, yet piercing cry:
A breaking heart's appeal to Heaven,
A bright faith's victory!

Deeper! Oh! may no richer power
Be in those notes enshrined!
Can all which crowd on earth's last hour
No fuller language find?

Away! and hush the feeble song,
And let the chord be still'd!
Far in another land ere long
My dream shall be fulfill'd.

In vain my soul its life would pour
On the faint music here;
The voices of the spirit-shore
Even now are in mine ear.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A DREAM.

TWAS as the evening time of earth,
When there is holiness in light,
Which lends to brows of mortal birth
A hue for mortal things too bright.

Methought that in the deep blue air
I stood the starry thrones among,
And heard the angel of each sphere
Hymning the universal song.

And thou wert there; and in thy glance
My spirit seem'd to die away
Into a sweet but deathlike trance
Of thoughts which had not night nor day.

Yet still a twilight dream of thee!
Till the cold fragrant wind of Heaven,
Like life came streaming over me,
And thou again with life wert given.

Methought thee dead—uprisen from death,
Oh! never, never more to die;
And from thy lips the ambrosial breath
Came fresh with immortality.

And oh! I wept sweet tears, to think
That time should never part us more;
I, who had trembled on the brink
Of life and fear'd the gulf before,

Lest it should part our souls,—but now
My love became eternity:
Pain, absence, suffering were below,
Thou wert in Heaven—and I with thee!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

DE LINDSAY, A TALE.

"Man walketh in a vain shadow; and disquieteth himself in vain!"

THERE is one feeling which is the earliest-born with us—which accompanies us throughout life, in the gradations of friendship, love, and parental attachment—and of which there is scarcely one amongst us who can say, "It has been realized according to my desire." This feeling is the wish to be loved—loved to the amount of the height and the fervour of the sentiments we imagine that we ourselves are capable of embodying into one passion. Thus, who that hath nicely weighed his own heart will not confess that he has never been fully satisfied with the love rendered to him, whether by the friend of his boyhood, the mistress of his youth, or the children of his age. Yet even while we reproach the languor and weakness of the affection bestowed on us, we are reproached in *our* turn with the same charge; and it would seem as if we all—and each—possessed within us certain immortal and spiritual tendencies to love which nothing human and earth-born can wholly excite; they are instincts which make us feel a power never to be exercised, and a loss doomed to be irremediable.

The simple, but singular story which I am about to narrate is of a man in whom this craving after a love—beyond the ordinary loves of earth, was so powerful and restless a passion, that it became in him the source of all the errors and the vices that have usually their origin in the grossness of libertinism; led his mind through the excesses of dissipation to the hardness of depravity—and when at length it arrived at the fruition of dreams so wearying and so anxious—when with that fruition, virtue long stifled by disappointment, seemed slowly, but triumphantly to awake—betrayed him only into a punishment he had almost ceased to deserve, and hurried him into an untimely grave, at the very moment when life became dear to himself, and appeared to promise atonement and value to others.

Rupert de Lindsay was an orphan of ancient family and extensive possessions. With a person that could advance but a slight pretension to beauty, but with an eager desire to please, and a taste the most delicate and refined, he very early learnt the art to compensate by the graces of manner, for the deficiencies of form; and before he had reached an age when other men are noted only for their horses or their follies, Rupert de Lindsay was distinguished no less for the brilliancy of his *ton* and the number of his conquests, than for his acquirements in literature, and his honours in the Senate. But while every one favoured him with envy, he was, at heart, a restless and disappointed man.

Among all the delusions of the senses, among all the triumphs of vanity, his ruling passion, to be really, purely, and deeply loved, had never been satisfied. And while this leading and master desire pined at repeated disappointments, all other gratifications seemed rather to mock than to console him. The exquisite tale of Alcibiades, in Marmontel, was

applicable to him. He was loved for his adventitious qualifications, not for himself. One loved his fashion; a second his fortune; a third, he discovered, had only listened to him out of pique at another; and a fourth accepted him as her lover because she wished to decoy him from her friend. These adventures, and these discoveries, brought him disgust; they brought him, also, knowledge of the world; and nothing hardens the heart more than that knowledge of the world which is founded on a knowledge of its vices,—made bitter by disappointment, and misanthropical by deceit.

I saw him just before he left England, and his mind then was sore and feverish. I saw him on his return, after an absence of five years in the various courts of Europe, and his mind was callous and even. He had then reduced the art of governing his own passions, and influencing the passions of others, to a system: and had reached the second stage of experience, when the deceived becomes the deceiver. He added to his former indignation at the vices of human nature, scorn for its weakness. Still many good, though irregular impulses, lingered about his heart. Still the appeal, which to a principle would have been useless, was triumphant when made to an affection. And though selfishness constituted the system of his life, there were yet many hours when the system was forgotten, and he would have sacrificed himself at the voice of a single emotion. Few men of ability, who neither marry nor desire to marry, live much among the frivolities of the world after the age of twenty-eight. And De Lindsay, now waxing near to his thirtieth year, avoided the society he had once courted, and lived solely to satisfy his pleasures and indulge his indolence. Women made his only pursuit, and his sole ambition: And now, at length, arrived the time when, in the prosecution of an intrigue, he was to become susceptible of a passion; and the long and unquenched wish of his heart was to be matured into completion.

In a small village not far from London, there dwelt a family of the name of Warner; the father, piously termed Ebenezer Ephraim, was a merchant, a bigot, and a saint; the brother, simply and laicly christened James, was a rake, a boxer, and a good fellow. But *she*, the daughter, who claimed the chaste and sweet name of Mary, simple and modest, beautiful in feature and in heart, of a temper rather tender than gay, saddened by the gloom which hung for ever upon the home of her childhood, but softened by early habits of charity and benevolence, unacquainted with all sin even in thought, loving all things from the gentleness of her nature, finding pleasure in the green earth, and drinking innocence from the pure air, moved in her grace and holiness amid the rugged kindred, and the stern tribe among whom she had been reared, like Faith sanctified by redeeming love, and passing over the thorns of earth on its pilgrimage to Heaven.

In the adjustment of an ordinary amour with the wife of an officer in the — regiment, then absent in Ireland, but who left his *gude-woman* to wear the willow in the village of T—, Rupert saw, admired, and coveted the fair form I have so faintly described. Chance

favoured his hopes. He entered one day the cottage of a poor man, whom, in the inconsistent charity natural to him, he visited and relieved. He found Miss Warner employed in the same office; he neglected not his opportunity; he addressed her; he accompanied her to the door of her home; he tried every art to please a young and unawakened heart, and he succeeded. Unfortunately for Mary, she had no one among her relations calculated to guide her conduct, and to win her confidence. Her father, absorbed either in the occupations of his trade or the visions of his creed, of a manner whose repellent austerity belied the real warmth of his affections, supplied but imperfectly the place of an anxious and tender mother; nor was this loss repaired by the habits still coarser, the mind still less soft, and the soul still less susceptible of the fraternal rake, boxer, and good fellow.

And thus was thrown back upon that gentle and feminine heart all the warmth of its earliest and best affections. Her nature was love; and though in all things she had found wherewithal to call forth the tenderness which she could not restrain, there was a vast treasure as yet undiscovered, and a depth beneath that calm and unruffled bosom, whose slumber had as yet never been broken by a breath. It will not therefore be a matter of surprise that De Lindsay, who availed himself of every opportunity—De Lindsay, fascinating in manner, and consummate in experience, soon possessed a dangerous sway over a heart too innocent for suspicion, and which, for the first time, felt the luxury of being loved. In every walk, and her walks hitherto had always been alone, Rupert was sure to join her; and there was a supplication in his tone, and a respect in his manner, which she felt but little tempted to chill and reject. She had not much of what is termed dignity; and even though she at first had some confused idea of the impropriety of his company, which the peculiar nature of her education prevented her wholly perceiving, yet she could think of no method to check an address so humble and diffident, and to resist the voice which only spoke to her in music. It is needless to trace the progress by which affection is seduced. She soon awakened to the full knowledge of the recesses of her own heart, and Rupert, for the first time, felt the certainty of being loved as he desired. "Never," said he, "will I betray that affection; she has trusted in me, and she shall not be deceived; she is innocent and happy, I will never teach her misery and guilt!" Thus her innocence reflected even upon him, and purified his heart while it made the atmosphere of her own. So passed weeks, until Rupert was summoned by urgent business to his estate. He spoke to her of his departure, and he drank deep delight from the quivering lip and the tearful eye with which his words were received. He pressed her to his heart, and her unconsciousness of guilt was her protection from it. Amid all his sins, and there were many, let this one act of forbearance be remembered.

Day after day went on its march to eternity, and every morning came the same gentle tap at the post-office window, and the same low No. 98.—Q

tone of inquiry was heard; and every morning the same light step returned gaily homewards, and the same soft eye sparkled at the lines which the heart so faithfully recorded. I said every morning, but there was one in each week which brought no letter—and on Monday Mary's step was listless, and her spirit dejected—on that day she felt as if there was nothing to live for.

She did not strive to struggle with her love. She read over every word of the few books he had left her, and she walked every day over the same ground which had seemed fairy-land when with him; and she always passed by the house where he had lodged, that she might look up to the window where he was wont to sit. Rupert found that landed property, where farmers are not left to settle their own leases, and stewards to provide for their little families, is not altogether a sinecure. He had lived abroad like a prince, and his estate had not been the better for his absence. He inquired into the exact profits of his property; renewed old leases on new terms; discharged his bailiff; shut up the roads in his park, which had seemed to all the neighbourhood a more desirable way than the turnpike conveniences; let off ten poachers, and warned off ten gentlemen; and, as the natural and obvious consequences of these acts of economy and inspection, he became the most unpopular man in the county.

One day, Rupert had been surveying some timber intended for the *axe*; the weather was truly English, and changed suddenly from heat into rain. A change of clothes was quite out of Rupert's ordinary habits, and a fever of severe nature, which ended in delirium, was the result. For some weeks he was at the verge of the grave. The devil and the doctor do not always agree, for the moral saith that there is no friendship among the wicked. In this case, the doctor was ultimately victorious, and his patient recovered. "Give me the fresh air," said Rupert, directly he was able to resume his power of commanding, "and bring me whatever letters came during my illness." From the pile of spoilt paper from fashionable friends, country cousins, county magistrates, and tradesmen who take the liberty to remind you of the trifle which has escaped your recollection,—from this olio of precious conceits Rupert drew a letter from the Irish officer's lady, who, it will be remembered, first allured Rupert to Mary's village, acquainting him that she had been reported by some d—d good-natured friend to her husband, immediately upon his return from Ireland. Unhappily, the man loved his wife, valued his honour, and was of that unfashionable temperament which never forgives an injury. He had sent his Achates twice during Rupert's illness to De Lindsay Castle, and was so enraged at the idea of his injurer's departing this life by any other means than his bullet, that he was supposed in consequence to be a little touched in the head. He was observed to walk by himself, sometimes bursting into tears, sometimes muttering deep oaths of vengeance; he shunned all society, and sate for hours gazing vacantly on a pistol placed before him. All these agreeable circumstances did the unhappy fair one (who picked up her

information second hand, for she was an alien from the conjugal bed and board) detail to Rupert with very considerable pathos.

"Now then for Mary's letters," said the invalid; "no red-hot Irishman there, I trust;" and Rupert took up a large heap, which he had selected from the rest as a child picks the plums out of his pudding by way of a regale at the last. At the perusal of the first three or four letters he smiled with pleasure; presently his lips grew more compressed, and a dark cloud settled on his brow. He took up another—he read a few lines—started from his sofa. "What ho, there!—my carriage-and-four directly!—lose not a moment!—Do you hear me?—Too ill, do you say!—never so well in my life!—Not another word, or—My carriage, I say, instantly!—Put in my swiftest horses! I must be at T—— to-night before five o'clock!" and the order was obeyed.

To return to Mary. The letters which had blest her through the livelong days suddenly ceased. What could be the reason?—was he faithless—forgetful—ill? Alas! whatever might be the cause, it was almost equally ominous to her. "Are you sure there are none?" she said, every morning, when she inquired at the office, from which she once used to depart so gaily; and the tone of that voice was so mournful, that the gruff postman paused to look again, before he shut the lattice and extinguished the last hope. Her appetite and colour daily decreased; shut up in her humble and fireless chamber, she passed whole hours in tears, in reading and repeating, again and again, every syllable of the letters she already possessed, or in pouring forth in letters to him all the love and bitterness of her soul. "He must be ill," she said at last; "he never else could have been so cruel!" and she could bear the idea no longer. "I will go to him—I will soothe and attend him—who can love him, who can watch over him like me!" and the kindness of her nature overcame its modesty, and she made her small bundle, and stole early one morning from the house. "If he should despise me," she thought; and she was almost about to return, when the stern voice of her brother came upon her ear. He had for several days watched the alteration in her habits and manners, and endeavoured to guess at the cause. He went into her room, discovered a letter in her desk which she had just written to Rupert, and which spoke of her design. He watched, discovered, and saved her. There was no mercy or gentleness in the bosom of Mr. James Warner. He carried her home; reviled her in the coarsest and most taunting language; acquainted her father; and after seeing her debarred from all access to correspondence or escape, after exulting over her unupbraiding and heart-broken shame and despair, and swearing that it was vastly theatrical, Mr. James Warner mounted his yellow Stanhope, and went his way to the Fives Court. But these were trifling misfortunes, compared with those which awaited this unfortunate girl.

There lived in the village of T—— one Zacharias Johnson, a godly man and a rich, moreover a saint of the same chapter as Ebenezer Ephraim Warner; his voice was the

most nasal, his holding forth the most unctuous, his aspect the most sinister, and his vestments the most threadbare of the whole of that sacred tribe. To the eyes of this man there was something comely in the person of Mary Warner: he liked her beauty, for he was a sensualist; her gentleness, for he was a coward; and her money, for he was a merchant. He proposed both to the father and to the son; the daughter he looked upon as a concluding blessing sure to follow the precious assent of the two relations. To the father he spoke of godliness and Scrip—of the delightfulness of living in unity, and the receipts of his flourishing country-house; to the son he spoke the language of kindness and the world—he knew that young men had expenses—he should feel too happy to furnish Mr. James with something for his innocent amusements, if he might hope for his (Mr. James's) influence over his worthy father: the sum was specified and the consent was sold. Among those domestic phenomena, which the inquirer seldom takes the trouble to solve, is the magical power possessed by a junior branch of the family over the main tree, in spite of the contrary and perverse direction taken by the aforesaid branch. James had acquired and exercised a most undue authority over the paternal patriarch, although in the habits and sentiments of each there was not one single trait in common between them. But James possessed a vigorous and unshackled, his father a weak and priest-ridden, mind. In domestic life, it is the mind which is the master.

Mr. Zacharias Johnson had once or twice, even before Mary's acquaintance with Rupert, urged his suit to Ebenezer; but as the least hint of such a circumstance to Mary seemed to occasion her a pang which went to the really kind heart of the old man, and as he was fond of her society and had no wish to lose it, and as above all, Mr. James had not yet held those conferences with Zacharias, which ended in the alliance of their interests,—the proposal seemed to Mr. Warner like a law-suit to the Lord Chancellor, something rather to be talked about than to be decided. Unfortunately, about the very same time in which Mary's proposed escape had drawn upon her the paternal indignation, Zacharias had made a convert of the son; James took advantage of his opportunity, worked upon his father's anger, grief, mercantile love of lucre, and saint-like affection to sect, and obtained from Ebenezer a promise to enforce the marriage—backed up his recoiling scruples, preserved his courage through the scenes with his weeping and wretched daughter, and, in spite of every lingering sentiment of tenderness and pity, saw the very day fixed which was to leave his sister helpless for ever.

It is painful to go through that series of inhuman persecutions, so common in domestic records; that system, which, like all grounded upon injustice, is as foolish as tyrannical, and which always ends in misery, as it begins in oppression. Mary was too gentle to resist; her prayers became stilled; her tears ceased to flow; she sat alone in her "helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart," in that deep despair which, like the incubus of an evil dream,

weighs upon the bosom, a burden and a torture from which there is no escape nor relief. She managed at last, within three days of that fixed for her union, to write to Rupert, and get her letter conveyed to the post.

"Save me," it said in conclusion,—*"I ask not by what means, I care not for what end,—save me, I implore you, my guardian angel. I shall not trouble you long—I write to you no romantic appeal:—God knows that I have little thought for romance, but I feel that I shall soon die, only let me die unseparated from you—you who first taught me to live, be near me, teach me to die, take away from me the bitterness of death. Of all the terrors of the fate to which they compel me, nothing appears so dreadful as the idea that I may then no longer think of you and love you. My hand is so cold that I can scarcely hold my pen, but my head is on fire. I think I could go mad, if I would—but I will not, for then you could no longer love me. I hear my father's step—oh, Rupert!—on Friday next—remember—save me, save me!"*

But the day, the fatal Friday arrived, and Rupert came not. They arrayed her in the bridal garb, and her father came up stairs to summon her to the room, in which the few guests invited were already assembled. He kissed her cheek; it was so deathly pale, that his heart smote him, and he spoke to her in the language of other days. She turned towards him, her lips moved, but she spoke not. "My child, my child!" said the old man, "have you not one word for your father?"—"Is it too late?" she said; "can you not preserve me yet?"—there was relenting in the father's eye, but at that moment James stood before them. His keen mind saw the danger; he frowned at his father—the opportunity was past. "God forgive you!" said Mary; and cold, and trembling, and scarcely alive, she descended to the small and dark room, which was nevertheless the state chamber of the house. At a small table of black mahogany, prim and stately, starched and whaleboned within and without, withered and fossilized at heart by the bigotry, and selfishness, and ice of sixty years, sat two maiden saints: they came forward, kissed the unshrinking cheek of the bride, and then, with one word of blessing, returned to their former seats and resumed their former posture. There was so little appearance of life in the persons caressing and caressed, that you would have started as if at something ghastly and supernatural—as if you had witnessed the salute of the grave. The bridegroom sat at one corner of the dim fire-place, arrayed in a more gaudy attire than was usual with the sect, and which gave a grotesque and unnatural gaiety to his lengthy figure and solemn aspect. As the bride entered the room, there was a faint smirk on his lip, and a twinkle in his half-shut and crossing eyes, and a hasty shuffle in his unwieldy limbs, as he slowly rose, pulled down his yellow waistcoat, made a stately genuflection, and regained his seat. Opposite to him sat a little lank-haired boy, about twelve years old, mumbling a piece of cake, and looking with a subdued and spiritless glance over the whole group, till at length his attention riveted on a large dull-coloured cat sleeping on the hearth,

and whom he durst not awaken even by a murmured ejaculation of "Puss!"

On the window-seat at the farther end of the room, there sat, with folded arms and abstracted air, a tall military-looking figure, apparently about forty. He rose, bowed low to Mary, gazed at her for some moments with a look of deep interest, sighed, muttered something to himself, and remained motionless, with eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning against the dark wainscoat. This was Monkton, the husband of the woman who had allured Rupert to T——, and from whom he had heard so threatening an account of her liege lord. Monkton had long known Zacharias, and, always inclined to a serious turn of mind, he had lately endeavoured to derive consolation from the doctrines of that enthusiast. On hearing from Zacharias, for the saint had no false notions of delicacy, that he was going to bring into the pale of matrimony a lamb which had almost fallen a prey to the same wolf that had invaded his own fold, Monkton expressed so warm an interest and so earnest a desire to see the reclaimed one, that Zacharias had invited him to partake of the bridal cheer.

Such was the conclave—and never was a wedding-party more ominous in its appearance. "We will have," said the father, and his voice trembled, "one drop of spiritual comfort before we repair to the House of God. James, reach me the holy book!" The Bible was brought, and all, as by mechanical impulse, sank upon their knees. The old man read with deep feeling some portions of the Scriptures calculated for the day; there was a hushed and heartfelt silence; he rose—he began an extemporaneous and fervent discourse. How earnest and breathless was the attention of his listeners, the very boy knelt with open mouth and thirsting ear. "Oh, beneficent Father," he said, as he drew near to his conclusion, "we do indeed bow before thee with humbled and smitten hearts. The evil spirit hath been amongst us, and one who was the pride, and the joy, and the delight of our eyes, hath forgotten thee for a while; but shall she not return unto thee, and shall we not be happy once more? Oh, melt away the hardness of that bosom which rejects thee and thy chosen for strange idols, and let the waters of thy grace flow from the softened rock. And now, oh Father, let thy mercy and healing hand be upon this thy servant, (and the old man looked to Monkton,) upon whom the same blight hath fallen, and whose peace the same serpent hath destroyed." Here Monkton's sobs were audible. "Give unto him the comforts of thy holy spirit; wean him from the sins and the worldly affections of his earlier days, and both unto him and her who is now about to enter upon a new career of duty, vouchsafe that peace which no vanity of earth can take away. From evil let good arise; and though the voice of gladness be mute, and though the sounds of bridal rejoicing are not heard within our walls, yet grant that this day may be the beginning of a new life, devoted unto happiness, to virtue, and to thee!" There was a long pause—they rose, even the old women were affected. Monkton returned to the window, and throwing it open leant forward as for breath. Mary resumed

her seat, and there she sat motionless and speechless. Alas! her very heart seemed to have stilled its beating. At length James said, (and his voice, though it was softened almost to a whisper, broke upon that deep silence as an unlooked-for and unnatural interruption,) "I think, father, it must be time to go, and the carriages must be surely coming, and here they are—no, that sounds like four horses." And at that very moment the rapid trampling of hoofs, and the hurried rattling of wheels were heard—the sounds ceased at the gate of the house. The whole party, even Mary, rose and looked at each other—a slight noise was heard in the hall—a swift step upon the stairs—the door was flung open, and, so wan and emaciated that he would scarcely have been known but by the eyes of affection, Rupert de Lindsay burst into the room. "Thank God," he cried, "I am not too late!" and, in mingled fondness and defiance, he threw his arms round the slender form which clung to it all wild and tremblingly. He looked round. "Old man," he said, "I have done you wrong, I will repay it, give me your daughter as my wife. What are the claims of her intended husband to mine? Is he rich?—my riches treble his! Does he love her?—I swear that I love her more! Does she love him? look, old man, are this cheek, whose roses you have marred, this pining and wasted form, which shrinks now at the very mention of his name, tokens of her love? Does she love me? You her father, you her brother, you her lover—ay, all, every one amongst you know that she does, and may Heaven forsake me if I do not deserve her love!—give her to me as my wife—she is mine already in the sight of God. Do not divorce us—we both implore you upon our knees." "Avant, blasphemer!" cried Zacharias—"Be gone!" said the father—The old ladies looked at him as if they were going to treat him as Cleopatra did the pearl, and dissolve him in vinegar. "Wretch!" muttered in a deep and subdued tone, the enraged and agitated Monkton, who, the moment Rupert entered the room, had guessed who he was, and stood frowning by the sideboard, and handling, as if involuntarily, the knife which had cut the boy's cake, and been left accidentally there. And the stern brother coming towards him, attempted to tear the clinging and almost lifeless Mary from his arms.

"Nay, is it so?" said Rupert, and with an effort almost supernatural for one who had so lately recovered from an illness so severe, he dashed the brother to the ground, caught Mary in one arm, pushed Zacharias against the old lady with the other, and fled down stairs, with a light step and a lighter heart. "Follow him, follow him!" cried the father in his agony, "save my daughter, why will ye not save her?" and he wrung his hands but stirred not, for his grief had the stillness of despair. "I will save her," said Monkton; and still grasping the knife, of which, indeed, he had not once left hold, he darted after Rupert. He came up to the object of his pursuit just as the latter had placed Mary (who was in a deep swoon) within his carriage, and had himself set his foot on the step. Rupert was singing with a reckless daring natural to his character,

"She is won, we are gone over brake, bush, and scur," when Monkton laid his hand upon his shoulder; "Your name is De Lindsay, I think," said the former—"At your service," answered Rupert gaily, and endeavouring to free himself from the unceremonious grasp; "This, then, at your heart!" cried Monkton, and he plunged his knife twice into the bosom of the adulterer. Rupert staggered and fell. Monkton stood over him with a brightening eye, and brandishing the blade which reeked with the best blood of his betrayer, "Look at me!" he shouted, "I am Henry Monkton!—do you know me now?"—"Oh, God!" murmured the dying man, "it is just, it is just!" and he writhed for one moment on the earth, and was still for ever!

Mary recovered from her swoon to see the weltering body of her lover before her, to be dragged by her brother over the very corpse into her former prison, and to relapse with one low and inward shriek into insensibility. For two days she recovered from one fit only to fall into another—on the evening of the third, the wicked had ceased to trouble, and the weary was at rest!

It is not my object to trace the lives of the remaining actors in this drama of real life—to follow the broken-hearted father to his grave—to see the last days of the brother consume amid the wretchedness of a gaol, or to witness, upon the plea of insanity, the acquittal of Henry Monkton—these have but little to do with the thread and catastrophe of my story. There was no romance in the burial of the lovers—death did not unite those who in life had been asunder. In the small church-yard of her native place, covered by one simple stone, whose simpler inscription is still fresh, while the daily passions and events of the world have left memory but little trace of the departed, the tale of her sorrows unknown, and the beauty of her life unrecorded, sleeps Mary Warner!

And they opened for Rupert de Lindsay the mouldering vaults of his knightly fathers; and amid the banners of old triumphs and the escutcheons of heraldic vanity, they laid him in his palled and gorgeous coffin!

I attempt not to extract a moral from his life. His existence was the chase of a flying shadow, that rested not till it slept in gloom and for ever upon his grave!

A.A.
B.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

A SONG.

THE moonlight slumbers on the wold,
And sighs the wandering gale
Like music from the days of old
O'er Time's sepulchral vale;
And ceaseless on the lonely shore
The rushing waters mourn,
And welcome with their saddest roar
My desolate return!

How long I've look'd from distant climes
At evening on the west,
And dreamt in silence of the times
That saw my soul at rest;

While from the margin of the tide
I watch'd day's fading smile,
And loved its glories, for they died
Upon my own dear isle.

And I am in that isle at last,
Though friendless and alone—
Yet welcome—welcome midnight blast—
There's friendship in thy moan!
And welcome too, thou ruin'd hall,
Though liker now a tomb;
For they have left thee here to fall
In loneliness and gloom!

Thine empty casement shows not now
The taper's light afar—
The ivy-leaf upon thy brow
Reflects the glimmering star!
There's not a voice within thy wall
Nor footstep on thy floor—
'Tis lonely, sad, and silent all—
A living home no more!

Then, home, farewell! the hopes that led
Thine exile o'er the wave,
To hail thee ere his spirit fled,
Have shown him to thy grave!
Thou ruin'd pile, farewell to thee,
That lowly thus art strewn!
Left by thy spoilers but to be
Thine own sepulchral stone!

My days of youth have glided by
In regions far away,
While time and storm blew wild and high
Around my hall's decay.
I knew not how 'twas mouldering fast
Before the ocean wind;
But ever still, as years flew past,
With hope deceived my mind.

That hope is gone—I mourn it not—
So false a meteor spark;
It vanish'd on this lonely spot,
And all around is dark!
Yet, oh! hath Memory left no gleam
Within my soul enshrined?

The light of no departed dream
To cheer my darkening mind?

Yes; it hath left one lurid light,
Than yonder moon more pale,
And colder than yon spark of night
That looks upon the gale!
'Tis that the dearest heart I e'er
In fate or fortune found,
In Death's dark home lies slumbering there
Beneath yon mournful mound!

She would have walk'd my lonely path
To exile far away,
Or o'er the dark-green billow's wrath
Have sail'd my foamy way;
But Murder fired!—and there she fell!—
Few words were on her breath;
She had but time to sigh farewell,
And sunk in silent death!

I care not now—'tis o'er!—'tis gone!—
Like all we meet with here;
And I am left to linger on
Perhaps through many a year.
But there's a land where summers shine—
Where spirits never weep;
And where with her whose heart was mine
My own at length shall sleep:

ÆR

From the New Monthly Magazine.

EMPEROR PAUL.

"Rit bien qui rit le dernier."—French Proverb.

"Thou'rt marvellous merry, and thy wit is keen,
But better hadst thou pluck the Turk by the beard
Than shoot thy bolts at me. Bethink thee on't."

Old Play.

FROGÈRE had been a comic actor, of no very great celebrity, in Paris. He went to Russia, where he became the favourite, and the intimate associate of the Emperor Paul. It was upon this account only he was remarkable. I knew him but slightly; nor should I mention him but for the very odd way in which our acquaintance began, and for the purpose of repeating an anecdote he related to me, highly characteristic of his imperial playmate. I was one day dining at the *Café Anglais* with Monsieur T—. "That little man coming towards us," said my companion, "is Frogère." It is necessary I should premise that I had frequently been mistaken for an actor at the *Odeon* of the name of Davide. Frogère took his seat at our table, spoke to Monsieur T—, and, patting me familiarly on the head, asked me what the deuce ailed me that I acted so seldom. Guessing the cause of his error, I mumbled a reply, and allowed him to ask me two or three questions, respecting proceedings at the theatre, before I undeceived him. It was the most extraordinary resemblance he had ever met with, &c. &c.; and having exhausted his expressions of wonderment, away he went. Walking along the Boulevard Montmartre, a few days after this, I saw Frogère skipping across the road towards me, gesticulating, and evidently charged with something marvellous to communicate. "My dear!" exclaimed he, "I'll tell you something will make you die of laughing. Three or four days ago I went into the *Café Anglais*, and there was T— at dinner with an Englishman. Well, will you believe it? I talked to the Englishman for five good minutes, thinking all the while I was talking to you."—"Well, Monsieur Frogère, and are you quite sure you are right this time?" He stood aghast. "My dear Sir," said he, "do me the kindness to answer me one question: had I the honour of bowing to you, in the Palais Royal, about half an hour ago?" I assured him I had not been there all that day. "Why, then, this is the devil's own mystification! What will my poor friend Davide think of me? It must have been him, then, I met there; and, (instead of approaching him familiarly, as usual,) mistaking him for you, I passed him with a bow of formal civility!"

Modern refinement has abolished the office of king's jester, or court fool; but although there is no longer any acknowledged stipendiary dignified with that title, yet, in more European courts than one, the duties of the office are sedulously performed by some "loyal volunteer" bearing the honorary distinction of *butt*. In point of respectability, however, the professors of the olden time had the advantage, inasmuch as there are upon record several hard hits given by the fools to the wise men, or kings; whereas in the case of the modern amateur the give and take is not fairly

divided—the give being all on the side of the master, and the take on that of the man. The companion of a crowned head stands in a similar predicament with the lap-dog in the lion's den, or rather in that of Ali Pacha's pet lion with Ali himself: the ferocious and tyrannical Ali would take whatever liberties he pleased with the lion, but he never would permit the lion to use the slightest freedom with him; he invariably resented any attempt to abuse, by too great familiarity, his condescension; and, upon such occasions would presently teach his shaggy associate to remember that, though tolerated for his master's amusement, he was but a lion after all. Upon reconsidering the point, I doubt the aptness of this second illustration: European monarchs are not Ali Pachas, nor are their butts lions. Frogère, however, as I have been assured upon other authority besides his own, was not the mere butt of his imperial patron, but really was upon terms of more equal familiarity with him than it might be supposed a man in his station would have been admitted to.

Yet easy and pleasant as was the friendship which for so long a time subsisted between these two eminent personages, it did once happen that the player was provided with leisure and opportunity for considering the important question, Whether it be altogether prudent or safe to make very free indeed with an Emperor of all the Russias? At supper, one evening, at the Emperor's table, some one present took occasion to pay the illustrious host a compliment at the expense of Peter the Great. The Emperor, turning to Frogère, said, "This is really robbing Peter to pay Paul: 'tis hardly fair, is it, Frogère?"—"Quite the reverse, Sire," replied the actor; "for the reputation your majesty will leave behind you will hardly tempt any one to rob Paul in return." Now, though this was almost as good a thing as any one need wish to say, it somehow happened that his majesty did not appear to be in the least tickled by it; and as his majesty did not condescend to honour it with his imperial laugh, no one else could presume to notice it by such a symptom of approbation. In fact, the joke, with all its merit was a total failure; at which nobody was so much astonished as the perpetrator of it himself. After a short time the Emperor withdrew, and the company separated. Frogère retired to his own apartment. He was any thing but happy in his mind. His jest had fallen flat; and such a mishap to a professed joker is as serious a calamity as the failure of a commercial speculation to a merchant. But to what strange cause could he attribute its ill success? The joke was a good joke, there was no denying it; and, were it otherwise, the Emperor was not so squeamish a critic but that he had laughed heartily at many a worse. He thought, and thought—and thought again; but since his cogitations availed him nothing (he being still unable, with all his sagacity, to discover what could have occasioned his failure,) he got into bed, and like a wise man as he was, fell fast asleep.

It was the middle of a Russian winter. In the dead of the night Frogère was aroused by a loud knocking at his chamber-door. He

arose and opened it, and, greatly to his astonishment, an officer, accompanied by four soldiers armed to the very teeth, entered the room. *Frogère*, having no reason to expect such a visit, naturally concluded that the officer (an old acquaintance of his, who had had the honour of being of the Emperor's party on the previous evening) had mistaken his room for that of some other person. Alas! he was speedily convinced there was no mistake, but that the untimely and alarming visit was indeed to him: the officer exhibited the Emperor's warrant for his arrest, and immediate banishment to Siberia!! The effect produced on him by this terrible announcement may— to use a phrase less remarkable for its novelty than for its convenience upon occasions of this nature—"may be more easily conceived than described." The idea of a trip to Siberia has shaken firmer nerves than those of poor *Frogère*. He wept—he screamed—he knelt—he tore his hair. What crime had he committed to draw down upon him so heavy a punishment? Could he not obtain a short delay? Of a day—a few hours only—merely, then, till he could see the Emperor that he might throw himself at his feet? His supplications were in vain: the Emperor's commands were precise and peremptory; and if ever there was an absolute monarch who allowed his mandate to be trifled with, certainly it was not the Emperor Paul. All that the unfortunate man could obtain from the officer, who was his friend, was just sufficient delay to enable him to throw a small quantity of clothes and linen into a trunk; and having done this, he was led forth. A carriage, guarded by a sufficiently strong body of cavalry, was in waiting, and, more dead than alive, he was lifted into it: a soldier, armed with a brace of pistols, and a sabre drawn, taking his seat on each side of him. The officer having seen that the windows of the carriage were carefully closed, so as to prevent the prisoner's communicating with any one from without, headed the cavalcade, gave the word, and they started, at a brisk trot, on their formidable journey. How long they had travelled till they made their first halt he knew not, for he was in total darkness, and his guards were dumb to all his inquiries: they were strictly forbidden to speak to the prisoner, and few Russian soldiers are so much in love with the knout as to disobey orders; but reckoning time by his sighs, and groans, and lamentations, it seemed to him an eternity. At length the carriage-door was opened. It was broad day; but he was not long permitted to enjoy the blessed light of the sun, for he was instantly blind-folded, and in that state led into a miserable hovel. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a small room, the windows of which being closed, was dimly lighted by a solitary candle. Some coarse food was placed on a rough wooden table, and signs were made to him that he should eat. But a few hours ago he was revelling amidst the splendour and enjoying the luxuries of a palace, princes the partakers of his pleasures, a mighty potentate his boon companion. Now—disgraced; a banished and forlorn man; a wretched shed for his resting-place; his fare so little tempting,

he would not yesterday have offered it to a starving mendicant; surrounded by faces which, for the sympathy he would have implored, struck hopelessness down into the very bottom of his heart as he did but look upon them; a traveller on a dreary, dreary journey, which, when ended, no tongue should say him "welcome;" nor should his soul rejoice as he should utter "here will be my dwelling!" Siberia! In that one word seemed to him to be concentrated all of human suffering; and as he wildly paced the mud floor of the comfortless apartment, no sound escaped his lips, save only Siberia—Siberia!

That extremes meet is somewhat a trite observation. A trifling incident converted the agony of despair—and such was poor *Frogère's*—into a paroxysm of joy. The officer who commanded the escort entered the hovel, attended by an *estafette*. *Frogère* had not seen him since he got into the carriage on the previous night, nor was he aware that he had accompanied him so far on the journey. He was the only person of the whole number the unfortunate man was acquainted with; and the appearance of a familiar face was to him, in his present unhappy situation, a source of happiness unutterable. He was about to rush into the arms of his quondam friend, but a slight movement of the hand, and a look of withering sternness, sufficiently convinced him that such a demonstration of friendship was not very cordially desired by the other party. He prepared to speak, but a finger on the lip constrained him to silence. The officer went towards the light, and sealed a packet which he held in his hand; and having delivered it to the *estafette*, to whom he enjoined the utmost possible speed, he ordered the guard to post themselves outside the door. Being left alone with his prisoner, and having again made a sign of silence, "*Frogère*," said he, in an under-voice, "*Frogère*, here we part; the officer who will take charge of you to the next station is in attendance. Tell me—what can I— And yet I hardly dare: the Emperor's commands are not to be disobeyed with impunity; and should it be discovered that I— No matter; to serve an old friend I will run the hazard of my disobedience. Tell me, then, what can I do for you on my return to Moscow?"

The luckless *Frogère* burst into tears; and instead of replying directly to the friendly inquiry, he indulged in wild exclamations on the severity of the punishment for a crime, the nature of which he had yet to learn.

His companion looked at him with amazement. "Yet to learn! Are you mad, *Frogère*? Surely you are; and you must have been (as we all thought you) mad last night, or you never would have ventured that bitter sarcasm,"—and he added, in a still lower voice,—"the more keenly felt as it was not altogether destitute of truth."

"Good Heavens! and it is for a trifle like that that I am to be—?"

"This is no time, *Frogère*, to waste in words: mine is the last friendly face you are likely to see for the rest of your long journey. The Emperor, as you well know, is implacable in his resentments; you cannot hope for par-

don; so make up your mind to bear your punishment like a man, and tell me what I can do for you at Moscow."

But the mind of the traveller was too bewildered to think upon any other service which his friend might render him, than the only one which his friend (like many other friends upon trying occasions) declared to be exactly the one he could not perform for him: it was to intercede in his behalf with the Emperor. It was impossible:—but for any thing else, he would "raise heaven and earth," "go through fire and water," &c. &c. &c. And, truly, there were many other modes of service open, not the least important of which was the disposal of his property—for not one particle of it (save the wearing-apparel already mentioned) had he been allowed to take with him. He had money and some valuable jewels; and provided nothing to his disadvantage should come out upon the examination of his papers, it was possible that those might escape confiscation. In that case, had he any friends or relations in France to whom he wished they might be transmitted? In the event of a contrary result to the scrutiny, a vast deal of trouble would be saved to him and to his heirs for ever.—No, he could think of nothing, he could think of nobody: his mind was all engrossed by the calamity which had befallen that one hapless member of his family who was at that moment on the high road to Siberia; nor was it capable of entertaining any other idea.

"Then," said his friend, "I must think for you, and I must act for you. Should your property, as I have said, escape confiscation, I will deposit it in safe hands, and on your return you can claim it."

"My return! am I not banished for life? Is there, then, a hope that—?"

"For life!" interrupted the officer; "do you imagine you are banished for life? Ha! ha! ha! No wonder, then, you are so grieved at your departure. No, my dear friend; and happy am I to be the means of pouring consolation into your bosom. Courage, courage, my dear *Frogère*! thirty years are soon over, and then—"

"Thirty years!!!" groaned the luckless jester—but there was no farther time for conversation. The fresh escort was in readiness; and the eyes of the victim having been bandaged as before, he was replaced in the carriage. His friend at parting kindly pressed his hand, and placing therein a small sum of money, whispered, "You will find this more useful on your arrival at the place of your destination than you are now aware of. Courage! Farewell!" The blinds of the carriage were again carefully closed, the word to proceed was given, and away went the cavalcade, much faster than was agreeable to at least one of the party.

A Frenchman is proverbially the gayest creature in the universe, and blessed with greater aptitude than the native of any other country to accommodate himself to disagreeable circumstances. His language, too, furnishes him with a set of phrases admirably calculated to assist his philosophy, when assailed by the common misfortunes to which poor humanity is liable. He loses his umbrella or his

wife; his dog is stolen or his mistress is unfaithful; he is caught in an intrigue or a shower of rain, and he is speedily reconciled to the event by an "*allons puisque*—" or a "*c'est une petite contrariété*," or "*un petit malheur*;" or (if either or all of these should fail) by that last refuge of heroic endurance, the infallible "*ça m'est égal*." But a "Thirty years in Siberia," albeit it makes a promising appearance on paper as a title for a new book, is something more than a *petite contrariété*, and it is not by any means *égal*; so that poor *Frogère* finding that not one of these modes of consolation applied to his peculiar case, and no other source of comfort occurring to him, he unconditionally surrendered himself to despair. For many hours he rode on in total darkness, and in silence unbroken but by his own unavailing lamentations: for his guards were again debarred of speech, either to their prisoner or to each other. At length they stopped. He underwent the same ceremonies as before: his eyes were bandaged; he was led out of the vehicle; and when he was permitted the use of sight, he found himself in another miserable hut, drearily lighted by the flickering glare of two or three burning twigs of the fir-tree. Here another coarse repast was presented to him; and, when he had partaken of it, the escort was relieved by a party of fresh men, and again was he hurried forward on his journey. But upon this occasion the sound of no friendly voice met his ear—all were silent, all were strangers. As nearly as he could guess, he had travelled three nights and three days, with occasional halts, always attended by similar circumstances, when, on the night of the third day, again they halted. His eyes were bound but, instead of being allowed to walk, he was carried in the arms of his guards till he found himself placed on a wooden bench. Here he was left for several minutes, wondering why the bandage was not removed as usual. Presently he heard an indistinct whispering. Footsteps approached him. His hands were suddenly seized, and bound firmly together. He tremblingly asked the reason of this proceeding. No answer was returned. Rapidly, but silently, the upper part of his dress was loosened, and his neck laid bare. His heart sank within him. He began to doubt whether it was intended he should end his mortal journey by taking so cold a place as Siberia in the way. A word of command was given, and he heard the clank of musketry. The word was given to march! He was carried forward in the arms of four men; and as they proceeded, he heard the regular tramp of many footsteps, before him and behind.—"Halt!"—he was placed on a seat—his hands were unbound—the bandage was removed from his eyes—and he found himself—at the very same place, of the very same table, in the same apartment where he had cut his unlucky joke, the same persons being present, with the Emperor at their head! His wild look of terror, astonishment and doubt, was greeted with a loud shout of laughter—and *Frogère* fainted. This had been a sort of Tony Lumpkin's journey, for he had merely been driven backwards and forwards the distance of about half a dozen miles on the same

Miscellany.

road; and though, computed by the standard of his own melancholy sensations, the time had appeared much longer, he had, in fact, been absent for but little more than four-and-twenty hours—the Emperor, in disguise, being present at each of the stoppages. Though this was but a *trick*, the anguish and the sufferings of the object of it were *real*; and the consequence was a severe illness, from which it was long before poor Frôgère recovered. It was, upon the whole, a piece of pleasantry which, however humorous it may be thought in conception, few would have had the heartlessness to execute but an Emperor Paul.

Some time after this the player was supping with the merry monarch, whilst, at the same hour, a trick was preparing of which Paul himself was to be the *butt*. Not long had they separated when the palace was alarmed. Frôgère, with several others, rushed to the Emperor's apartments, and there lay the imperial joker—a murdered corpse!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

STANZAS.

O HARD to win—and little worth the cost,
Thy coronet, O Fame!
Twined upon brows strewn'd thick with hoary frost
Of sorrows winter-pressing on to steal
My hard-earn'd blossoms—eager still to seal
Their perishable name.
Fatal thy gifts, like funeral flowers which lie
On the cold deck'd-out corse;
Sweets flung from wither'd buds which lonely die,
Heart's-ease, and love's proud passion-flower inurn'd,
Incense of tributary sighs return'd
In fate's too late remorse!
Thy thousand windings—who would seek to thread,
Dark labyrinth of thought?
Where gall'd Ambition toiling hard to tread
The rugged paths unshorn by pilgrim feet,
Wins—but to find distinction's honour'd seat
By life's drain'd current bought!
Precious the spoil upon thy Moloch shrine,
Dark minister of hell!
Incarnate demon, lodged in form divine,
Angel of light, on earth's enchanted ground
With voice whose syren warblings cast around,
Their soul-deceiving spell!
Years come and pass—and at the weary close
We count the spendthrift loss,
The calm delight, the undisturb'd repose,
Hope's pleasant sunbeam, or its twilight gleam
To darkness turn'd by the mind's feverish dream
Flinging its shade across!
Yet such hath been—such ever still must be
The wear and tear of life;
And man—the worshipper, who bends the knee
To self-created gods—his vital ray
Quench'd by the mists of sense, whose charm
might lay
The heart's convulsive strife!

M. A. C.

One of the pleasantest literary meetings in Paris is the monthly dinner of the "*Revue Encyclopédique*," a work conducted with the greatest talent, and which, though principally devoted to literary and scientific subjects, never loses sight of the main object of its establishment—the diffusion and inter-communication of knowledge, and the principles of civilization throughout all nations, and the consequent increased influence of the doctrines of rational liberty, as developed in the dispersion of the mists of prejudice of every description, and the erection of the fabric of universal happiness on the basis of truth and information. As the objects of the *Revue* are strictly cosmopolitan, the monthly meetings present an union of some of the most distinguished characters of every nation in the world, who may happen to be at Paris; and not unfrequently the natives of fourteen or fifteen different countries find themselves united in the common cause of universal enlightenment. In addition to M. Jullien de Paris, to whose unremitting exertions the establishment and success of the *Revue* is to be wholly attributed, and who is the perpetual president of the meetings, I have observed at the last two dinners, among a host of other celebrated characters, General Santander, of Colombia, Sir Sydney Smith, Pigault le Brun, Sismondi, Say, Chodzko, Fossati, &c. No foreigner visiting Paris should miss an opportunity of attending one of these meetings, unless literature and liberty are matters to which he is equally indifferent.

At the last meeting of the "*Société de Géographie*," the prize gold medal, value five hundred francs, was presented by M. Hyde de Neuville to M. René Caillié, the recent traveller to Timbuctoo. After a neat speech in honour of M. Caillié, the President observed, that although the Society had thought it right to adjudge the medal to M. Caillié, they were so sensible of the services rendered to science by the late gallant Major Laing that, while regretting the untimely fate which had deprived them of the pleasure of expressing to himself their high opinion of his merits, they had thought it right to order a medal of similar value with that presented to M. Caillié to be struck and offered in their name to the widow of our gallant countryman.

The tribunals here have been occupied by two curious trials, which have attracted an unusual portion of public attention; the first in date was between a M. Pellet and a M. Massey de Tyrone. It appears that M. Pellet some time ago, wrote some verses called "*Les Classiques et les Romantiques*," and being much pleased with his composition, in the innocence of his heart, entrusted his manuscript to a friend in Paris, to be published if possible: the luckless manuscript, however, fell into the hands of M. Massey de Tyrone, who being of opinion that "all was fish that came to his net," forthwith prints the poem as his own, under the title of "*Les deux Ecoles*," and when M. Pellet, surprised at seeing himself in print without deriving either fame or profit

from the operation, came forward to claim his bantering, M. Massey quietly declared that his poem is the only real *Simon Pure*, and that M. Pellet is an impostor. An action is commenced—M. Pellet comes up to Paris from the *Pays des Vosges* to plead his own cause, which he does with all the energy of a parent seeking to recover his beloved progeny. "*Les deux Ecoles*" is his Virginia, M. Massey de Tyrone is the Appius who has ravished his offspring; in the midst of the discussion, however, M. Pellet, being unaccustomed to much travelling, unfortunately caught cold and died. Here was a natural termination of the business; but no, his heirs were equally zealous for the honour of his poetic authorship, and revived the suit, adding that the death of M. Pellet was now to be added to the other delinquencies charged against the unfortunate M. Massey; the latter vigorously maintained his claims to the honours of the poem, but the balance of evidence being unhappily the other way, the Court decided that he must lay down the laurel chaplet, and weave it with cypress to deck the tomb of M. Pellet, and pay all the expenses of the proceedings. This important matter occupied about half a dozen sessions of the tribunals; the poem itself would, probably, have remained a profound secret from the majority of the public but for these proceedings. The other trial involved a still more curious question of identity of person.—A pamphlet appeared a short time since purporting to throw a new light on the assassination of the Duc de Berri, of which it was asserted that Louvel was only the instrument, and that the real plotters and instigators of the deed were a variety of noble personages, among whom were the Duc Decazes, the Duc de Maillé, the Vicomte Paultré de Lamothe, and the Comte François d'Escars. This pamphlet professed to be written by Colonel St. Clair, and the individuals calumniated immediately commenced actions for defamation against the person bearing that name. In the course of the investigation there appeared reason to suppose that the *soi-disant* Colonel St. Clair was altogether an impostor, and that the defendant was in fact a Major Mac Lean, who had served in the Peninsular army, and had been broken for cowardice. The defendant stoutly maintained that he was Colonel St. Clair, and no one else, and appealed to the general evidence of those who knew him in society, and also to the fact that he had obtained a pension from the English government under that name, which appeared to be perfectly true; on the other hand Major Fry, and a vast number of other officers, were confident that the defendant was the individual whom they had known in the Peninsula as Major Mac Lean. The tribunal was embarrassed what opinion to form of the matter, when, by an extraordinary coincidence, the real Colonel St. Clair, who had been many years absent from France, arrived in Paris while the trial was proceeding, and was confronted with the defendant. It then appeared evident that the latter, wishing to get rid of the disgrace attached to his real name of Mac Lean, had assumed that of Colonel St. Clair, and had succeeded in imposing himself, not only on general society, but on the British go-

vernment, as that individual, who happened singularly enough to be the only Colonel of that name in the army. The pamphlet itself was evidently a mere series of inventions, strung together in the hope of getting money, and the impostor being convicted of wilful defamation, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment and fines and damages amounting to upwards of 1500 francs.

Nature of Respiration.—My idea is, that the common air inspired enters into the venous blood entire, in a state of dissolution, carrying with it its subtle and ethereal part, which in ordinary cases of chemical change is given off; that it expels from the blood carbonic acid gas and azote; and that, in the course of the circulation, its ethereal part and its ponderable part undergo changes which belong to laws that cannot be considered as chemical,—the ethereal part probably producing animal heat and other effects, and the ponderable part contributing to form carbonic acid and other products. The arterial blood is necessary to all the functions of life, and it is no less connected with the irritability of the muscles and the sensibility of the nerves, than with the performance of all the secretions.—Sir H. Davy.

Cuttle-fish Fishery.—A curious account has been published by M. Pilaje, of the uncommon and important Cuttle-fish (*Sepia*) fishery on the coast of Newfoundland. It is the *Loligo piscatorium* of authors. It occurs in vast abundance, but at different times, on different coasts; for example, at St. Pierre in July, on the southern coasts of Newfoundland only in August, and in Bonne Bay first in September. Its vast shoals present a curious appearance, by their strongly twisted compact form. When they approach, hundreds of vessels are ready for their capture. A cylindrical polished piece of lead, of which one end runs into a number of hooks, is used as a bait. When it occurs in great numbers, a person can take a thousand in the space of an hour. At this season of the year, the sea on the coast of St. Pierre is covered with from 400 to 500 sail of English and French ships engaged in the Cuttle-fish fishery. The Cuttle-fish is sometimes eaten, but the proper object of their capture is the using them afterwards as bait in the taking of the cod and other fishes that afterwards appear on the coast. In Mr. Cormack's paper in vol. i. p. 37, of the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, the reader will find an interesting account of the Cuttle-fish as a bait in the cod-fishery of Newfoundland.

Mortality among Leeches.—That atmospheric changes have a remarkable influence upon leeches, is a well established fact. In 1825, M. Derheims of St. Omer, ascribes the almost sudden death of them at the approach of, or during storms, to the coagulation of the blood of these creatures, caused by the impression of the atmospherical electricity. This opinion, which at that time was the result of theory, he confirmed, in the month of March last, by direct experiment.

Old Cobbett has been making an ass of himself, (a very easy manufacture it is too!) and proposing that 10,000*l.* be placed in his hands in order to qualify him for Parliament, and obtain him a seat therein. I never say a single syllable against a man who writes, until I have read with the gravest attention the greater part of what he has written. I have pursued this rule with Cobbett, and while I have in so doing obtained a fair license to say what I think of him, I have obtained also an insight into the vulgar means of governing the vulgar. Use but coarse language, plenty of proverbs, plenty of nicknames—utter nonsense logically, and falsehoods as if you were stating a problem—and then—your end is gained! Mr. William Cobbett is a man who has never stumbled on a truth in his life—ignorant of history, ignorant of political economy, going in a ring and consequently ever getting giddy, and falling over himself, (as the Irishman says) a blunderer in his premises, and a booby in his conclusions—he has got over the common people by talking as they talk—in an alehouse; and diddled them out of so many halfpence a week for a nonsensical Register full of more prejudice, more cant, and more absurdity, than ever was composed by any political quack who poisoned the people under pretence of recovering them. What a common delusion it is to think that whatever is coarse is strong, and whatever is blunt is true! There is a sort of prejudice against genius, as if it could not be useful. For my part I have seen all classes of men, from the cot to the palace, from the closet to the Exchange, and I never in my life knew a man of genius whose most prominent feature was not his common sense. "Plato" (this is a favourite quotation with your dunderheads,) "banished Poets from his Utopia!" True, my dear gentlemen, but that was not till Plato had written a vast quantity of poetry himself, which was so cursedly bad, that he felt himself forced to destroy it. Of how many maxims in a system is Pique the father!

Effects of Electricity on Rocks.—Electricity, as a chemical agent, may be considered, not only as directly producing an infinite variety of changes, but also as influencing almost all which take place. There are not two substances on the surface of the globe, that are not in different electrical relations to each other; and chemical attraction itself seems to be a peculiar form of the exhibition of electric attraction; and, wherever the atmosphere, or water, or any part of the surface of the earth, gains accumulated electricity of a different kind from the contiguous surfaces, the tendency of this electricity is to produce new arrangements of the parts of these surfaces. Thus, a positively electrified cloud, acting

even at a great distance on a moistened stone, tends to attract its oxygenous, or acidiform, or acid ingredients, and a negatively electrified cloud, has the same effect upon its earthy, alkaline, or metallic matter; and the silent and slow operation of electricity is much more important in the economy of nature, than its grand and impressive operation in lightning and thunder.

The Members of the Tuscan Scientific Expedition to Egypt, have recently returned with no less than 1300 drawings of the most interesting basso-relievos which they met with on the exterior and in the interior of Egyptian monuments.

Literary Intelligence.

Among the earliest novelties in the class of light reading, the English at Home is prominent. It is written by the author of *The English in Italy*, and as its theme is a more familiar one than that of the latter work, a more generally acceptable entertainment may be anticipated from it.

The third and fourth volumes of Mr. D'Israeli's *Life and Times of Charles I.* may be immediately expected. The author, we understand, has been assisted in his researches by access to many manuscripts which have never before been thoroughly examined, and he has consequently been able to throw a new light on some of the most interesting subjects in our history.

The late Mr. Fuseli, whose admirable Lectures on painting have continued to form a standard work for students, is stated to have committed to the hands of his executors a series of six additional Lectures, which are now first printed, and will be forthwith made public.

The *Undying One* is the title of the expected poem by the fair authoress of *Rosalie*, who, we understand, has availed herself, in the construction of her story, of a tradition which presents more than ordinary capabilities for romance and poetry.

The popular author of *The Naval Sketch-Book* is about to present himself before the public with a new production descriptive of naval life and humour, under the appellation of *Tales of a Tar*.

The art of living (the most important of the *arts of life*;) will probably derive material assistance from a promised production, of which Mr. Dolby, of the *Hatched House Tavern*, is the purveyor. It is to be called *The Cook's Dictionary*, and is said to be not a mere *refaccimento*; but a composition of the richest materials, new as well as old.

Mr. Godwin's *Caleb Williams*, a production so remarkable as to have formed an era in the annals of imaginative writing, is about to reappear in a new edition; the last impression having been long since exhausted.*

* This work will immediately be put to press by E. Littell, Philadelphia, as a part of his *Novelist's Library*.

* Men of genius are, it is true, for the most part exceedingly vain: And therefore where vanity is brought into action, it beats the common sense out of the field. But ask advice for yourself (a topic on which his egotism is not aroused) of a man of genius—and you will see if the shrewdness and soundness of the advice you receive, would not do honour to the coldest calculator in the world!

The successful author of *Richelieu* has been incited to the employment of his pen upon another work, which is to appear speedily, with the name of *De l'Orme*.

The amusing author of *Sayings and Doings* has prepared another entertainment for his numerous readers, under the name of *Maxwell, a Tale of the Middle Ranks*.

A Dramatic Poem upon a lofty and stirring subject, *The Revolt of the Angels*, is announced from the pen of Mr. Edmund Reade, author of *Cain the Wanderer*.

Lord King's Life of Locke is nearly ready for publication in the octavo form.

Miss H. Martineau is about to publish a volume of *Hebrew Tales*, entitled *Traditions of Palestine*.

The Rev. John Romney, B.D. is about to publish *Memoirs of the Life and Works of his Father, George Romney, Esq. the eminent painter*.

Early this month will be published, *The Drama of Nature, a Poem, in Three Books*, by Joseph Mitchell Burton.

Number I. of a Series of the most esteemed of the Divines of the Church of England, with *Lives of each Author, Arguments to each Sermon or Discourse, Notes, &c.*, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. is just ready for publication.

An Inquiry into the comparative Advantages which the Nation would derive from a Confiscation of the Property belonging to the Church, in preference to the Seizure of the Property belonging to the Licensed Victualler, by a Publican,—is just ready for publication.

God's Mercy to his Church, pourtrayed in some important particulars, illustrated in Twenty Sermons, is announced by the Rev. F. G. Crossman, Minister of Carlisle Episcopal Chapel, Lambeth.

The *Boscobel Tracts*; being Narratives relating to the Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester; with Notes by the Editor, J. Hughes, Esq. A.M. are about to be published.

The Rev. Dr. Wiseman, Rector of the English College at Rome, is now engaged in translating some Oriental Works in the Vatican.

The lovers of good fires need not be apprehensive that those capital materials, the northern coals, for preserving the temperature of the animal frame, will soon be exhausted. The Durham and Northumberland coal fields alone, it is calculated, contain no less than *six thousand millions of tons of coals*; or about as much as will do, according to the present average consumption, for the next *seventeen hundred and twenty-seven years*.

A weekly journal in the French language has just made its appearance in London. It is entitled, "*L'Independant*," and comprehends every subject which properly belongs to a newspaper.

Niebuhr, the celebrated historian of ancient

* These works will form a part of E. Littell's "Religious Library."

Rome, has replaced the commencement of the second part of his great work, which had been destroyed in the conflagration of his study at Bonn. He promises that the whole of the volume in hand shall certainly appear before next winter.

A New Weekly Paper, to be called the *Chat of the Week*, is to appear shortly.

A Society, resembling that for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in this country, has just been organized in Paris. We venture to predict the complete success of the Association, for it luckily happens in France, that when men set about doing good to their fellow creatures, they never think of their own interests, or the interests of their party.

Charles Lamb, the author of *Essays* by Elia, is preparing a volume for publication, under the title of "*Album Verres*."

Proposals are now before the public for editing, by subscription, the Wycliffite Versions of the Old Testament, which are said to contain copious and satisfactory illustrations of the formation and progress of the language of our forefathers.

Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, is about to publish, under the sanction of the Commissioners for the publication of State Papers, some very interesting documents connected with the reign of Henry the 8th.

A Society of Hunters has been formed in Sweden, the principal object of which is to collect facts respecting the habits and peculiarities of animals of chase.

The number of boys at Eton School, at different periods, during the last thirty years, has been as follows:—

	Upper Boys.	Lower Boys, or Fags.
1798	236	165
1799	224	153
1814	286	264
1817	223	249
1820	280	243
1829	223	319

Thus thirty years ago there were twenty-two masters to every fifteen fags; in 1829, there were only twenty-nine masters to every thirty-two fags.

In the Press.—A Grammar of the Turkish Language, dedicated to the Sultan by permission. By Arthur Lumley Davids.—The Pyramids, a Poem. By Mr. Johns.—A Biographic Sketch of Mrs. Jordan, the famous Actress.—A Letter to the Bishop of London, on his recent Letter, by the reputed author of the "*Reproof of Brutus*."—A second edition, with many additions, of Mr. Nicholas's very curious and elaborate History of the Battle of Agincourt.—The *Real Devil's Walk*, embellished by numerous engravings from designs by R. Cruikshank.—An accurate account of the Proceedings in the Prosecution of Dr. Edward Drax Free. To be published by subscription at £1, and the profits to be given to charity.—Satanic Records, or Autobiography of a Nobleman.—The Drama of Nature, by Mr. Burton.—Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers.—Cities and Towns of the World.

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